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A BOSNIAN BEAUTY

As a rule the Bosnian women are not handsome, but this one had skin like a peach, features of a Greek statue, and smiling brown eyes. She wore a diadem of gold coins, a row of flowers above, and a snow-white veil reaching to her feet.

~~H. Med~~
~~H. 4573b~~

A BRITISH OFFICER IN THE BALKANS

*THE ACCOUNT OF A JOURNEY THROUGH
DALMATIA, MONTENEGRO, TURKEY IN
AUSTRIA, MAGYARLAND, BOSNIA
AND HERCEGOVINA*

BY

MAJOR PERCY E. HENDERSON
("SELIM")

LATE OF THE INDIAN ARMY

With 50 Illustrations & a Map


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*The above illustrations were reproduced from photographs taken by
Mrs. Henderson*

PART I

DALMATIA AND MONTENEGRO

A BRITISH OFFICER IN THE BALKANS

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

A new field for the traveller—The starting-point—Fiume—The island of Arbe—
The start—An experience with the Bora and Sirocco—Zara—Arrival at
Spalato—Diocletian's Palace—History of the town—The decapitated
Sphinx—Costumes.

IN these days of travel, when people think little of a week or even a fortnight spent in search of scenery, sport, or climate, it seems strange that so lovely and interesting a corner of Europe as the Western Balkans should be so little visited and known.

To those on the look-out for a new field for a holiday, Bosnia and Hercegovina, Dalmatia and Montenegro, have much to offer. They possess the attraction and glamour of the East, its gorgeous colouring, its brilliant costumes, sense of mystery; and yet are within easy reach of London and offer few difficulties in the way of transport or accommodation.

Each of these countries has its own indefinable charm, and each has characteristics peculiarly its own.

Of the four, Bosnia is perhaps the most beautiful. Indeed it compares favourably even with the beautiful country of Kashmir, and has most wonderful forests. It is a romantic country of strange monuments, and ruined castles perched on apparently inaccessible crags.

Furthermore, travel in the interior of Bosnia and Hercegovina has most of the excitement but little of the discomfort and danger of a journey in Lower Turkey.

INTRODUCTION

Dalmatia is a picture-land which all artists must love. And yet it probably suggests to most people, as it did to us before we went there, nothing but wine and dogs! At any rate the wine must be familiar to all those who have been in Austria or travelled on an Austrian-Lloyd steamer. As for the dogs, were not the spotted hounds that used to follow carriages called "Dalmatians"?

It was on a visit to Fiume that we first heard something of the real Dalmatia, of its hundred and one isles, its beautiful fjords and channels, and of the manifold attractions of its lovely hinterland, Bosnia and the Herzegovina; also of the quaint costumes and customs of the people of these countries. Our imagination became so fired that we planned a tour; and for those who wish to go and do likewise there is really no better starting-point than Fiume.

Fiume is in itself not an uninteresting place at which to spend a day or two. It has an academy for the training of naval cadets; also a fairly well preserved mediæval castle, Tersato, which is the seat of a branch of the noble Irish family of Nugent, several members of which gained high distinction in the Austrian service in the latter part of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century.

The fashionable Austrian watering-place of Abbazia is within forty minutes by steamer and seven miles by road from Fiume. On this road is situated Whitehead's world-famous torpedo factory.

The story of Whitehead's world-famous factory is like a romance. Mr. Whitehead was an English engineer employed by a Trieste firm. An Austrian engineer asked him to put into practical shape a certain idea of his as to a species of torpedo. Mr. Whitehead found the Austrian's idea impracticable, but quite another idea suggested itself to him, which he perfected and patented. He then started the present factory at Fiume, where he accumulated a large fortune, and married one daughter to Prince Herbert Bismarck and another to an Austrian Count, while he himself bought an estate in England,



A SPALATO WOMAN
A married woman, distinguished by the white cap.



THE ZOPPOLO
This is a kind of flat-bottomed punt with very long outriggers. The rower stands and works the oars in the reverse way to what is usually practised.

INTRODUCTION

leaving the business to be managed by his son. The factory is well worth seeing. Abbazia is a place of hotels and boarding-houses ; an Austrian Cannes, but deadly dull. Its chief merit seems to be its equable climate, due to the sheltered position which gives it both a summer and winter season.

One or two islands of the Dalmatian Archipelago lie near enough to be visited from Fiume, and are interesting on account of their old buildings and churches, dating from the time of the Venetian occupation. One of the most interesting of these islands is Arbe. The entrance to its harbour, past the monastery and an old campanile, said to be one of the finest in Dalmatia, is exceedingly picturesque. In its cathedral are some magnificently carved choristers' pews, reputed almost matchless of their kind. One of its churches possesses an altar-piece by Titian. All about the narrow streets of the town are sculptured doorways and gargoyles, of Venetian origin.

Arbe has a peculiar style of fishing craft called the *zoppolo*. It is a kind of flat-bottomed punt fitted with extensive outriggers. These craft are rowed by a man standing, who works the long oars from the centre of the boat in exactly the reverse of the manner that would be practised in ordinary rowing.

The chief show places of Dalmatia on the mainland are Zara, Spalato, Ragusa, and Cattaro with its Bocche. But the whole of Dalmatia is a southern Norway, full of creeks and fjords, inlets and channels. On its shores are perched towns, whose inhabitants still live a primitive existence. Off the coast are numerous islands, upwards of fifty large and some hundreds of small. A few are mere barren rocks, but all the larger islands are now cultivated and inhabited. Some of them, like Lissa, were at one time quite bare, but were rendered inhabitable by bringing soil from elsewhere. A few of the larger islands, notably Brazza, produce excellent wine, and one or two enjoy an equable climate.

Zara we did not visit ; but it is said to be a good specimen of a Dalmato-Venetian town with an excellent hotel. It is

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the home of the celebrated Maraschino liqueur, which is sold here for a few pence a bottle.

From these towns and islands Venice recruited those sturdy Dalmatians who formed the crews of that navy which destroyed the Turkish fleet at the battle of Lepanto and gave Venice the title of Queen of the Adriatic.

We left Fiume in the morning by one of the fast Angaro-Croatian boats which ply four times a week between Fiume and Cattaro, stopping at the principal places on the coast. At the time of our leaving a violent bora was blowing. The bora, a name derived from the Greek boreas, is one of the most unpleasant winds that visit the Adriatic during winter and spring. A skipper of a Cunarder told us that in all his voyages to North America he never met a wind of such velocity or of such low temperature as the bora, which he had lately experienced for the first time at Trieste. Trieste is especially exposed to its fury. When a bora is blowing, rope balustrades are extended all round the quays to prevent people from being blown into the harbour. Another wind almost equally unpleasant is the sirocco. Being of a warmer temperature, it usually precedes rain, is depressing and unhealthy, and is sometimes accompanied by a high sea.

At the mid-day dinner on board our steamer, we heard a good deal of grumbling from a Dalmatian engineer on the neglect of Dalmatia by Austria. We heard much of this talk, and came to the conclusion that it would be more to the point if the Dalmatians did something to help themselves instead of grumbling.

We reached Spalato about midnight, and had to follow our truck-load of luggage to the hotel at the farther end of the city. By good luck we had telegraphed for a room, and thus secured the last available in the only decent hotel in the place. Our foresight upset the calculations of a choleric old Austrian colonel, whom we left swearing and stamping about the quay. Such a room as it was! The best room of the hotel, crammed with furniture and gilt ornaments. We remembered all is not gold that glitters, and found by morning that there might

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have been more soap and less glitter as far as our comfort was concerned.

Spalato has a historical importance from the fact that Diocletian built a palace there before 300 A.D. To-day, Diocletian's palace is Spalato; for three hundred years after it was built the people of Salona, fleeing from the Huns, found refuge there and built themselves a town within its walls. From this fact it may be gathered that the palace covered a large area. In the history of Spalato, a varied history like that of all other towns, certain names stand out conspicuously and are recorded in monuments of stone.

The first of these is Diocletian, the Roman Emperor, who relinquished the purple 305 A.D., and retired to Salona "to plant cabbages," but who must have made a good use of his time as ruler to have amassed the money which he afterwards expended on his vast building schemes. It was he who built the walls fifty to seventy feet in height, which still stand.

The existing campanile, that towers up from the roof of the magnificent entrance hall belonging to the Emperor's mausoleum, was added in Christian times, taking about three centuries, from the fourteenth to the seventeenth, to complete. It was under restoration at the time of our visit. Standing as it does by the beautiful mausoleum, it is likely to be, when restored, one of the architectural sights of the world.

The mausoleum was transformed into a Christian cathedral about 700 A.D., an act sufficient to have made the pagan Diocletian, who persecuted the Christians, turn in his grave. It is circular in shape, with a domed roof, being, it is said, the only great ancient Roman building with this style of roof now existing, save the Pantheon at Rome. It is surrounded by an octagonal portico supported on pillars. Above the capitals of these pillars and below the edge of the cupola roof runs a broad band of splendidly executed friezes depicting hunting scenes.

So vast and magnificent are the proportions and decorations of this mausoleum that it was long regarded as the Temple of Jupiter, and the smaller building, called and used

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afterwards as the *baptisterium*, was looked upon as Diocletian's tomb. It was discovered centuries after that Diocletian had dedicated the larger building to himself, and the smaller to the god *Æsculapius*.

That these buildings should have come down to us from sixteen hundred years ago in their present wonderful state of preservation, shows how well and solidly the architects of old were wont to build. The other buildings of Diocletian would all be standing to this day, filled with statues and treasures of sculpture, but for those pilfering Spalatians, who not only usurped the nest, but robbed its contents and purloined its fabric to build and decorate their own houses.

The *baptisterium* is situated to the south of the court in front of the entrance hall to the mausoleum. It was a very symmetrical, small building, considered rather an architectural gem. The doors of the cathedral, at present deposited in the interior for safety, are very valuable specimens of quaint old carving. One door represents incidents from the life of Christ; the other, incidents from that of Adam and Eve.

Of the vicissitudes that befel the palace, and the art treasures it contained, in the centuries immediately following Diocletian's death there seems to be no record; but that the people made free with his premises and their contents is very evident. Projecting from the wall of a mean house in Spalato is to be found to this day the head of a sphinx, carved from polished black stone resembling marble. This is the looted head of a Sphinx, the companion to which lies in the gallery of the great hall that now forms the lower storey on which the campanile rests. This head had been looted by an ancestor of the present owner of the house it adorns, who, despite threat and entreaty, refuses to give it up to those in charge of the work of restoration without payment of a very large sum in exchange. The body of the decapitated sphinx rests meantime in the museum, awaiting the return of its head.

The queer old narrow streets of Spalato within the enclosure are a sight in themselves. They were evidently built so as to

INTRODUCTION

economise space, and are probably narrower than those of any other European town. The two gates in the outer wall are the Porta Argente and the Porta Aurea. The latter, a splendidly solid structure, was the actual palace gate built by Diocletian. Another gate, the Porta Ferrea, leads on to the Piazza of the modern town. Near by is a quaint little market-place at the foot of a mediæval tower.

The museum completes the sights of Spalato. It is filled with Roman and early Christian remains, obtained chiefly from the adjacent Salona, and it contains a copy of Robert Adam's monumental work on the antiquities of Diocletian's palace. Adam, accompanied by a friend and two draftsmen, visited the ruins in 1756, and the result of his labours was published in 1763.

We did not stay long in the museum, for we wished to see Dalmatians as they are, rather than as they were. This was our first sight of a Dalmatian town, and to us, as to most new visitors, the people, both of town and country, clothed in costumes that recalled a fancy ball, formed one of the chief attractions of the place. One of the wearers we hunted down, and "snapped," not without difficulty, for the camera is not very common here, and the alarming preparations of opening and levelling the instrument created distrust in the Spalatian mind!

The woman was a married woman, distinguished by the high white peaked cap. The unmarried girls wear their head-dress lying flat on the head. The majority of the men wear dark homespun trousers, cut tight to the leg, and otherwise baggy, heavily worked and braided, generally in bright scarlet, jackets of the same kind cut short at the waist, also thickly braided, and small flat scarlet caps with black braiding. Coarse homespun socks and a kind of sandal complete the costume. The gentleman we took was a specimen of the peasant inhabitants of the interior, who differ from the mixed and half-Italianised coast population. The name Morlak has been given to the former, and they are said to be descendants of Wallachians who, driven out of the Danube province of Wallachia at the time of the Turkish invasion, emigrated west.

CHAPTER II

DRIVES TO SALONA AND TRAU—GRAVOSA AND RAGUSA

Piccola Venezia—Salona—Remains of a Roman amphitheatre—Clissa—The *setti castelli*—An Adriatic Riviera—Trau Cathedral—Midnight start for Gravosa—Gravosa Harbour—Hotel accommodation—The wonders of Ragusa—Eastern shops—A horned viper—Cathedral treasures.

SALONA, which is within easy distance of Spalato, is interesting as the site of a once flourishing town which contains a good example of an early Christian burying ground. The drive from Spalato is quite charming, leading by well-watered meadows through a valley which is still spanned by the aqueduct built in Diocletian's time.

On the left there is a beautiful fjord, which once formed the harbour of the city of Salona. In this there lies a little island connected by a causeway with the mainland, which contains a village said to have been there before Spalato was founded. This little island, with its gleaming white buildings, forms quite a picture, and on account of its position and surroundings it has been fancifully called *piccola Venezia*.

One of the most interesting sights of Salona is the remains of a fine cathedral, the roof of which was at one time supported by a colonnade of lofty columns, the fragments of which strew the ground. The mosaic floor of this cathedral is still preserved beneath a covering of sand, and can be seen by the curious. On the side of the hill is an extensive Christian cemetery within ruined walls. Here also is supposed to have been a basilica, of which a few pillars still remain. The ground all round is strewn with stone sarcophagi, all of which had been smashed open, with the exception of two containing the bones of children; in these jewels were found.

DRIVES TO SALONA AND TRAU

This work of destruction was carried out by the Avars, who ruined and gutted Salona in the seventh century. They were the first wave of the invading Slavs who subsequently populated the country. There are also catacombs, in which the sarcophagi were placed in a single row along the bottom of a deep trench. Here the destroyers had gone to work systematically, and not a tomb had escaped. On one of the stone coffins is inscribed the last will and testament of a Roman centurion, who briefly stated that he left all his possessions to his wife.

The work of excavation has only been carried on as yet in one or two corners of the area occupied by this town. In one place a stone gateway leading from the town to the harbour has been excavated. On the road the ruts worn by the chariot wheels are as distinctly visible to-day as when they were made fifteen or sixteen hundred years ago. In another part the remains of Salona's amphitheatre have been unearthed. The cells for the wild beasts, and the accommodation for the gladiators, which is little better, are almost intact. Two or three arches of the lower tier of the amphitheatre are also plainly discernible.

This amphitheatre was situated near the shores of the fjord, no doubt for the purpose of disembarking wild beasts brought from Africa and Asia. The fjord must have formed a splendid natural harbour for the merchant ships and Roman galleys, and Salona was no doubt a considerable trading depôt in Diocletian's time.

Among the mountains behind Salona rises a sheer conical rock on which cluster the houses of Clissa, a romantic-looking village. Through the gap in the mountains the Avars are said to have descended on the doomed town in the year 639 A.D. It was then that the inhabitants finally abandoned the place, and fled for refuge inside the high walls of Diocletian's palace.

The day after seeing Salona we drove to the mediæval town of Trau, nearly four hours by road from Spalato, situated at

DRIVES TO SALONA AND TRAU

the mouth of the fjord that runs up to Salona. The drive from Spalato to Trau is one of the most fascinating in Dalmatia. The road runs along the shore, with hills on the right all the way to Trau. This strip of country between hills and the sea is rich in olive groves and vineyards. The scenery recalls the French Riviera, but is even more fertile, since in this short stretch one passes the *setti castelli* situated along the shores of the inlet, old chateaux of the Venetian nobility which their descendants have turned into summer residences. The last one passed before getting to Trau is Castello Vecchio.

Trau has been a town for over two thousand years. It seems to have been a place of importance in the early Middle Ages, and was the seat of a bishop. It is now an interesting mediæval city with narrow streets, old houses, and loggia. But the glory of Trau is the cathedral.

The western doors and the whole of the portico form a masterpiece of carving in stone and wood. The doorway is flanked on either side by the lions of St. Mark, which support figures of Adam and Eve. Noteworthy also are the carved bas-reliefs representing the Apostles, and also scenes from the history of Trau. On the panels of the door are represented scenes from the Old and New Testaments. In the church, which dates from the twelfth century, there is a memorial chapel erected to one of the Orsini, who was once Bishop of Trau. His remains lie there in a marble tomb. This cathedral was also the burial-place of some of the Kings of Croatia.

One day, perhaps, villas will spring up along this Adriatic Riviera, and the romance of these old places will depart. Let us hope this day may be far distant.

Embarking at midnight on one of the Ungaro-Croatian steamers, we left Spalato for Gravosa. We passed in the night the islands of Brazza, Lissa, and Curzola; Brazza celebrated for good wine, Lissa famous as the scene of the battle in which Tegethoff, the Austrian Nelson with his wooden ships, defeated the Italian ironclads in 1866. We arrived at Gravosa in the morning.

GRAVOSA AND RAGUSA

Gravosa Harbour is bounded on one side by the little peninsula or tongue of land called Lapad, and on the other by the hilly shores of Dalmatia. At the foot of these hills lies Gravosa. It has one street running along the edge of the water, a street which is the high-road and quay. Formerly only a fishing village, Gravosa is developing into a town, and now has not only superseded Ragusa as the maritime port of this part of Dalmatia, but also forms a port of export for the products of Bosnia. One of these products is timber, piles of which are stacked along the railway wharf awaiting the ships that export it to all parts of the world. The harbour of Ragusa is too shallow for modern vessels, whereas the harbour of Gravosa, which is but two miles away, accommodates ships of considerable tonnage, which come right up to the quay.

Opposite to Gravosa on the far side of the harbour, where the well-cultivated and afforested peninsula of Lapad ends, there rises a wooded hill known as Mount Petka. With its charming bay girt about with woods, Gravosa is a delightful change after the barren, rocky coast-line of Dalmatia, and it is a convenient starting-point for visits to Ombla and Canossa, two of the show places of this part. It is also on the direct line to the Bocche di Cattaro, and has further the merit of being cooler than other places on the coast. At Gravosa there is quite a decent hotel, the "Hotel Petka," recently much improved, though it can in no way compare with the really first-class hotel at Ragusa, the "Imperial," which has every comfort and an excellent cuisine.

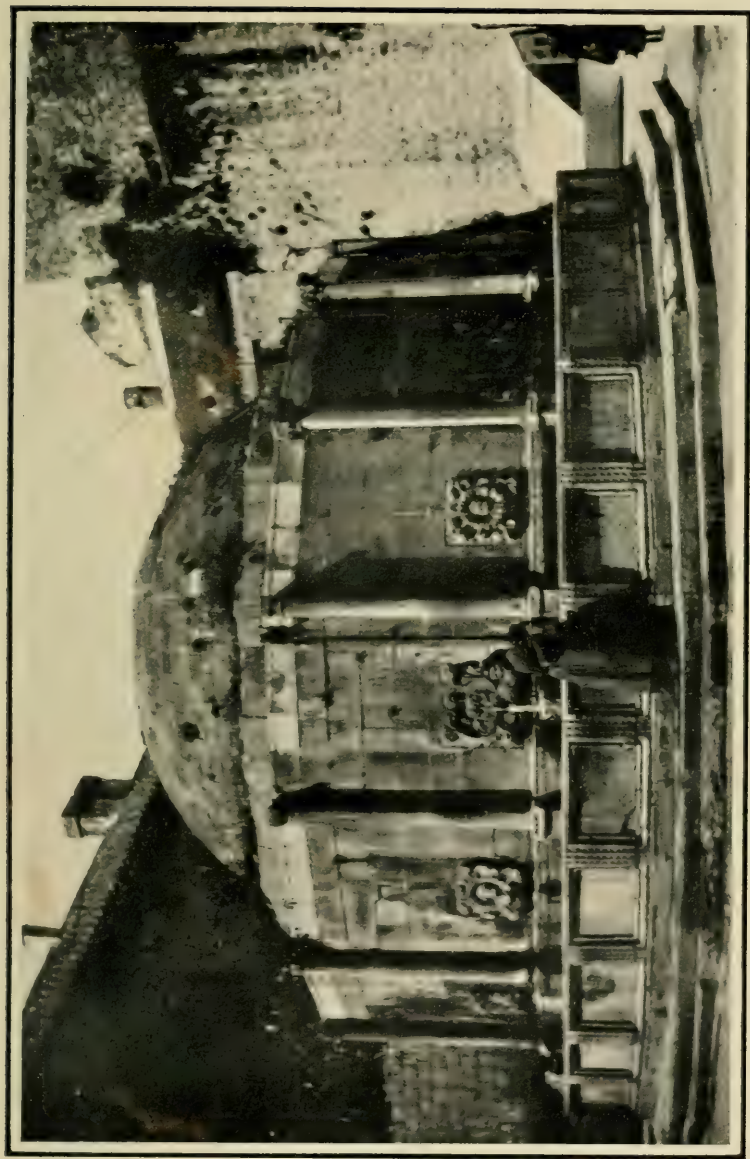
The road between Gravosa and Ragusa passes along the foot of Mount Petka and is shady and quite pretty. Nearing Ragusa, one sees on one side the sparkling sea, fringed with the bold rocky bluffs of the coast-line, on the other side villas with gardens laid out in the Italian style, in which flourish plants and flowers of semi-tropical growth. From the top of a gentle ascent, one has a splendid view, looking back on the brilliantly-coloured bay of Gravosa, with the wooded Lapad and Petka. The road then descends to Ragusa, past a line of houses and

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other buildings, showing glimpses on the left of steep streets that clamber up the hill which rears its barren sides behind the town and is topped by Fort Imperial. On the right is a small park, just outside of the gates of which, on some crags jutting out in the sea, the best general view of Ragusa can be obtained. Passing the garden of the new "Hotel Imperial," there stands a piazza on one side open to the sea. Here ends modern Ragusa.

Immediately facing one, stretching several hundred yards up the hillside and sweeping down to the sea forts, stand the marvellous battlements and towers of ancient Ragusa, as sturdy in their massive strength, as clearly cut, as perfect, as if built yesterday. Hardly in all Europe can such a perfect specimen of mediæval fortification be seen. The yawning moat, the grey walls, the towers and ramparts, massive and grim, yet of marvellous symmetry, the perfection of design of the whole, simple yet so entirely admirable, form a picture that must appeal to the artistic instincts of any beholder. These splendid old battlements eminently fulfilling the purpose for which they were constructed as well as captivating the senses, can surely claim to be true and perfect works of art. No artist of brush or lens could pass them by without wishing to take away an impression of this embodiment in stone of a great conception, a model alike of strength, proportion, and symmetry.

One enters the town over what was once a drawbridge crossing the moat to the Porta Pille, the single gate that pierces the outer circumvallation. Inside the Porta Pille, the zig-zagging path, once evidently a covered way, brings one to an archway through the walls of the inner fortifications, the depths of which will give some idea of the great thickness of the walls. Emerging from this, one reaches the Corso or Stradone of Ragusa. As we passed along it the monuments of Ragusa's past came crowding on our notice thick and fast. Immediately to the right is the Onofrio fountain, the old water supply of Ragusa, original in design. Go through the dimly-lighted church of the Franciscans opposite, and you will find yourself back in the Middle Ages, far from the busy life of



THE ONOFRIO FOUNTAIN
The old water-supply of Ragusa.

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to-day, in the still and picturesque cloisters of a monastery. The central court is stone-flagged, and its severe simplicity is relieved by orange trees with golden fruit, and shrubs and flowers that fill the centre of the square. In the middle is a quaint stone fountain. The shady colonnades, with their slender columns and capitals of fantastic shape, and the infinite variety of light and shade, make a very perfect picture.

In the Dominican monastery just outside the Porto Place is another such scene with a variation, in that here the centre fountain is more elaborate. On either side of it are carved pillars with a cross bar, also of stone, between them.

Passing down the Corso, we were struck by the very narrow streets that lead off from it at a right angle and climb up the hilly slopes in a succession of steep steps, the vista ending in a glimpse of the outer ring of fortifications. Farther along are groups of Oriental-looking shops of quaint appearance where hand-made fabrics of Dalmatia, Bosnia, Montenegro, Albania, Smyrna, and Constantinople are sold by individuals thoroughly Eastern in face, dress, and manner, who sit cross-legged like true Orientals among their wares.

These shops and their surroundings give the first unmistakable indication of the nearness of the East. One wonders if these are the old original shops, set apart for centuries as the Moslem quarter, where the Moslem traders of ancient Ragusa were permitted to display their wares when she was a great port of commerce trading with the Levant. At the foot of the Corso, facing us, is the clock tower, and we are fairly surrounded by monuments of old Ragusa. Here is the church of her patron saint, St. Blaize; on the left is the old Mint; and in the open square is a queer stone monument representing the mystical hero Orlando of Brittany, who is supposed to have succoured Ragusa in the dim past at a time when she was hard beset by the Turk.

Turning to the right past the church of St. Blaize, a few steps bring us to the ancient Senate-house, the Palazzo Rettorale, with a porch like that of the Doge's Palace in

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Venice, a building which, owing to its solid and massive construction, managed partially to survive the great earthquake of 1667. We came next to the cathedral; not that built by our Richard Cœur de Lion, which was destroyed in the great earthquake, but a comparatively modern building of three hundred years' standing.

In this corner of the town stand several old mansions of the ancient nobility of Ragusa. The old order suffered severely at the time of the earthquake, when four thousand of the inhabitants, nobles and burghers, perished together. Past these old mansions there is a small gate that guarded the harbour, the Porta Cassone.

The visitor has now traversed the old town from end to end in about ten minutes, say four hundred and fifty yards as the crow flies. The measurement from the seaboard side to the ramparts on the east is probably about the same. It is difficult to conceive that this little republic, occupying about forty odd acres of space, exercised in her time a power as great as that of Venice in her prime.

The highest estimate of her former population puts it at forty thousand. Probably no town of mediæval times with so small a population and so small an area has a brighter record than Ragusa. For over a thousand years Ragusa was a famous seat of merchant traders and of maritime commerce. It is said to have been from a ship of Ragusa (*Ragoczij*) that the ancient word "argosy" for a merchant ship was derived. For centuries the little republic seems to have done wisely and well. She was never subdued, and her walls served more than once as a refuge for illustrious political refugees. Neither internal corruption nor acts of mistaken foreign policy brought about her decay, but simply force of circumstances. Not much is left now of her former glory. In the harbour where three hundred merchant ships of the old republic rode at anchor there are now half-a-dozen fishing boats. Her Senate-house and her Mint are almost all of her splendid public buildings that survived the shock of the terrible earthquake.



SHOTS IN RAGUSA

GRAVOSA AND RAGUSA

The interior of the Senate-house was undergoing alterations and renovations when we were there, but in the courtyard was to be seen an interesting old monument connected with Ragusa's past, erected to one of her merchant princes, Michael Prazzato, who gave what would even now be considered an enormous sum to his native town. Another monument exists, which we were unable to locate, erected to a certain Nicolo Bona, a heroic Ragusan who in the time of his country's need did not hesitate to go on a mission of extreme peril to the Turkish Vizier of Bosnia which resulted in his imprisonment and death.

The museum, situated between the Senate-house and clock tower, is worth a visit, if only to see the show-case containing the different family costumes of each of the nobles of Ragusa. Money, seals, and parchments of the old republic were also to be seen here.

There was a curiosity in the Natural History section of the museum in the shape of a fine live specimen of the horned viper of Europe, a native of Ragusa and very poisonous. This beast was a great favourite of the old curator, who turned him lovingly round his neck after the manner of a snake-charmer—a rather startling performance, considering it was carried out within a foot or two of us in a small closet of a room with the door shut.

The interior of the cathedral contains much that is worth seeing; some pictures of old masters, the finest of which, a head of Christ by Pordignoni, seemed to us quite equal to any treatment of the same subject to be met with in the galleries of Munich, Dresden, or Paris. The "Virgin and Child," said to be either an original by Raphael or a clever copy, was a most attractive and human rendering of the subject. There is besides an "Assumption" by Titian, and an Andrea del Sarto, and one or two other old masters, but the two first mentioned were paintings of the highest order.

The cathedral treasury can be seen by previous application on certain days. No difficulty is made, but, as the Church

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dignitary who has charge of the key has specially to come down to the cathedral to unlock the chamber, he has to be given notice. Among the treasures kept here there is an old golden crown of the Byzantine emperors, a beautifully-worked seventh-century object inlaid with hand-painted medallions. This has been made into a casket containing the skull of the holy St. Blaize. One of the medallions is especially quaint, and is said to be early Christian work of the third or fourth century. There is a hand and arm of Mary Magdalene enclosed in gold with more hand-painted medallions. One of these, and also a sapphire, was stolen by the Genoese, but somehow was recovered. Probably some miraculous tale attaches to this recovery.

A good deal more is here, a hand and arm, and also a leg, all encased in gold. There is a silver casket containing some bones of the Innocents; another beautifully-worked casket containing the bones of St. Bridget; a handsome silver salver by Benvenuto Cellini; a goblet and tray of exquisite silver work representing flora and reptiles of Ragusa, among which snakes and also tortoises figure, made by the order of a Ragusan bishop in the fourteenth century for presentation to Matthew Corvinus, King of Hungary, but never presented on account of the death of the bishop. All the gold and silver work of these articles was executed by Ragusan artists, and is evidence of the high standard of excellence and the flourishing condition to which the silversmith's art had attained in old Ragusa.

The chief curiosity of the church of St. Bridget appeared to be the very lifelike waxwork figure of the martyred St. Sylvester.

CHAPTER III

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF RAGUSA—THE BOCHE DI CATTARO

The island of Lacroma—A Church preserve—A memorial of the ill-fated Crown Prince—The “dead sea”—The Ombla Fjord—Santa Maria di Rozat—A river of two sources—Canossa—Famous plane trees—A deserted valley—“Americanski”—The abandoned monastery—The tour of the ramparts—A Dalmatian excursion steamer—An “Americanski” dodge—A sixteen-mile-long fjord—A likely watering-place—The unexplored Krivošije—Two island monasteries—A chain boom—The Roman Rhizinium—Pious Perasto—The legend of the Madonna dello Scalpello—Mediæval Cattaro—Old customs—The Montenegrin market—Hotel accommodation.

THE island of Lacroma, off Ragusa, is one of the stock sights, and so must be visited. Apart from this, it is really well worth a trip, for it is a pretty island, and the vivid green of its woods make the most wonderful contrast to the intense blue of the waters that lap its shores. Nor should any patriotic Briton miss visiting a spot so intimately connected with an English hero.

Lacroma may be said to be now a Church preserve, for since the tragic death of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, its former owner, the island has been given over to the Dominicans, two or three of whom remain permanently there. Without leave of these reverend cruses, who are lords of all they survey, no one can land upon their domain. No dogs are allowed upon the island and no shooting. No fires may be lighted, no picnicking is permitted, and nobody may remain on the island after sunset, or land there before sunrise.

The usual and most convenient means of access is a steam launch which leaves Ragusa at stated hours, a toll, which is included in the price of the ticket, being levied on visitors.

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF RAGUSA

We arrived off the island, some two miles distant, in about fifteen or twenty minutes, and landed at a little cove. The monastery, with a beautiful and well cared for garden, fitted with sub-tropical plants and flowers, is close by. Having passed through to the front, we ascended to the first floor, and emerged upon the fine terrace that runs above one side of the flower-filled court. The view from this terrace, looking towards the mainland and Mount Petka, is extremely beautiful on a sunny day.

We were then shown a long gallery, at the end of which are the turret rooms that once were the private apartments of the Crown Prince Rudolph. Everything in them is left untouched, and in the same order as when he last visited the island before his death in 1889. Beneath is the monastery chapel, only noticeable for the fact that an American, Mr. Gordon Bennett, provided the funds for restoring it. There is a curious picture of the Immaculate Conception in this chapel. Returning, we entered by a gateway through the old walls of the monastery into a garden beyond. Leaving this, we passed by the monks' kitchen garden across a little lawn to an uncultivated part of the island where lies the *mare morto*, a weird-looking pool at the bottom of a deep stony hollow subterraneously supplied with water by the sea.

The most enjoyable excursion from Ragusa, with the prettiest scenery, was that to the head of the bay or fjord into which falls the Ombla four or five miles from Gravosa. On one occasion we walked to the spot; on another we went by launch from Ragusa.

On the latter trip we steamed close under the lee of Fort Lorenzo, Ragusa's seaward fort, and passed the rocky, precipitous coast-line between Ragusa and Mount Petka. The fact that this part of the coast is a natural fortress induced the Greek colonists of ancient Epidaurus, now called Ragusa Vecchia, to transfer their colony to this vicinity. The old Slav name for Ragusa was Dubrovrik, "the wooded." This stretch of shore by Mount Petka is the only one near Ragusa that answers this description.



A DALMATO-ITALIAN WOMAN
Spinning at her cottage door.

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF RAGUSA

We steamed round the nose of Lapad, off which are some dangerous needle-pointed rocks called the *Pettine*, and then passed between two small islands, the one on the right having a lighthouse, while the other from being a barren rock had been converted into a green, grassy isle, covered with trees and shrubs. Such transformations both on the mainland coast and on the islands are by no means rare.

Crossing the mouth of Gravosa Bay, we ran up Ombla Fjord. The first few hundred yards are not especially interesting. On the right the sides of the cliff are scarred by blasting for the railway track that is laid to the Hercegovina. At about a third of the way up the fjord the scenic beauties begin. First a pretty village is seen on the sloping hillsides on the left, near which is the villa of the Caboga family. Farther up a perfect little picture presents itself. A small conical hill rises from the water's edge distinct and detached from the neighbouring hillsides. Up this the houses of the village of Rozat climb in delightful irregularity. The summit of the hill is crowned by the little church of Santa Maria di Rozat, behind which a cemetery planted with yews, cypresses, and other dark-foliaged trees seems specially placed as a background to bring out to perfection the gleaming white outlines of the church. At the foot of the hill lies a plainly built but very old Benedictine monastery.

Towards the head of the fjord the scene becomes more fascinating. The head of the waters of the inlet is bounded by green meadows intersected with hedgerows. On the left are luxuriant fields whose growing crops come down so closely to the water's edge that the green banks faithfully mirror themselves on its clear surface. Round a bend comes sweeping swift and deep the Ombla, which here mingles its sweet waters with the salt waters of the bay. In the direction from which it flows a line of precipitous rocks stand out conspicuously.

We landed and walked to the foot of these bluffs to see the spectacle which attracts tourists to the spot. From under the

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF RAGUSA

foot of the cliff escapes the Ombla, a full-flowing river at its source, so vigorous and of such volume that in the next fifty yards it is utilised to drive a mill. The Ombla is said to have a previous existence as one of the mysterious disappearing rivers of the Hercegovina.

The sudden flow of so swift and broad a river issuing from a source invisible at the base of the cliff, and the shortness of its span of life—a hundred yards or so—attracts the multitude and causes futile photographs to be made of a scene an adequate impression of which it is impossible to convey. The beauties of the Ombla Fjord itself remain almost unrecorded. Yet in our opinion it is one of the prettiest bits of natural scenery we saw in all Dalmatia.

The road from Gravosa to the head of the fjord leads past some of the villas, gardens, and private chapels of the old nobility of Ragusa, many of them in a sad state of ruin. A small fishing hamlet is also passed on this road, and just beside it we took a snapshot of a venerable Dalmato-Italian inhabitant spinning at her cottage door.

Canossa is another regular show place on the coast some nine or ten miles from the mouth of the Ombla Fjord. We had to adopt the recognised means provided for tourist transport and go in a steam launch, which sails twice a week from Gravosa, when the captain has secured a sufficient number of passengers. Consequently we found the accommodation on the launch over-taxed, but the voyage did not exceed an hour and a half in duration. There is a tiny landing-stage at Canossa, from which a path zigzags up the steep side of the hill to the entrance into the gardens. These belong to the Gozze family, one of the old patrician families of Ragusa, who keep them up and permit them to be visited by the public at a small fixed charge.

Under the two great plane trees refreshment stalls were placed. These trees are probably the most splendid specimens of their kind in Europe; a hundred men could take shelter under their spreading branches. But in Kashmir we had seen

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so many plane trees quite as fine and several finer that we were rather *blasé*. After an ineffectual attempt to photograph one of the trees, we strolled off to explore the really beautiful gardens. "The lovers' walk," as we christened it, was a most charming alley, the hedges that led up to it being a perfect mass of rose-blossom.

We had a fascinating view from the upper part of the garden. The sea, smooth as glass, had the polished appearance of a precious stone. On the edge of the horizon lay two islands, scarcely visible for the white haze of light in which they lay bathed. On rising ground to the left stood the little church of Canossa. Beneath us the beautifully laid-out grounds sloped away, running down to a fringe of dark green cypresses that bordered the line of the seashore and heightened the effect of the whole picture. The gardens contained so large a number of rare shrubs, flowers, and plants, amongst which were some flourishing specimens of palms, that they were in effect a veritable "botanical" garden.

The sun was setting as we got back to Gravosa Bay. Some beautiful effects of light on water are to be seen on this bay, and the adjoining picture was an attempt to record one of these.

We went one day to the Breno Valley, going by train from Gravosa to the station of Brgat, whence we made our way down the hillside for a couple of hundred yards till we struck the splendid Austrian high-road. We kept along this for about a mile, going in the Ragusa direction, and then descended the hillside, which is here very stony and steep, scrambling down a goat track to the fertile valley about one thousand feet below.

It had evidently been a populous and well-cultivated tract, but now looked deserted and forlorn. The bulk of its former inhabitants have all emigrated to America. From what we saw and heard, it seems a very large proportion of the inhabitants of Dalmatia go to seek their fortune in the New World. The few that make their pile and come back to settle in their native land are thenceforth known as

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“Americanski.” Some of the new villas between Ragusa and Gravosa are owned by “Americanski.”

The Breno Valley, without being very remarkable as to scenery, has one or two good views, especially the view looking seawards with Ragusa Vecchia in the distance. There are also the well-known water-mills of Breno with their picturesque waterfall. A striking feature of this valley was the peasant garb, a very distinctive and gaily-coloured costume. We did not know that this distinctive dress was worn only on high days and holidays, and unluckily the occasion of our visit was not a holiday. We heard, however, that the old costumes are dying out; for the men's dress is very elaborate, and must be rather costly, with its mass of golden embroideries and silver buttons.

We returned by the coast-line. Three miles this side of Ragusa stands the now deserted monastery of San Giacomo, a quaint-looking old building, still in good preservation, in a beautiful position on the edge of the sea. Farther along this coast an excellent view can be had of Ragusa itself.

A good thing to do whilst at Ragusa is to make the tour of the ramparts of the town. You will not only get a good idea of their vast strength and wonderful symmetry, but you will from their commanding heights also obtain some good views of the outlying forts in the harbour and of the city generally.

Military officialism decrees that in order to effect this one must present oneself at the *Platz Commando* office at 9 A.M. precisely on Tuesdays and Saturdays, the two days on which this privilege is allowed to the public. Here you must obtain tickets and be escorted on the round by a non-commissioned officer to see that you don't pocket a piece of the ramparts or otherwise carry out any felonious intent. But you must present yourself for tickets at nine precisely. Two or three minutes after will not do. It happened that on our first attempt we were five or six minutes late, as we had spent some time searching for *Platz Commando*. For the benefit of



RAGUSA FROM THE EAST



SUNSET IN GRAVOSA BAY



THE BOCCHE DI CATTARO

visitors, be it added, it is just inside the Porta Pille, a small door in the fortifications on the right.

The trip to Cattaro and the Bocche is usually made in one of the steamers of the Ungaro-Croatian line, or that of the Austrian-Lloyd, which sail the former four times and the latter once a week, starting at 9 A.M. from Gravosa.

These make the trip in about four hours, and allow passengers an hour and a half at Cattaro before returning. The vast majority of passengers only go to see the Bocche and come back on the same boat. Those who intend to go on to Montenegro usually make arrangements to have a carriage waiting them at Cattaro, in which they start off at once, so as to do the six or seven hours' drive in time to arrive at Cetinje for dinner.

Our trip to Cattaro and its Bocche was made in an excursion boat advertised to sail if sixty passengers could be got together. Partly out of curiosity as to how these things were managed in these parts, partly because we thought the steamer would go slower and so afford a better chance of seeing things, we decided to form part of the adventurous sixty.

We were not wrong in our conjecture that we should get some extra amusement by departing from the usual method of travelling. The steamer was advertised to sail at eight, but the people who had committed themselves to the trip seemed to think any time would do, and strolled down in twos and threes for fully forty minutes after the advertised time. Our skipper seemed to have expected that, for he did not trouble himself to put in an appearance till half-past eight, and was then in no haste. In the meantime the whole of Ragusa seemed to have collected on the quay to see their friends and acquaintances off on what was evidently regarded as a very unusual if not desperate venture. Thrice the gangway was lowered and had to be put up again. At last even the Serb skipper seemed to have had enough of it. The steamer's whistle blew loud and long. The signal for lowering

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the gangway was given for the fourth time; but just at this moment a lady's pet dog ran off the steamer on to the quay, and her son rushed off also in pursuit. There was another five minutes' delay till the urchin returned, and to our surprise he was neither checked by his mother nor the skipper.

At length we were off amid a scene of much enthusiasm, the band on board playing a lively air, and the crowd on the quay waving hats and handkerchiefs. It rather resembled the send-off given to a number of school children at a fête.

Soon after we had started the captain came to us with a long face to say that he had not been able to collect his complement of sixty persons, but had still sailed in order not to disappoint those who had taken tickets. As a poor man, however, he could not afford to be a loser, and so must ask a twenty per cent. addition to the passage-money to make good the deficit. This request struck us as rather cool, as we were already paying the return fare for the single journey; but as the amount was small we paid up. It was evident, however, that the boat was as full as it conveniently could be, and the conclusion was forced upon us that Dalmatians do not visit America for nothing!

The day was fine, but there was a slight ground swell which considerably affected the photographer of the party. Between Ragusa and the Punto d'Ostro the coast is uninteresting. Certainly we passed Ragusa Vecchia, the ancient Epidaurus and parent town of Ragusa, but two rocks screened it from our view. Beyond Punto d'Ostro some grand-looking mountains rear themselves above the summit of the bare and rocky hills that fringe the coast-line. This is the Lovćen range, forming part of the mighty mountain chain eastwards of Montenegro. After rounding this point, the first reach or broad of the Bocche opened out before us. The famous Bocche is an extensive gulf or fjord running up into the land some sixteen miles. It has three distinct reaches or broads, with small bays or off-shoots. A reference to the maps attached will show more clearly than any description the

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general lay of this splendid natural harbour, with the position of the places of interest on its shores.

As we got into the Bocche a charming panorama began to unfold. The first thing that struck our attention was the mountain range that runs like a wall behind Castelnovo, on through Risano, and thence all round the broad head of the fjord right away to Cattaro. Behind this grim-looking barrier of hills lies the mountainous district of the Krivošije, a small but wilder Tyrol, which as yet has been almost unvisited even by those travellers anxious to ascend new mountain peaks. Here and there a snow peak indistinctly loomed dimly on the skyline. On the opposite shore, in the direction of Teodo Bay, the horizon is shut in by the rocky hills of Montenegro.

At Castelnovo begins the Riviera of the Bocche. Castelnovo itself, if not the most picturesque of all the small towns which lie on the shores of the Bocche, has certainly the most beautiful environs. In this sheltered corner the climate is mild and equable, the outcome being a luxuriant growth of semi-tropical vegetation. The town, with its old fort and ramparts, is quite a picture. It has figured largely in history, and is the starting-point for Hercegovina.

A certain Stjepan, a powerful noble and practically lord over a great part of the adjoining country, made Castelnovo, then called Erčegnovi, his headquarters in the early part of the fifteenth century. The name Hercegovina is said to have been borrowed from this his chief residence, and to have extended subsequently over the whole of Hercegovina, which was then largely, if not entirely, under his sway.

Castelnovo was the name given to the place later by the Venetians, into whose possession it came during the sixteenth, and again during the seventeenth centuries. It saw troublous times in the fights between the Turks and Venice. It was taken by the Turks, and relieved by a Spanish fleet, the Spaniards afterwards building Fort Spagnuolo. Retaken by the Turks, it did not come under Venetian rule again till 1687.

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Castelnuovo is connected by rail with Gravosa. The distance is very short as the crow flies, but, on account of the difficult country through which it is laid, the line has to pursue a very tortuous course before coming out on the coast-line at Castelnuovo. Besides this the train stops at every small station, so that the journey takes eight or nine hours. By utilising this route to the Bocche, however, and proceeding on by steamer the next day, the only part of the voyage to the Bocche likely to be rough is avoided, and nothing is lost, as that part of the coast is quite uninteresting. Another advantage is that the Canalesi country is traversed, where the peasants also wear a most picturesque dress. We would have chosen this route had we not been wrongly informed that there was no decent accommodation for the night at Castelnuovo.

Close by Castelnuovo is the small sea-bathing resort of Zelenika, near to which is the old monastery of Savina, where the Bishop of Cattaro has his summer seat. From Castelnuovo Trebinje, the second town of the Hercegovina, can be reached in six hours by train. In the neighbourhood of Trebinje is the interesting Lašva district, where most of the best wine of the Hercegovina is grown.

Onwards from Castelnuovo till we reach the Cattene there is some pretty and verdant scenery on both sides of the Bocche, which is a relief after the savage character of the scenery after passing the gut. At a narrow point in the gut of Cattene which we next traversed is a beacon. At this spot it was that King Lewis of Hungary was said to have hung a boom of chains across the gut to keep out the Venetian fleet. Hence its name, *Cattene*, chains.

On reaching the further side of the strait, behold a transformation scene almost as suddenly as in the best-arranged pantomime. Instead of green slopes and smiling landscape we were now face to face with forbidding-looking mountains descending in sheer cliffs to the sea. Up an arm of this last reach, branching off to the north, we caught a glimpse of a white house or two, representing all that was to be seen from

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here of the ancient Roman settlement of Rhizinium (now called Risano), after which the whole of the Bocche was called in Roman times the Sinus Rhizinius.

Perasto, perched like Risano on a ledge at the foot of the great mountain wall, with two tiny islands of San Giorgio and Madonna dello Scalpello, presented a perfectly charming picture.

As to the chapel of the Madonna dello Scalpello, the legend goes that this was erected under the following circumstances. Five hundred years ago a mariner of Perasto related to his brother mariners a moving tale of how the Blessed Virgin herself had appeared to him in shining apparel on the small reef which became afterwards the foundation of the islet, and commanded him to build a chapel here in her honour. Apparently the Perastians of those days were very devout people, or very gullible. It did not seem to them at all incredible that the Virgin should have desired anything so foolish, so for two hundred years they continued dumping shipload after shipload of stones on the Virgin's reef in order to make an islet big enough for the chapel to stand upon! Then they built their chapel. This has always been a favourite with seafaring men, who filled it with their votive offerings. It seems to divide with Santa Maria di Tersato of Fiume the affections of the Adriatic coast. The other little island, San Giorgio, once possessed a Benedictine Abbey, was plundered by the marauding Turks, and then almost wholly wrecked by the devastating earthquake of 1667.

The steamer now took a turn to the south-east, heading up the narrow end of the Bocche's last reach, where lies Cattaro. On the right we sighted Perzagno, remarkable for the bold and striking outlines of its fine church, built on a high terrace. Here the bare green slopes of Vrmac behind it lose some of their steepness as they drop to the gulf.

The gulf goes on contracting until at its head, where Cattaro stands, you find yourself in a walled-in chasm. On the right are the steep slopes of Vrmac. In front are the stony, rock-

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strewn heights of the hills of Montenegro, on the sides of which, high up, one can see faintly traced the white zigzag lines of the serpentine road to Cetinje. On the left, huddled on a narrow ledge at the foot of a sheer wall of cliffs, stands Cattaro.

A more prison-like abode than Cattaro, as it crouches shrinkingly beneath the savage-looking crags that tower above it, and seem momentarily to threaten its destruction, it is hardly possible to conceive. Nor can one understand how any human beings, except our prehistoric cave-dwelling ancestors, came to choose such a gloomy, forbidding spot as this on which to build a town. In winter it must be a particularly depressing place, as it only gets four or five hours of sunlight in the day. Few other people except the Dalmatians would in these days of civilisation and progress remain content to go on dwelling in the dark, narrow, evil-smelling streets of this primitive, cramped, little town.

Cattaro, indeed the whole Bocche, forms an example of the supineness of the present-day Southern Dalmatians, who, instead of setting their shoulders to the wheel to effect improvements, like the Italians, to attract tourists, prefer to jog along in the old rut, and exclaim against the Austrian Government. Cattaro, though visited by many tourists, does not even possess a decent hotel where one can pass the night in comfort.

But in the case of Cattaro, the very spirit that keeps it behind the age contributes to make it a sight which in these days it would be hard to find elsewhere in Europe, except perhaps in Spain. For Cattaro has remained a town of the dark ages. There is nothing modern about it except the quay. It stands as it stood three or four hundred years ago, when it was a tributary to the great Venetian republic. Within the girdle of its decaying walls are the two gates which overlook the stagnant moat on either side of the town. Here stand two drawbridges, which every day are lowered and every night drawn up, just as they have been lowered and drawn up for centuries. Up the side of the rocks that rise immediately



CANALESİ WOMEN IN NATIONAL DRESS

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behind the town are traced zigzag lines of fortification culminating in a fort, perched upon the pinnacle of a rock. These old walls and fort add much effect to the scene. There is a market-place outside the town frequented by Montenegrins; a picturesque place overshadowed by ruined walls. We noticed the costumes of the Montenegrins, and were surprised to see that their belts were empty of pistols. We subsequently learnt that no Montenegrin may enter Austrian territory carrying arms.

This rule has been rigorously enforced ever since a Prince of Montenegro was assassinated inside the town some forty-five years ago by one of his own countrymen; a most deplorable incident which the Montenegrins put down to Austrian intrigue.

The cathedral of Cattaro, a plainly built edifice, has the saving merit of being very old, dating from the twelfth century. It further has the peculiarity of being built with its back almost against a sheer wall of rock about fifteen hundred feet in height. Looking between the two towers of the old cathedral, the traveller may descry a tiny chapel perched half-way up the rock.

In the heart of the town is another church, a quaint-looking building, said to be even older than the cathedral. We could find nothing more to see in Cattaro, and it was hard to believe that this was the chief town of the Bocche, for whose possession Slavs and Hungarians, Turks and Venetians, and, even in the early part of the nineteenth century, French and Russians, fought and died. Like Ragusa, it was at one time a free republic, and its trade with Venice attained to a certain importance. It may not be generally known that Cattaro was once taken by the English, the French force who held it in 1813 having capitulated to our Commodore Hoste after the latter's signal defeat of a French fleet off the island of Lissa.

San Trifon is Cattaro's patron saint, and upon his day, the third day of February, a big *festa* is held, with a procession in which all who take part wear the ancient costumes.

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The inns or hotels of Cattaro are unsatisfactory, neither comfortable, clean, nor particularly cheap. The sanitary arrangements are exceedingly defective. One must be prepared for these conditions in the lesser towns of Dalmatia, but in Cattaro the drawback of noise is added. At night a constant clatter goes on, due to the streets being stone paved and to the singular habits of the inhabitants, who all appear to turn out into the streets about the witching hour of midnight, wearing hobnailed boots and clumping about, talking at the highest pitch of their voices ! The half-bred Italian of Cattaro seems to vie with the cats in trying to make night hideous !

CHAPTER IV

DRIVE TO MONTENEGRO—CETINJE, THE MONTENEGRIN CAPITAL—RETURN FROM CATTARO TO RAGUSA.

Methods of reaching Cetinje—Unaffected by the tourist—Length of drive—Views on the way—Splendid Austrian road—Playful ways of the drivers—Montenegrin women coolies—The ladder to Montenegro—Cradle of the dynasty—French-speaking *maître d'hôtel*—First sight of Cetinje—A "village capital"—Ancient monastery—Novel prison management—An unsophisticated Arcadia—The Montenegrin character—Costumes—A contrast—The last of the "Hayduks"—Bagpipes—Return—Seaside resorts without seaside pleasures—Incidents—The dangers of night rambling—The advantages of a passport—Peasant costumes—Where to go for oysters.

THERE are three modes of making the journey to Cetinje. An enterprising traveller might walk it, going up the bridle-path known as the "Montenegrin ladder," a steep and toilsome road which was till 1881 the only road to Montenegro. There is a half-way house at Njeguš, where the pedestrian could spend the night if desired. This is the method we ourselves should have adopted by preference had we known of the half-way house. Or the traveller can ride up if he is prepared to expend sufficient energy on obtaining a pony. But to ride along the bridle-path would be uncomfortable, for it is as steep as a bridle-path well can be. Lastly, he can drive up by the new carriage road. This can be done by diligence, or, as we did it, by hired carriage, which can be arranged for in the town. A trifle of over thirty shillings is the usual charge for the latter, going and returning; not a heavy charge for a drive occupying two days, and covering sixty miles there and back, half of which constitutes probably the longest continued stretch of hill-climbing for horses anywhere in Europe.

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As the nights may be passed in greater comfort at Cetinje than at Cattaro, the traveller should note the days on which the mail-boat starts from Cattaro on its return voyage to Gravosa. He may hire a carriage for the single journey up and a fresh one for the journey down, and thus time his return to Cattaro to suit the boat. Those, however, who put up with the disagreeables of a night at Cattaro will accomplish the whole drive up in broad daylight.

The best view of Cattaro town and the last arm of the Bocche is seen within fifteen minutes of starting, for the road mounts so quickly that almost a bird's-eye view is obtained. The direction first taken is eastwards, towards a *nek*, as the Boers would call it, from which the slopes fall away, on the far side to Teodo Bay, and on the near side to Cattaro Gulf. This *nek* is reached immediately beyond the Austrian fort Trinità, and from this point you get a fine view of Teodo Bay and its two little islands, the biggest of which appears crowded with houses, whilst the other contains the monasteries already mentioned.

From this *nek* the road doubles back for some distance, and then commences the serious business of scaling the apparently inaccessible precipices at the head of the gulf of Cattaro. Backwards and forwards runs the road, now doing a long turn, now a shorter, much in the way a spider weaves his web, tracing zigzags up the face of the almost perpendicular cliffs. The engineering of this fine example of Austrian hill road, with the continual upward twists and turns, which is steep without being quite too steep, and makes sharp curves back on itself without being just too sharp, is really marvellous. There is one point where, on the return journey, you can look down and count, laid out to view from end to end, fifteen double loops of white ribbon-like road, stretching down the face of the precipice beneath you. The lowest of these is so far down that it makes one giddy to look at it.

The drive cannot be recommended to very nervous persons, both on account of the precipitous nature of the hillside and because the drivers have a casual way of getting off the box,

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flinging the reins on the horses' backs, and walking on the inner side of the narrow road, playfully flicking the animals with the whip, and so inducing them to take the outside edge of the path! This performance is a little startling at first, but apparently the animals are accustomed to it.

An hour or so after leaving Cattaro we found ourselves attaining a very considerable altitude above the fjord. We were then high above camel-backed Vrmac, which from Cattaro had looked a very considerable height. We viewed the panorama presented by the two gulfs of Teodo and Cattaro, to which, as we mounted still higher, a third was added, the Bai di Traste. Cattaro gulf appeared simply a great blue streak enclosed by green Vrmac to the west and by stark, forbidding crags to the east. Beyond, the main waters of the Bocche glistened in the sun, bounded by the sombre hills above, whose outlines gleamed here and there in the distance, the white-capped summits of some of the bigger giants in the interior of the Krivošije.

After passing another Austrian fort, Gorazda, the zigzags became shorter, the turns more acute, and the rise in altitude more rapid, yet the horses managed to keep at the trot pretty frequently, alternating with spells of brisk walking, and we noted with surprise that though we were rising so rapidly the increased rarity of the atmosphere did not seem to affect their wind as we should have expected. These very ordinary-looking crocks pursued the even tenor of their way up this trying ascent at the uniform rate of about six miles an hour, getting only one short breather the whole time. We ourselves now began to experience a change, an exhilarating lightness and purity in the air, a marked difference from the rather close atmosphere below. This peculiar quality in the air is one of the great attractions of Montenegro.

After the termination of some erratic zigzagging, the road ran straight and almost level eastwards in the direction of the Lovćen, that rocky mountain block that dominates Montenegro on this side. Soon the now familiar black and yellow sign-

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posts ceased, to give way to a post marked with a Roman I. A few yards farther on we arrived at the first Montenegrin cottage, not unlike an Irish sheiling, and typical of the dwelling-place of the Montenegrin peasants, who seem either to set little store by comfort, or to be too poor to build better habitations.

Then the road makes a loop round the head of a deep ravine, up the steep sides of which the bridle-path from Cattaro is seen climbing in corkscrew twists to meet the driving road a few hundred yards farther on. A troop of Montenegrins in Indian file were toiling up the steep ascent, looking at first like some gigantic caterpillar. As we approached we saw that the cavalcade was composed of one or two Montenegrin men driving laden ponies and asses, and comprised also several Montenegrin women almost as heavily laden as these; for the Montenegrin women share the honour with the pony and the ass of being the carriers and beasts of burden of their country. The Montenegrin man stalks along free and unencumbered. This sight brought home forcibly to our minds that we were now in a country where some customs still obtain appertaining to that primitive time when the man was the hunter and warrior, and so had to be left free to use his arms. In the division of duties, those of carrier therefore of necessity fell to the woman.

Up to two or three decades ago this plea for exemption from carrying burdens existed for the Montenegrin man, but now no longer. He is, however, loth to give up the old privileges, any abandonment of which would appear to him a degradation. Only one caste exists in Montenegro—that of the warrior. Every man belongs to it. Self-preservation has for centuries decreed that the whole adult male population should be warriors. It will take some time for the Montenegrin to get rid of his present ideas. Meanwhile, poverty and the barrenness of the country prevent his relieving the women-folk of their arduous duties by the substitution to any great extent of transport animals. The rough life of the Montenegrin

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women is said to render them broken down and old a score of years before their time.

The road, hitherto a ledge cut along the mountain face, rocky wall on one side and precipice on the other, now turned, entering the Montenegrin confines by a shallow pass. To the right and left were mountains, part of the Lovćen group, deserving the name of "Rocky" probably far more than the Rockies of America, for they are simply gigantic rocks devoid of soil, save here and there in clefts, where bushes and stunted trees derive a precarious sustenance. The pass led on to a stony valley where little patches cleared of stones served as fields for cultivation.

Less than half-an-hour's drive along the pass brought us to quite a respectable piece of fairly level land in the bed of the valley, where lay a village. This is Nieguš, the seat of the family of the reigning Prince. Here Prince Nikolas, the present ruler of Montenegro, was born in a barn-like structure which we were told still serves him as a kind of shooting box. The village itself resembles those in the poorer parts of Ireland, and the cabins have just the same sort of holes for windows, but are neater in appearance, and most of them have stone or tile roofs. Directly above the village rises a peak 6000 feet high, tipped with snow at the time of our visit.

Quite a nice inn has been lately started at Nieguš by a Montenegrin. This is the half-way house where it is the custom to stop for an hour, going or returning, to lunch, and to feed and water the horses. The proprietor, a good-looking man in Montenegrin dress, came out to welcome us. Someone in Dalmatia had told us we could not get anything to eat here, and we had consequently brought lunch with us as advised. The proprietor did not seem to mind this, but he smiled when we told him the reason, explaining that he was always equal to supplying lunch for small parties. He spoke very excellent French, which he said he had learnt in Marseilles. He had travelled much, he told us, but had now returned to Montenegro to settle. Nieguš looked a desolate spot for a

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travelled man to settle in, and we ventured to ask him if he preferred it to any other place he had seen. He smiled faintly as he replied, "*Chacun préfère sa patrie.*"

Opposite to us, as we sat in the verandah, two diminutive oxen were ploughing a field a few yards in length with a diminutive plough. The ploughman, a stately Montenegrin, looked very incongruous beside his miniature outfit. We had a kodak handy and were eager to "snap" something Montenegrin. Suddenly five ragged little urchins cropped up from nowhere, and, seeing the kodak, advanced in a row, standing stiffly at attention, waiting to be taken. In order not to disappoint them, we took the group, and the whole thing was distinctly amusing, for they appeared to look upon our attentions as a matter of course! How many travellers must they not have stood for at the same spot to have become such "old stagers" at posing for a camera.

The horses had now been fed and watered, and these astonishing animals were again ready after their long pull of fifteen miles uphill to do another fifteen miles of hill and dale. As we continued on our road we saw cultivation in progress on all sides: a cultivation of shreds and patches, scattered at far-distant intervals, on every ledge, in every tiny hollow that still retained a layer of soil. Here indeed it is no exaggeration to say that every inch of soil is cultivated, each miniature scrap of Mother Earth carefully tended and treasured. Every turn in the road showed us more and more of this; tiny terraces of barley and oats rose one above another, a stone-flagged circle close at hand for the ponies or oxen to tread out the grain; or a tiny circular scrap of cultivation at the bottom of a pit-like hollow, surrounded by rocks and a waste of stones, that would yield at most half-a-dozen to a dozen sheaves of barley.

We were still ascending, skirting the spurs of the rugged Lovćen range, the air getting perceptibly colder. At the top of the ascent the carriage drew up at a Montenegrin hut where a woman served us with Turkish coffee at a penny a head. We had reached the summit of the pass.

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On turning the corner in our descent, there stretched before us a view typical of Montenegrin scenery in the wildest aspect. We looked down upon a vast sea of rock ; wave upon wave of it falling away beneath us, stretching interminably to the horizon, a labyrinth of rocks, grey and rigid, with nothing living in sight and not a sound to break the eternal stillness. The scene was a veritable abomination of desolation. Curiously enough, the first shock over, we experienced a sense of exhilaration instead of depression, for the air was like champagne. Half-an-hour's rapid bowling down the road, which bent sharply to the right, brought us in sight of the valley at the far end of which Cetinje lies. The valley is long and wide and flat, and the broad white road enters it at the farthestmost corner, sweeping right down it, straight but for one sharp angle. There is plenty of cultivation here, and the fields are of good size. If ever Cetinje desires to spread, she will have plenty of room.

We pulled up at the Grand Hotel six and a half hours after leaving Cattaro. The main street, about 150 yards long, comprises about two-thirds of the town. It is a quaint street, so broad that it would be possible to drive three or four carriages abreast down the length of it. It is composed entirely of one and two-storied cottages, all painted different colours, pale buffs, greys, blues, lemon yellows, egg-shell greens, seldom two together of the same tint. A few short streets branch off at right angles, and in these is all of Cetinje that is not comprised in the main street. The Grand Hotel is built across the end of it, a very decent caravansera, with fair accommodation for so small a place, and a cuisine that is presided over by a French *chef*.

On entering the town a handsome villa standing in its own grounds, on the left, strikes the eye. This is the Austrian Embassy. On the outskirts on the other side of the town are the still larger and handsomer buildings of the Russian Embassy. The Embassies of the two Great Powers stand like two watch-dogs, each with an eye on the other and the bone between them.

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In view of this poor little capital and the barren rocky waste that forms so large a proportion of the country, the value of the bone of contention is not at once apparent ; but a walk through Cetinje soon reveals it. Each man you meet is a born fighter. You can see it in his eyes, in his independent bearing, and in the habit he has of carrying arms ; for almost every adult has a pistol in his belt, some indeed an arsenal of weapons. Here is a splendid fighting contingent, whose value Russia has already proved ; which value will again appear in that not far distant day when the long-deferred question of the Near East comes up for final settlement.

There is not much for the ordinary tourist to see in Cetinje. The Prince inhabits a modest-looking, chocolate-coloured edifice picked out in white, with grounds attached of no great area. There is an old monastery hard by, whose first foundations were laid about the time of William the Conqueror. Although twice destroyed by the Moslem invader, the present building has attained the respectable age of about six hundred years. Its interest lies more in its historical associations than in architectural merit. The burying vaults and the tombs of the royal family are contained within its precincts.

In front of the monastery is what is called the "Billiards," a low, rambling, pink-washed, brick erection which can hardly be dignified by the title of building. This, formerly the Prince's, is at present the Bishop's Palace, and derives its name from the fact that the principal room it possesses, in which the ruling Prince used to hold his receptions, then contained a billiard table.

A stone's throw farther on is the Arsenal, containing a few curiosities and mementoes of the Montenegrins' wars with the Turks. Next comes the prison, curious because it is conducted on a system entirely different from that of our own jails. Prisoners wear no convict dress, and are treated like a set of harmless lunatics, upon whom it is necessary to put a certain restraint to obviate nuisance to the public. The only indication of the fact that they are prisoners is the leg-

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irons they wear. They are at times allowed to lounge about outside the prison walls under the charge of a single warder, upon which occasions a crowd of friends and acquaintances freely mingle with them. Indeed, it is difficult to distinguish between prisoners and their friends. At first sight it seems astonishing that more escapes do not occur under these conditions. But the prison authorities know very well what they are about; for where could an escaped Montenegrin prisoner hide? He could not avoid detection in his own territory, and elsewhere his nationality, if not his distinctive costume, would make him a marked man. The crimes, or rather the causes of confinement, were almost without exception connected with fighting, brawling, and the carrying on of vendettas.

The theatre, a memorial building to the late Prince, and the market-place, form the remaining sights.

To the ordinary sight-seer all this may appear a poor show, but for the appreciative traveller a visit to Montenegro is full of interest, for here still flourish all the primitive virtues, and an Arcadian simplicity hardly to be discovered elsewhere in civilised Europe—certainly in no European capital. The great attraction of Montenegro is the people, a splendid race, well set up, good-looking, frank, polite without cringing, still clinging to old-world ideas of honour. The land is as yet unspoiled by civilisation; it is free from the social evil, and contains neither thieves nor money-lenders, and it is not yet darkened by the shadow of the Israelite.

But the Montenegrin is not without the defects of his qualities. Whether it be due to his environment, or his training, or some other cause, he is not given to work. He does nothing at all, but he does it with an air. It is impossible to believe, without seeing it, into what a stately promenade the men of Cetinje turn their main street at five o'clock in the afternoon, pacing slowly and majestically up and down and talking, not excitedly, as do the men of all the countries round, but absorbedly, wholeheartedly, like a people with a great work entrusted to them.

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No doubt the striking costumes they wear add much to their natural attractiveness. For the men this consists of knee-breeches so baggy as to be almost like short skirts; cross-over vest thickly embroidered with gold along the edges, and over this a long tunic reaching down to the knees, cut well open in the front and confined round the waist by a voluminous many-coloured silk cummerbund. Over this again is a sleeveless jacket, not enclosing the chest, thickly set along each side with a double row of elongated gilt buttons. In the folds of the cummerbund a leathern belt is concealed, displaying in front a huge pocket, from the flap of which protrudes the butt of a revolver, often richly chased. Sometimes a whole collection of pistols is carried, and also knives and daggers.

The colours of their dress vary greatly. The poorer classes almost invariably have the long tunic of plain white homespun. Gold and embroidery are replaced by an edging of dark cloth. If the weather is cold the national shawl, the *struka*, is donned, worn exactly as a Highlander wears his plaid. The national colours are red and blue, the red being chiefly shown in the vest, and the blue in the knickers. The distinctive badge of the richer class is a delicate pale-blue tunic with a dolman jacket over it, the sleeves swinging loose. Another colour much affected for the tunic is a rich green. The covering for the head consists of a little round black cap with a circular piece of red let into the centre, bearing the Cyrillic letter H and the figure I. H stands for the Latin N, *Nikolas I.* There is also the design of a rainbow and a star on the red field. The rainbow symbolises the hope of regaining the lost freedom of the Serbian race, and the star represents the star of Montenegro.

A pair of white woollen closely-knitted gaiters are fastened up the back of the leg with conspicuous brass hooks and eyes. Below these come thick white socks and sandals, very like the sandals made in Kashmir, except for the strapping across the instep, which is a species of twine or thread instead of leather.

The Montenegrin woman wears the same kind of tunic as

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the man, but without the sash belt. The poorer classes are generally clad in a dirty white tunic. For gala occasions the richer wear one of a pale, delicate blue embroidered with gold. This seems to be put on over the dress, which is otherwise European in character. If unmarried the woman wears the same kind of cap as the man ; if married her hair is plaited and coiled in a circle round the crown of her head, and a small black shawl is tucked through the centre and allowed to dangle on the neck. But one peculiarity of Montenegro is the absence of all sign of the women in public, except those poor creatures who toil along the roads like pack animals carrying loads.

Though the people are the chief attraction, there is a good deal to be said for the country itself. The scenery has characteristics all its own. The pure air and remarkably clear quality of the light cause atmospheric effects that give even to these rocky uplands considerable charm. Moreover, Montenegro, so far from being a country entirely of rock, is in the south fertile, well cultivated, and green—as much so, in fact, as parts of southern France or Italy. A walk of about forty minutes from Cetinje to a spot called Bella Vista, on the road to Rjeka and Skutari, helps the traveller to realise this. From that point the view is superb, extending across a corner of southern Montenegro to the Skutari Lake, shimmering in the sunlight, and beyond to the snow-capped mountains of Albania, half shrouded in haze.

Unfortunately in our ignorance, though we did not rush things quite so much as most visitors do, we came without making provision to stop. But the easy trip to Skutari Lake, on the way to which we saw most of southern Montenegro, was well worth doing. From Cetinje to Rjeka is but a five-hours' drive. Here a small steamer plies twice a week to the mouth of the river at Rjeka and on to Skutari, the capital of Turkish Albania, reached in a day. From Skutari the return journey can be varied by steaming to Antivari, one of the recently acquired ports of Montenegro, whence by means of the Austrian Lloyd steamers it is possible to go to any point on the Adriatic

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or Mediterranean, if one does not wish to return through Montenegro. This Rjeka valley, by the way, is held by a well-known Serbian geologist to have been formerly a fjord-like harbour, and the Skutari Lake a bay of the Adriatic.

Another easy drive from Cetinje is towards Nikšić, important from the fact that it is the one town of Montenegro that does something in the way of manufactures. The present Prince is building himself a palace there, and it is rumoured that he intends to make it his capital.

At Nikšić they brew a truly excellent beer, introduced to our notice by the Major of the Prince's Bodyguard, a Montenegrin who had been educated in Italy, as are so many Montenegrins in the present time. This officer could speak Italian, but no German. Indeed, hardly any Montenegrins care to study the German language. They have no love for Austria, and there is very little intercourse between Montenegro and the Austrian territories bordering it. Sometimes, indeed, there are serious border affrays between unruly Montenegrins and Austrian customs officials. Yet Austria deserves well of Montenegro, for she grants the Prince yearly a very considerable subsidy in recognition of the admirable services he has rendered to the cause of peace and civilisation by breaking-in his turbulent subjects.

Forty or fifty years ago Montenegrins seemed to have characteristics like those of the Highland caterans of Scotland of a century ago. The reputation they then acquired has stuck to them, and even now the fact does not seem to be generally recognised in England that Montenegro is as safe a country in which to travel as any in Europe.

Montenegro and her people are indebted to their rulers for their well-being. The present Prince is a worthy successor to those who preceded him. In the forty-five years of his reign he has, aided by Russia in return for military assistance, and thanks to Mr. Gladstone's good offices, acquired much territory, including the ports of Dulcigno and Antivari. Prince Nikolas has further raised Montenegro to a place of consideration owing

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to the alliances contracted by his daughters, one being the present Queen of Italy, and another the wife of a Russian Grand Duke. The Montenegrins with whom we talked were all very much downcast at hearing of the Japanese successes. But they said: "Wait till it comes to fighting on land, and Japan will see something." *A propos* of this we were told a story. The Prince received a telegram announcing the first Japanese success on land, just before a dinner at which the British and Russian Ministers were both his guests. After looking at it he passed the telegram round. When it reached the Russian Minister he barely glanced at the contents. "Oh, a Reuter's telegram," he observed. "In St. Petersburg we have another name for news emanating from that source." Reuter being an English telegraph agency, this remark was hardly a polite one to make before our representative. It was, therefore, some satisfaction when, later on in the same evening, the Prince received a second telegram from a source the Russian could not dispute, not only confirming the news given by Reuter, but showing that the result of the fight had been even more disastrous to the Russians than Reuter had represented.

The population of Montenegro is 240,000. The army represents one-sixth of the total, and must comprise about all the adult males.

The sympathies of the Montenegrins have always been with those of their race and creed in the countries around. In the Hercegovinian insurrection of 1875 they gave the insurgents assistance against the Turks. Later, when the Austrians occupied Bosnia and Hercegovina and had some trouble in suppressing armed bands of outlaws, who acted much as our Robin Hood and his merry men had done, the sympathies of the Montenegrin people were all with these "hayduks," as they were called. A small band existed in the fastnesses of the Hercegovina till a few years ago. Constant stalking by the Austrian gendarmes had reduced their numbers to two. One of these at last was shot, and the survivor took refuge in Montenegrin territory. Here he fell ill, and was taken to a

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Montenegrin hospital. A price was put upon his head by the Austrian Administration, which tempted an enterprising Hercegovinian whom the hayduk had previously wronged. He crossed into Montenegro, and, feigning sickness, was taken to the same hospital. He got on intimate terms with the hayduk, and so one day managed to lure him to a quiet spot and killed him. Striking off his head, he made tracks with it for the Austrian border, but unfortunately for him, the headless body was discovered all too soon. He was overtaken and slain by avenging Montenegrins, and the head of the hayduk was never given up to the Austrian authorities.

Gladly would we have lingered longer in this mountain Arcady, and regretfully we made our preparations to return to the land of the Philistines below. On our return drive we were able to appreciate more fully the massive ruggedness of the Lovćen range, as we fortunately had a gorgeously brilliant day.

While we refreshed man and beast at Nieguš we listened to the strains of a Montenegrin bagpipe, a very small affair compared to that of our Scottish Highlanders. We saw young Montenegro issuing from the village school with bright good-looking faces. There were no little girls. Our old acquaintance the landlord, however, told us there was a girls' school at Cetinje, started by a Russian Archduchess. The extra language taught in this school was, he informed us, French.

All too soon we exchanged the champagne air of the hills for the flatter article of the plains below. This splendid air should one day prove Montenegro's fortune. There is little doubt these uplands, with their salubrious and exhilarating atmosphere and the restful quiet that prevails, would be most beneficial to persons suffering from nervousness or brain fag, and that one day the place will be a recognised sanatorium.

As our Austrian Lloyd steamer would not leave Cattaro till afternoon, we tried to find a small boat in which we might sail to Castelnovo, where we could catch the steamer. But no small boat could be got, and we wasted our morning in the

FROM CATTARO TO RAGUSA

garden café on the pier, lamenting that such a fine stretch of water, suitable for boating, fishing, sailing, bathing, and other such diversions, should be so thrown away on the unappreciative people who inhabit its shores. A handful of moderately well-off English people located at Castelnovo would transform all this and initiate the inhabitants into providing facilities for exploiting the natural advantages of the Bocche. Castelnovo has both a summer and winter season, in addition to other attractions. It is a capital centre for excursions by steamer to the ports of southern Montenegro and Albania, to Corfu, and to Bari in Italy, as well as to all the better-known places in the Adriatic and Mediterranean.

During the remainder of our stay in Dalmatia, spent in Gravosa, we occupied most of our time in exploring the country round, plunging through the woods that clothe Mount Petka down to a sandy cove which we discovered on the farther side, designed by nature for a bathing-place; up the hillside to Fort Imperial, that crowns the barren heights behind Ragusa; by the side of the Ombla Fjord. Lapad we found especially charming because so unfrequented. On a second visit there we were shown a rare specimen of a Brazilian palm, growing in the centre of the Baron Ghetaldi's garden, which we had visited. The plant, growing in soil artificially deposited on the bare rock, is of great size and is flourishing exceedingly.

Two little incidents which occurred before leaving Gravosa may be related in the interests of intending visitors. One fine evening in May, when the moon and the starlight were playing on the waters and on the foliage, one of our party was tempted to return from Ragusa to Gravosa (about two miles) on foot. It was about ten o'clock when he started, and, just beyond the last building, a man loitering in the middle of the road seemed to eye him rather narrowly as he passed. Before P. had proceeded twenty yards farther the man began to follow him at a round pace, and as P. quickened his pace so did he. A full carriage from Ragusa came along and the man walked more slowly, but when it had passed he hurried forward again

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P., however, did not allow him to gain on him, and when they came within sight of the lights of Gravosa the footsteps ceased. There is little doubt that the man was some bad character, such as may now and then find refuge among the floating population of larger ports, intending to carry out an evil design on the lonely road; and the moral is not to take lonely walks after dark on the Dalmatian coast.

The other incident was more ludicrous than annoying. P. required to get an income-tax paper witnessed, and as the services of proper British officials for this purpose could not be obtained, P. had recourse to an old Dalmatian gentleman, a notary, to whom he was taken personally by a gentleman, Mr. A., to whom he had an introduction. The notary, however, refused to witness the signature on the ground that Mr. A.'s testimony to P.'s identity was insufficient. P. bethought him of his passport, and the notary said it would do, but when he returned with it next day, the man of law refused to sign it, saying there should be a witness present as well as the passport. "But," replied P., "your friend, Mr. A., identified me in your presence yesterday." "That is all very well," said the notary, "but he is not present now." Mr. A. lived a long way off, but no arguments could move the old man. P. then asked if Mr. B., the banker who cashed his cheques and lived near, would do. The notary admitted that he would; Mr. B. obligingly came and testified to P.'s identity; and then the notary wrote a lengthy legal formula on the corner of the paper, applying thereto his signature and seal.

The streets of Ragusa and the quay at Gravosa afford studies of costume even more varied and striking than those of Spalato. Among these that of the women from the Canalesi country, with the picturesque-looking flap of snowy-white, fluted linen balanced above the cap, is especially attractive. The costume of the women from South Hercegovina, who are often met with here, is also an attractive and showy garb, remarkable for the thick, homespun, coloured aprons worn with it; and the wearers are often good-looking into the bargain.



SOUTH HERCEGOVINIAN WOMAN AND RAGUSANS



A RAGUSAN WOMAN AND LOAD

FROM CATTARO TO RAGUSA

The comfortable-looking dress of the men of Ragusa seems to be a medley of the costumes of the Montenegrin, the Northern Dalmatian, and the Hercegovinian. Ragusa is rather a bad place for glare, a drawback which it shares with most Italian coast towns and our own Malta. In this matter of glare Gravosa is not nearly so bad, and we might have stopped there longer, but neither sailing, rowing, fishing, good bathing, nor any of the many recreations which go to make life by the seaside in any coast village of England possible, were to be got. With boats many pleasant little rowing and sailing trips could be made about the Ombla Fjord hard by, also to Canossa, to Stagno, or to any of the small islands off the coast. There ought to be excellent sea-fishing as well as lobster-catching, for lobsters no doubt swarm in the waters off the rocks of Lapad. At Stagno there is an oyster bed, and the Ragusans make excursions there to enjoy a cheap oyster feed.

We only heard about Stagno and the oysters a day or two before leaving Gravosa. It is very difficult in Dalmatia to find out things worth knowing, as the native Dalmatian is either ignorant about his own country, or does not think a thing worth mentioning.

PART II

INTO TURKEY IN AUSTRIA

CHAPTER V

FROM DALMATIA TO THE HERCEGOVINA—MOSTAR—IN A MOSTAR HAREM

Karst scenery—A disappearing river—The Priests' Plain—A cave of the winds—First sight of the Narenta—A pirate's nest—A picture city—Oriental appearance—The old bridge—Mussulmans at prayer—Turkish coffee garden—A good spot to study Eastern modes of life—Notice necessary before visiting a harem—"Bird" costumes—Turkish women—Profusion of jewellery—The sign of the married state—Harems of the poorer and richer classes—Artistic quarters—Photographs "unlawful"—Dress of Turkish unmarried girl—A bridal bed

IT was now well on towards the middle of May, and as Ragusa was getting rather warm, we thought it time to betake ourselves to higher altitudes. We arranged to set out for Mostar by the midday train, and as the State Railway is niggardly of rolling stock, we followed the example of the natives, and were at the station half-an-hour before the hour for starting, to secure window seats from which to enjoy the scenery.

After passing Ombla we commenced climbing the winding ascent to Brgat and Uskoplje, about 2000 feet above the sea-level. From Uskoplje the nature of the country becomes characteristically Hercegovinian: rocky hills sparsely clothed with stunted trees, much resembling Montenegrin landscape, and having the small pit-like depressions where earth has collected and a little cultivation is carried on. This limestone formation is called in these lands, and in Croatia, where it also occurs, *karst*. Hercegovina is chiefly *karst*, the valleys—usually narrow—that divide the barren rocky hills, alone being fertile. In these a good, fairly strong wine and excellent tobacco are grown.

After winding about these rocky hills, and diving through

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others by tunnel, we got to Hum in the Hercegovina, the junction for Trebinje, which is the second town of the province, and in the neighbourhood of which the best Hercegovinian wine is produced. The railway time-table had promised us twelve minutes at this station, time enough for a little refreshment, but we were only allowed six, and the restaurant, such as it was, had no buffet nor anything in the shape of sandwiches, biscuits, or other food that could be carried away. It is worth noting, therefore, that it is best to take provisions with you when travelling by this train.

After Hum the scenery gets ultra-Hercegovinian in type; ridge succeeds ridge of tall grey rocks in all sorts of bizarre shapes—a stony, forbidding country.

In a short time we came to stretches of water running parallel with the line. Sometimes these would widen out into broad lake-like expanses, then again contract to a narrower bed. At first we thought they must be an inlet of the sea, but this lay in the wrong direction, and their appearance was different from that of any sea-water we had seen. The water lay stagnant in the setting of rocky and barren hills without a ripple or any sign of life on the surface. These waters are known as the Trebinjčica, a disappearing river, and it was hard to believe that they were the upper waters of the limpid and gushing Ombla. The region was such a bleak waste of bare hills and rock that even forlorn waters like these gave it a touch of interest.

Later the valley changes to a marshy waste, partly meres covered with vegetation and partly morass veined with waterways. This is called the Popovo Polje (Priests' Plain), which in autumn is flooded by the Trebinjčica to a very considerable extent, and drains away gradually in the spring through underground crevices and chasms, leaving a deposit which, like that of the Nile inundations, greatly fertilises these lowlands. Near Zavala, one of the stations passed, situated by this Popovo Polje, is a wonderful cavern containing a lake and chambers hung with stalactites. It is a regular Cave of the Winds,

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where extraordinary sounds, such as those of the beating of drums, grinding of mill-wheels, are to be heard, produced, as the peasants declare, by supernatural agency. Anyhow the origin of these sounds has not yet been scientifically explained. The whole of the Popovo Polje is said to bristle with curious old monuments, tombstones—either Greek or Bogumilite—tumuli, et cetera.

Ljubinge, three hours' carriage drive from Ravno, the next station, is about the best point at which to stop when visiting this part; for men, the old monastery at Zavala might provide a night's rest. Long narrow valleys now begin to branch off at right angles from the Popovo Polje. These are fertile, but the train had to wind its way up stony hills, and when it doubled back again we still caught glimpses of marsh and mere, and felt quite sorry when at last these all disappeared.

The country then began to change in aspect. A little stream flowed alongside and raced us on its way to the Narenta through smiling fields of barley and orchards of cherry trees in which Hercegovinian peasants were at work; the women particularly conspicuous in their white homespun tunics and knickerbockers. Gabela, reached about six in the evening, the junction station for the line from Metković, might have been situated in an outlying valley of Kashmir, so far as appearance went. All along the valley the scenery was charming; the Narenta, here a noble river, forming the chief feature. At the valley head, where the Narenta emerges from a short defile, we caught sight of the romantically situated town of Počitelj. The houses of the town rose in tiers one above another, as in a spacious amphitheatre, on the hollowed side of a rocky hill that overhung the Narenta, there fringed by willows. A more delightful picture could hardly be conceived.

The Narenta, now shut within a narrow bed, begins to behave turbulently and to discover rapids, alternating with shallows. The banks are clothed with verdure and adorned with fine trees. Buna is passed among undulating, well-culti-

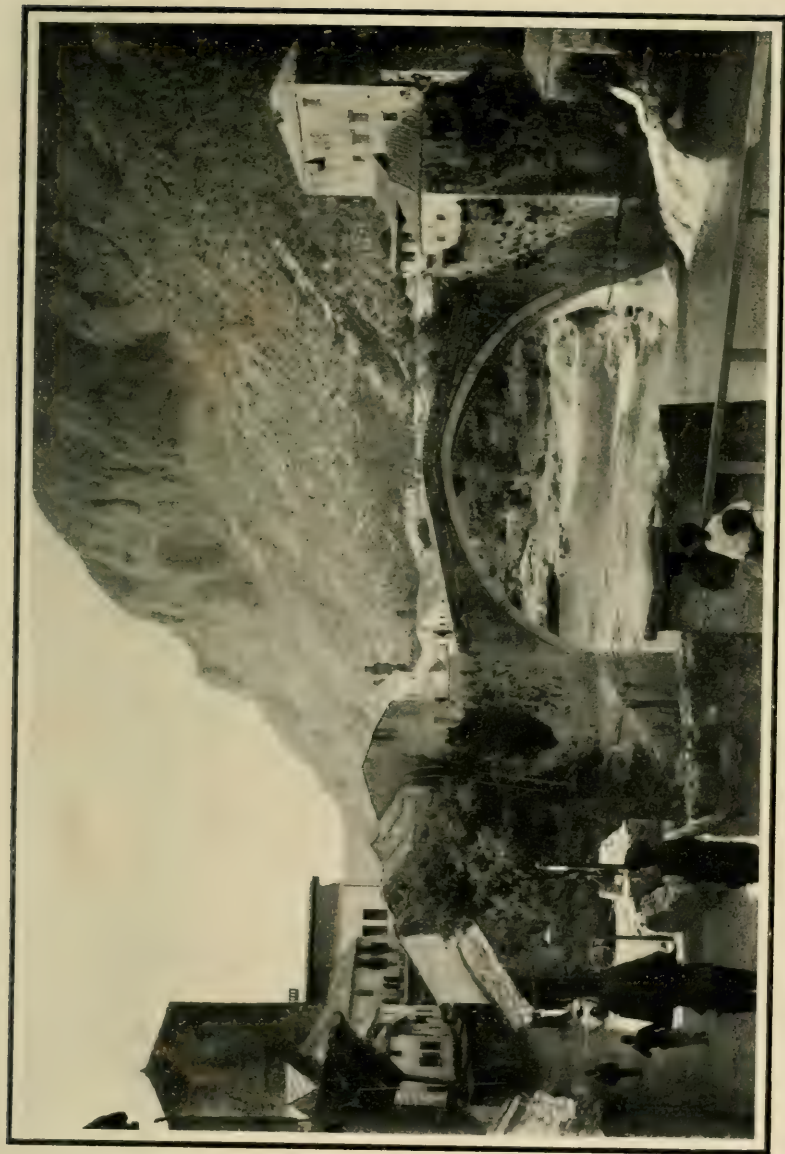
MOSTAR

vated expanses on the right, and we then found ourselves in the fruitful valley, in the centre of which lies Mostar.

It was a pleasant surprise to find Mostar still a characteristically Oriental town, as yet unspoilt by the hand of European civilisation. Of course, as Hercegovina forms an integral part of the Sultan's dominions, Mostar is a Turkish town; but we had expected that the Serbian population, freed from the Turkish yoke, would have put away their Oriental customs and dress and become European. We forgot the East is slow to change. Mahomedan religion and customs have taken deep root; a large proportion of the inhabitants are Mussulmans, and will probably ever keep to the religion and customs of their renegade forefathers.

The unchanging East shows itself conspicuously in the dress of the people, their habitations, bazaars, and shops. So far as appearances went, Mostar, or at all events that portion of it lying on the right bank of the Narenta, might be a Punjab frontier town. The environment of Mostar reminded us of the Punjab frontier. Sheer cliffs approach it on one side, and on the other the fertile valley is ringed in by mountains. The Narenta flowing from the highlands and preserving in its rocky and boulder-strewn course all the attractive qualities of its mountain origin, divides the town. Its clear waters, in their deep and rocky bed, are undisfigured by quay or embankment, and across the river stands the glory of Mostar, the old bridge, from which the town derives its name, a graceful and picturesque piece of architecture, be it Turkish or Roman—a point which is disputed.

Mostar is a picture city. The view from the left bank of the river, here pure jade in colour save where, impeded by boulder or stone, it breaks and churns into snowy foam; the venerable bridge and the watchtowers, the quaint Turkish houses, the old town, the minarets of the mosque, the cliff walls behind, all seen in that shimmering light (the specially characteristic quality of bright sunshine when illuminating stony tracts of country) combine to charm the eye of the artist.



THE OLD BRIDGE, MOSTAR

This graceful and picturesque piece of architecture crosses the Neretva and is the glory of Mostar. It is a disputed point whether it be of Turkish or Roman origin.

MOSTAR

The chief mosque is a fair specimen of Mahommedan architecture. Not so imposing in exterior as the mosques of Sarajevo, the interior is very tastefully designed, and with its subdued light and colouring seemed to us a very fitting house of worship. When we viewed it we had an opportunity of seeing the congregation at their devotions, the muezzin's call to prayer having just sounded. It is an impressive sight. No attitudes are more expressive of humble supplication and homage than those assumed by Mahommedans when praying. As they have to go through their prostrations and genuflexions five times a day, these must constitute a very fair gymnastic exercise, and may account for the more athletic and well set-up frames of the True Believers when compared with those of their Christian brethren. Mahomet knew what he was about when he instituted this form of worship and decreed the preliminary ablutions, without which, he declared, prayer would not be even heard by God. The result is that Mahommedans have a cleaner and smarter look about them than the majority of Christians.

The old religion of the Serbs, or Slavs, as we call them, is that known as the Greek or Orthodox Church, the same as that of Holy Russia. They cannot be complimented on the interior of their cathedral at Mostar, though it is rather a handsome building. Like a mosque, the body of the interior is bare and without seats; unlike a mosque, it has not even a carpet. The worshippers have to stand. There are certainly a few pews ranged round the walls, but the seats of these are so uncomfortably high that we were told the occupants found it preferable to stand. This arrangement must be distinctly trying for the aged and infirm. With the tawdry-painted wooden pillars, the staring altar, the screen of ikons, indifferently painted heads of saints, the clash of colours and the glare of light, the cathedral contrasted unfavourably with the subdued tints and atmosphere of the mosque we had just seen, lighted by quaint little Eastern casements set high up in the wall.

After the round of the town we went to the Turkish coffee-

MOSTAR

house and garden across the new iron bridge over the Narenta and had coffee *à la Turque*, while the café musicians alternately played lively *kolos*, the Serbian national dance, and sang Serb songs, with their characteristic melancholy cadences.

Then we returned to the Hotel Narenta, a comfortable and modern building, and ate excellent Narenta trout and quaffed *Opolo*, a good local Hercegovinian table wine—seated in the broad verandah of the hotel amidst a gay company of Austrian officers and their wives and the élite of the town. Afterwards we sat and talked, contrasting the real East, which we knew well, with this near East, so like and yet so unlike. In the genuine East the man of the West and the Oriental see little of each other's lives. They generally live far apart. Oriental life is there screened from Western curiosity, and is more or less unknown or misunderstood. Here West and East live together side by side. The majority are of one and the same blood and language. Only the belief is different. A truer impression of Mahommedan life, customs, and character could be gained here in a month by the ordinary traveller than by a year's sojourn in the real East.

One of our party was enabled to penetrate into the mysterious recesses of a Turkish harem belonging to a high civic official of Mostar, through the kindness and under the personal guidance of some Austrian lady residents of the place, and also to obtain some glimpses into harems belonging to the poorer class of Mahommedans.

It was 2.30 p.m., the hottest time of the day, when the four ladies, Austrian, Slav, and two English, proceeded somewhat languidly down the narrow, sun-baked street and struck into a side lane through a Mahommedan quarter. The whole place was swarming with Mahommedan women; for in these hot hours, from two to five, when the men are not about, they take their constitutional. They were all dressed in the unique street or walking toilette considered *de rigueur* by the Mahommedan fair sex in Mostar—surely the most startling and

IN A MOSTAR HAREM

strange disguise ever invented by male minds for the concealing of the female form.

Figure to yourself a long, very thick, dark blue greatcoat, very similar to that worn by Mr. Thomas Atkins, except that it is furnished with an enormous collar standing up nearly a foot in height. This garment is thrown over the wearer, whom it envelops, head and all; the hook fastened, not over the throat, but just below the nose, leaving the high stiff collar to project forwards, above and beyond the forehead, a huge beak. The chink left open below this in the shadow of the projecting beak is fitted in with a muslin mask that covers the eyes of the wearer. The cloak is hooked closely all the way down, with the sleeves pinned back and flapping loosely, rather like embryo wings. Huge black or bright yellow, clumsy, untanned boots complete the costume.

The effect produced by these silent, muffled figures, waddling along in ones and twos and sometimes rows, is that of monster extinct birds—a cross between a toucan and a penguin, say; or they might be strayed inhabitants of some unknown planet, or weird creations of Mr. Wells's fertile brain—anything rather than human beings. Poor stifled creatures! How can they stand such a costume in such weather?

One of the four ladies was very well known to the women of Mostar, but in the street they might not speak to her, nor might she address them. However, they paused when they gained their threshold, and seeing there were none but women about, they turned, and loosening the fastenings of their heavy coverings, poured forth an eager flood of talk upon us. The greatcoats slipped back, the muslin coverings were pushed on one side, and we saw their faces, pallid, seedy-looking, beaded with perspiration, plain; that was the first impression; but interesting for all that, if only because they were the first Turkish women the party had seen uncovered.

They talked with animation and beamed upon their visitors, displaying one and all the most shocking teeth. The general type of face seems to be rather long and narrow, with dark

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eyes—not the large, liquid, almond-shaped eyes of the East, but keen, and fixed for the moment with a great intensity upon ourselves. Curiosity burned in them, that salient attribute of all daughters of Eve. The people flooded us with questions with which our interpreters tried vainly to keep up. The doorway of another courtyard opened, and half-a-dozen heads of Turkish women and girls, who had evidently overheard our conversation, were thrust out, ready to withdraw on the least alarm. Our friends being recognised, the door opened wider, and we were hailed eagerly.

With adieux to the first batch, we went across to speak to the second. They were richer than the others, and displayed a good deal of jewellery. As they had not been out, and so were not enveloped in the unsightly wrappings of street toilette, we saw plainly the ornaments worn by the married and by the unmarried Turkish women. The married all wear a miniature cap coquettishly poised, by some means invisible, below the hair and just above the line of the eyebrows in the centre of the forehead—a tiny cap of velvet, generally purple, coiled round and round with golden coins and golden filigree work, culminating in a peak in the centre. The richer the wearer the thicker and closer are the gold coins one on the top of the other. The hair seemed in most cases to be henna-dyed, lighter or darker red, according to the taste of the owner, and the nails were tinted likewise. The unnatural brightness of the red shade in the hair turns into more vivid contrast the exceeding pallor of the complexions. Their figures were slight, almost attenuated. The unmarried women wear a little round, close-fitting black cap on the head, and a golden coin or two on the forehead, with perhaps one or two more hung round the neck, occasionally a row of them.

We went to see the harem of one of the poorer classes. Inside the courtyard six or eight women ran forward to receive and greet us. These were either relatives or neighbours, and the wives of different men, for, at any rate, so far as the Hercegovina and Bosnia are concerned, it is merely a myth



A HERCEGOVINIAN WOMAN



A SERB WEDDING PARTY

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that the men have more than one wife in the harem. In all the land there are not more than half-a-dozen, perhaps, who have more. These women were much of the same type as those just seen, pallid and sickly, with the complexion and appearance of those who live in hot climates and shut themselves away from fresh air and exercise. Some had black hair, some henna-dyed; two or three were painted—the rouge looking rather startling on their unhealthy yellow skins. One had kohl-darkened eyes; she was a much handsomer woman than the rest. As before, when they began to speak, bad teeth were painfully prominent. One young woman appeared to have only two or three teeth left in her head.

We were invited to go upstairs and taken across the small courtyard up the wooden steps to two little rooms above. All this part was sacred to the women. They were plain little rooms, but clean and nicely kept, the boarded floors white as soap and water could make them. The simple furnishings were a divan round the sides, a small carpet in the centre, a shelf all round near the top of the walls, on which was ranged a long row of covered metal dishes that constitute their cooking and eating utensils; nothing else except a cupboard or two. The second room was similar, without the shelves and dishes. We did not stay very long, but leaving these harems of the poorer classes, we proceeded to that which was the chief object of our expedition—the harem of a Turkish gentleman. This was a very superior-looking place. On entering the courtyard we were faced at the far end with a long, artistically-built two-storied house. The central part of the lower storey was open in front. It was like a large hall, into which the doors of the rooms opened on either side. It contained a divan and a brown wooden staircase which led from the back to the floor above. The walls were glittering white, and the eaves and windows were framed in dark brown wood, the centre windows on the upper floor being especially artistic, dome-shaped and diamond-paned. The whole effect was most pleasing.

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Our hostess and her daughters ran out to meet us, and seized us one after another by the hand, uttering greetings in soft Slav. They made a charming picture against the glittering white setting of the house. The girl, of marriageable age, was tall and rather slender. She was dressed in turquoise blue silk—blue silk Turkish trousers, excessively full and drawn into the ankles, scarcely showing as trousers till she walked, and a perfectly plain bodice of the same material; a little black round cap was perched on her head, decorated in front and on the top with magnificent diamond ornaments, that stood well up and glittered and trembled with every step. Ropes of pearls were round her neck—seven or eight strings of them—beautiful pearls, and below them an enormous string of gold coins—each the size of a four-shilling piece—strung one on the top of the other as closely as they would go. An exceedingly long gold chain dangled in front, and was tucked away into a pocket at the waist line. This held a jewelled watch of the best European make, as we afterwards discovered. Gold bracelets were on her wrists, and gold and diamond ornaments depended from the end of her thick long plait of red-brown hair. She was a nice-looking girl, not wholly pretty, perhaps, but nearer to beauty than any we had seen that day, with an intelligent face, soft, well-opened eyes, and quick, lithe movements. Habeeba was her name.

Habeeba's mother, too, was better-looking than most of the women, but more Jewish in type, with a strongly-marked, hooked nose. She wore the same sort of Turkish trousers and plain bodice as her daughter, but of quieter colours. Over the bodice was a narrow bolero of purple velvet, embroidered in gold braid and bordered with red fox fur, an adornment in great favour with the Turkish population, though, according to European ideas, the narrow edging quite spoilt the effect. Over the centre of her forehead was the usual miniature cap, covered with gold coins and jewellery, the sign of the married state. But she wore no other jewellery.

Two of us had cameras, but they were no sooner produced

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than a little shriek from Habeeba announced that she had caught sight and understood. She seized her mother, and, abandoning all ceremony, the pair fled into the house, dragging our friend and guide along with them, whence she issued a moment later, laughing, to explain that Habeeba and her mother said it was not "lawful" for them to be photographed, but we might take the house! And with this we had to be satisfied.

Their equanimity thus restored, we were asked upstairs and taken first into the reception-room, and then, when this was sufficiently inspected, to the principal or eating-room. This was the room whose dome-shaped windows we had admired from below.

On the floor of the first room was a delightful Turkish carpet, a broad divan ran round three sides, and the cupboards along the walls were all of carved wood. The second was similar, with the addition of the bow windows, under which was the divan—a very luxurious one, with plenty of soft cushions in the corners. We were shown how to recline upon a divan, Turkish fashion, neither lying down nor sitting, but putting one knee well on the divan and then sinking down on it, with that foot and leg tucked under.

Habeeba, full of delight over her visitors, stayed to see us comfortably established, then disappeared to fetch refreshments, reappearing in a minute with a tray she herself carried round to each of us. This was of Mecca work, beaten brass, with a pattern of white metal hammered in and picked out in black and red enamel points. On the tray reposed tiny cups of pale sweet coffee. Whilst we drank this, Habeeba talked and our friends translated. How long were we going to stay in Mostar? What did we think of it? Where were we going next? Had we travelled much? Yes? Oh! Had we seen Constantinople, then? Disappointment showed for a moment in her eyes at the negative, but they cleared again when, through the interpreter, we explained we had been in other Mahomedan countries—India, for instance. Then she wanted

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to know about the customs of India, and what sort of clothes the women wear, with a minuteness as to detail we were puzzled how to satisfy. As soon as coffee was finished Habeeba offered cigarettes, then glided round and carried off the cups, re-appearing with a handmaid and another tray—this time bearing lemonade, in gold-rimmed glasses.

Habeeba next produced some of her work, the beautiful gold-thread harem work, famous throughout the land—work, the execution of which is a standing puzzle to Europeans, for it is exactly alike on both sides. Habeeba as a needlewoman must stand unrivalled. Her work is superb.

“Show us your bridal bed as it will be made when you are married, draga (dear) Habeeba,” begged our interpreter and friend.

This is one of the show possessions of a Turkish girl, and is worth seeing. Habeeba smiled and departed. Bringing it in piece by piece with the help of a handmaid, she made it up before us. A long, wide soft cushion mattress came first, which is spread out on the floor, occupying the middle of the room. Then two long, enormously long, pillows, with pink silk ends, are placed in position, each running the entire width of the bed. Habeeba then unfolded a couple of gorgeously embroidered strips of glittering gold-thread work and tucked one at one end, one at the other, round the pillows over the pink silk, leaving but a scrap of pink showing. She then produced a large piece of incredibly fine white muslin literally encrusted for a third of its depth all round in gold embroidery, and laid this lengthwise along the pillows, where it just covered the edge of the glittering strips already there. Then she took a sheet of fine spun linen and silk, and laying it over the cushion mattress tucked it carefully in. Lastly there was brought the coverlet, of purple silk, quilted and overlaid in the centre with a square of Bosnian stuff, shot with many colours, and spangled with silver and gold. The couch was ready.

Whatever we wished to see, Habeeba was ready to show us. At our request she brought us a pair of Turkish trousers, such

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as she herself was wearing, that we might see how they were made. She jumped on a chair, holding her cap carefully with one hand, and took from the high carved shelf one of the metal eating-dishes for our inspection. They are Bosnian work, adorned round the edges with a hammered-in pattern of fine copper wire.

There was really nothing else to show. The lives of all Turkish women in the Hercegovina and Bosnia are exceedingly simple—embroidering in gold or silken thread, sipping sweet coffee and lemonade, smoking, reclining on the divans, receiving the visits of other women or going for those ghastly promenades, heavily cloaked and in enforced silence—so they pass their lives. Indeed, from the time they are full grown till the time they are married, even the last part of the simple programme is not for them. From the moment she is considered to be of the right age for marriage till the time she marries, no Turkish girl of position goes outside the courtyard of her father's harem.

Little Turkish girls, not of marriageable age, go free with uncovered faces; but even these will copy their elders, and if a stranger looks too hard or too long at them, will pull the covering shawl close about their faces, or stand with back turned until the inquisitive one has passed on. It is in vain to try and get one to stand for a snapshot. The only way is to take them unawares.

On one occasion we much wanted to "snap" an exceedingly pretty little girl. Directly we approached her, however, she turned and started running. Some Turks who were looking on at the proceedings, much amused, shouted to her that it was "allowed." It was all useless, she ran the faster, her little blue shawl fluttering in the breeze, and only stopped within the refuge of her house. Nor did little Miss Propriety venture forth again, we feel convinced, for the rest of that day!

The Turkish women of the Hercegovina are strangely ignorant, as, indeed, they are likely to be, seeing they are kept entirely without education, not even being taught to read and

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write. A Turk of Mostar, approached on the subject of education for the women, listened stolidly while the plea was made, then set it aside with a wave of his hand. "Let my wife learn to read and write!" he observed coldly. "For what? That she may write love-letters to other men, or receive them!"

CHAPTER VI

BLAGAJ AND THE SOURCE OF THE BUNA— MODERN MOSTAR

A model vineyard—Stjepangrad—The former capital of the Hercegovina—Duke Stjepan's fate—The source of the Buna—Omer Pasha's villa—An Indian caretaker—A reappearing river—A legend of Turkish times—Non-progressive Turkish spirit—The mosque of Buna—Model girls' school—Radapolje—Source of the water supply—Women's costume—Tobacco-growing—Best time to visit—Sport

AN excursion from Mostar not to be omitted is that to the source of the Buna, one of those mysterious rivers which rise fully formed from subterranean channels in which they have run a great part of their course.

We drove down the Metković road across the Mostar valley, through fields of barley the poorness of which was said to be due to deficiency of rainfall, but seemed to us to be a good deal owing to the inferior quality of the soil and the primitive method of cultivation. The dry season, however, had been particularly favourable to wine production, wine and tobacco being the staple crops of the Hercegovina—the latter very profitable to the Hercegovinian peasant grower. We passed the Government model vineyard, from which peasant vine-growers can be provided with vines free.

After one and a half hours' drive we neared some very conspicuous cliffs, shutting in the valley in this direction. On nearer approach, the outlines of an old ruin, perched on the very brink of the precipice, are distinguishable. This is Stjepangrad, the castle of Stjepan, Duke of Saint Sava, the same who made Castelnovo in the Bocche, then called Ercegnovi, one of his seats.

The Hercegovina could hardly in those days have been the

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three parts sterile and rocky country she is now, for history relates that when the penultimate foolish King of Bosnia issued an edict against the followers of Bogumil no less than forty thousand of this sect were afforded refuge in the Hercegovina by Duke Stjepan. Probably the same causes that brought about the destruction of the woods and forests of Dalmatia—forest fires, goats, and reckless cutting—were all at work here also, transforming the character of the country.

Duke Stjepan's capital, the town of Blagaj on the Buna, was built at the foot of the precipitous cliff on which stand the ruins of his castle. No trace of the old town remains, and so little of the castle that it is not worth the climb to see; but from the cliff a splendid view is obtained over the Mostar valley. This castle became eventually the Duke's prison. He abducted his son's wife; in revenge the son called in the aid of the Turks, captured Stjepangrad, and kept his father prisoner there until his death. All this happened about the middle of the fifteenth century, from which time the history of the Hercegovina as an independent state ceases.

Out of the foot of the cliffs upon which Duke Stjepan had his eyrie issues the Buna from a cavern in the rock. Over against the mouth of this cave Omer Pasha, the well-known Turkish vizier of Bosnia, who flourished about half a century ago, built himself the little Turkish villa which is still in charge of one of his servant's sons. This man's appearance took us by surprise, for he is as true a type of North Indian Mussulman as any who might be found walking in the bazaars of Delhi or Multan. His father, he said, came from Bombay many years ago to be servant to Omer Pasha; his mother had been a Hercegovinian, but except in the matter of speaking her tongue, he did not take after her at all.

No ordinary camera can do justice to the sight afforded by the stupendous cliffs and the Buna's cavern birthplace. The painter's art is necessary to reproduce the striking picture of white cliffs, towering sheer several hundred feet high, the crumbling walls of the old castle crowning them, the ultra-

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marine of the new-born Buna as it issues from the cave, and the picturesque Turkish villa with the little garden.

The cavern itself, illumined by a faint bluish light, is a sight well worth seeing. The source of the Buna is even stranger than that of the Ombla, for here, instead of bubbling up at the foot of the cliff, the water rolls in a great volume out of the cavern's mouth. For the exploration of the cavern a boat is moored alongside the Turkish house, and can be towed against the current by the aid of a wire rope extending right into the cavern. The Buna is said to be identical with the Zalomska, which disappears at a point twelve miles from the Buna.

A story of Turkish times is related to prove this. A youth employed as a shepherd dropped his crook in the Zalomska. Some days afterwards, happening to be straying by the banks of the Buna, he observed his lost crook floating in that stream. This youth had a father who was a miller at Blagaj. When he told his father of his experience, the latter suggested that they might utilise this discovery to their own advantage. The son was from time to time to kill a sheep out of his employer's flock and to throw it into the Zalomska. The father would then retrieve the carcass as it floated down the Buna. This plan was put into execution, and for a time all went well. The lad's employer, however, at last became suspicious over the frequent losses among his sheep, and set a watch. The youth was discovered, and the result was that the father, going as usual to retrieve sheep he expected to receive, found instead the headless corpse of his son floating in the water.

There is a Mahommedan saint's tomb by the villa, which the Indian told us is still visited by devout Mahommedan pilgrims. After the Indian had served us with Turkish coffee, we went to visit the head man of the village of Blagaj, who seemed delighted to get a visit from the *Kreisvorsteher* of Mostar, who accompanied us.

In the occupied provinces a *Kreisvorsteher* has very much the same duties as a collector of a district in India. Baron

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R—— has been here five years, and the people have by this time learned to appreciate him. He, on his part, seemed to know them and what would interest them, conversing with them in fluent Serbian. This is rather a contrast to our system in India, where, even if the civil officer takes the trouble thoroughly to know the people he is set to rule over, he is scarcely ever kept long enough in one district to learn much about local ideas and interests.

Whilst Baron R—— conversed with the old Mahommedan, the ladies of the party were taken to his harem. One of the female occupants to whom they were introduced, an ill-favoured damsel, was to be married that evening, and seemed greatly elated at her unexpected good fortune! The old man was a regular type of conservative Mahommedan. He had never once been to Mostar, though so near, nor ever troubled to go and see the wonders of the railway that lay only a mile or two from his door. This serves to show how thoroughly the Turkish non-progressive spirit has taken root among the peasants here, or, at least, among the older generation.

After cigarettes and a refreshing lemonade, we set off to return to Mostar by a route that took us along the banks of the Buna. Two old masonry bridges span the river. The last, a fine one with thirteen arches, leads to the essentially Mahommedan town of Buna. In the mosque, we were told, is treasured a green flag which once accompanied the proselytising hordes of Mahomet himself. This flag was sent from Constantinople to inspire the true believers in the struggles which took place during the insurrection of the Christian peasants in 1875.

The carriage road turns off before reaching the Buna bridge, and heads direct for Mostar. The panoramic view we obtained on the way back was exceedingly fine. Before us lay the green valley traversed by the blue waters of the Narenta, and set among the snow-capped summits of Velez on our right and Hum on our immediate front, both lighted by the rays of the setting sun.

Besides its attractions in the way of natural beauties and

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associations with the past, Mostar has also a modern side. Here, as throughout Hercegovina and Bosnia, but more especially in the capitals of these provinces, the Austrian Government have set themselves conscientiously and systematically to work to bring the advantages and blessings of advanced civilisation to the unfortunate population so long under the blighting rule of the Turk.

The State girls' school at Mostar is an institution of which any town might well be proud. It owes its present admirable state of perfection to the unremitting exertions of the directress, Miss Rayal, who, by adopting the thankless *rôle* of the importunate widow, has at length succeeded in getting all, or nearly all, her ideas adopted and the necessary funds to carry these out supplied by the Administration.

It struck us as a very model of a school. It has both day-pupils and boarders, the latter being restricted to the number of thirty, and the cost of their board and instruction defrayed by the Administration. The girls are from ten to fifteen years of age, and are instructed in matters of practical importance for their daily lives.

The outside of the building does not prepare one for the very abundant accommodation in the number and size of the rooms it contains. The halls of study on the first floor are really halls—airy, well lighted, spacious, and lofty of roof. The bedroom for the boarders is a fine, many-windowed hall, which, with its dimensions and lofty frescoed ceiling, would have made a capital ball-room. The snow-white cots are arranged in two lines down the middle of the room, back to back—fifteen in each row and side by side, each cot separated, and screened by its own curtain. Otherwise the room is perfectly bare—not a chair, not even a clothes-peg, visible. For this is a hall of sleep, dedicated solely to Morpheus.

For toilet purposes there is a separate room in which each girl has a little cubicle all to herself, fitted up with a combined wash-stand and dressing-table containing all requisites for the toilet, and furnished with a mirror large enough to delight

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the heart of any girl. Here ablutions at least twice a day, morning and evening, are obligatory. There are two bathrooms, and every pupil is required to take a warm bath at least once a week.

Among the halls of study is one set apart for instruction in sewing. The pupils begin at the simplest stages, and finish by being able to make any article of attire they wear. This hall contains wax models displaying various costumes, from the national dress to the latest plain, tailor-made gown from Vienna. The girls are also taught to make male underclothing. The hardest thing to cut out and fashion properly, their instructress told us, was, what appears to the ordinary male mind such a simple thing, a man's shirt.

When the pupils are far enough advanced they make articles of attire for themselves, and store them up for the time when they will marry and have a household of their own. They are not allowed to make things for sale. The system of instruction is very practical. Each portion of a dress, or article of underclothing, is sketched in diagram, with exact calculations added as to amount of material required, dimensions of each part, cost, &c. ; so that the making of a dress, shirt, or any under-garment is not only impressed on the mind by working it in the stuff, but by memorandum and working it out on paper.

Laundry work forms another branch of instruction. In the completely-equipped laundry in the basement, girls are taught washing, starching, ironing, shirt-dressing, &c. They are also taught to make their own soap from kitchen leavings.

The kitchen in the basement is not only splendidly large, but splendidly clean, with a floor off which one might dine. The main feature of the kitchen, however, is the number of ranges, each range provided with a dazzling battery of glittering pots and pans. Girls in the higher classes are taught how to cook a meal for eight persons, and each has an allotted range at which she cooks alone and unassisted as soon as she is competent. Besides the mere cooking, she is taught how best to market and

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cater for the meal, being given a certain limit of expenditure which includes every detail of cost, including the fuel.

A long and broad corridor runs outside the halls of study on the first floor, which serves as a place of recreation and exercise in bad weather. The numerous windows look down on a large open space where there is a tennis court. On the top floor is a store-room furnished with large presses containing each boarder's linen, and her summer and winter outdoor costumes, both very neat uniforms. The winter serge suit is supposed to last the girl recipient the whole five years she is at school, and for this purpose is made to allow of liberal letting out.

To the waterworks at Radapolje, three miles or so out of Mostar, is a pretty drive, especially if undertaken in the early morning in summer. We started at seven, driving up the valley in the contrary direction to that taken in our drive to Buna. Our road lay by the banks of a stream running between fertile meadows, the hedgerows which bounded them giving the country a look of English scenery.

There is a small café restaurant at the place, and we thoroughly enjoyed our continental breakfast of coffee, rolls, delicious butter, and fresh radishes, sitting under the shade of cherry trees laden with fast-ripening fruit, and a hedge of gooseberries close by. Fruit is very plentiful and cheap at Mostar, cherries especially, which are excellent. After breakfast we went up the narrow ravine down which courses the stream providing Mostar with its water supply. A few years ago this kloof was a naked, barren affair like hundreds of others in the Hercegovina. The paternal Austrian Administration, which is improving the country as well as the people, took it in hand, and now, on the bank where the waterworks are, trees flourish and a charming and shady garden is laid out. Thus Radapolje is now a pretty and refreshing resort for summer days. For at Mostar the heat, from June to August, during the day time, may be quite equal to that of India.

The cisterns of the waterworks contain sufficient water to

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supply forty thousand people, or double the population of Mostar. Some water was drawn for us to taste, and it was as deliciously cold as if it had been on ice.

The side of the ravine on the other bank of the stream showed what the kloof must have looked like before it was beautified. But even here cultivation was going on, a small vineyard having latterly been planted.

Crossing a rustic bridge spanning the stream, we encountered a Hercegovinian woman engaged in knitting. These Christian peasant women are the most diligent creatures in the world. One constantly sees them knitting as they go to their fields or return from their work, even when also carrying heavy loads. This one was dressed in the pleasing and practical costume peculiar to and more or less general throughout the Hercegovina—white homespun tunic, knickers of the same over bare legs, with a long, narrow black apron like a tongue down the front, which is tucked up when at work, sandals on the bare feet; over the tunic a little openwork bolero, on the head a diminutive cap with a border of gold coins, a large white cloth being draped over this as a protection against the sun. As we drove back, some more Hercegovinian peasant women washing in the stream were added to the camera's bag.

There is a small tobacco factory at Mostar, where cigarettes and pipe tobacco are manufactured from the leaves grown and brought by the peasants to the Government *régie* officials, who pay a fixed price for each different quality, enabling the peasant to make a very good thing out of the leaf transaction. The largest Government factory is, however, at Sarajevo, to which most of the leaf grown in the two provinces is sent.

The Government stud horses, kept at Mostar for the improvement of the breed of indigenous ponies in the Hercegovina, were temporarily absent at the various depôts throughout the country, so were not on view.

There is nothing to do at this season of the year in Mostar, except to fish and play tennis. The annual tennis tournament between Mostar and Sarajevo took place just before we arrived.

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It was attended by a large number of visitors from Sarajevo, who filled up the Mostar hotel, and we were advised to postpone our visit till it was over. The best time to visit Mostar would be April, or early May. The end of August, when the shooting begins, would also do, until October, when the Bora commences. Chamois, roebuck, hare, partridge, stone-hen are to be shot in the vicinity, and snipe and duck, perhaps, in the latter months. In the stone-hen we recognised an old acquaintance, a bird well known on the Punjab frontier and Kashmir under the name of *chikore*. It is not found in Bosnia, only in the Hercegovina, where the stony hillsides are its natural habitat.

Bear are also to be found, and can be shot at any time on the higher *planinias*, *i.e.* mountain ranges.

CHAPTER VII

FROM THE HERCEGOVINA TO BOSNIA — THE BOSNIAN CAPITAL—THE FORMER "DAMASCUS OF THE NORTH"

A storm in a mountain defile—Cultivation under difficulties—Turkish engineering—Magnificent views—Jablanica—Konjica. Bosnia's Runny-mede—Hercegovinian and Bosnian scenery compared—Crossing the watershed of the Adriatic and Black Seas—Type of Bosnian cottage—A heavily-timbered country—Population—Variety of creeds and nationalities—The old and new towns—Turkish quarter—Turkish bazaar—Streets of different trades—Begova Mosque—Underground cloth market—Harem-made articles—European quarter—The Sultan's mask—The Konak—Jews' cemetery.

IN the journey to Sarajevo we found an astonishing variety of views. About eight miles from Mostar begins the defile along which the Narenta flows between the mountain chains. Just at its gate there came a sudden squall, with the accompaniments of thunder, lightning, rain, and wind, and we saw the white-robed shepherds hurrying their flocks down the mountain-side to take refuge in the numerous caverns which here tunnel the banks of the Narenta. In a few minutes the storm was over, and the sun shining as gaily as before. At Raskagora, four miles farther on, commenced a series of kaleidoscopic views, constantly-shifting vistas down the gorge and its enclosing heights. In these defiles the colouring is of remarkable intensity. Rocks are veined with greys and browns and a score of indefinite tints. The sky is a vivid azure. The Narenta, of jade streaked with absinthe, clear and sparkling, but later changing to white with tumbling, foaming waters, is fringed with the tender green of willows. The purple of distant mountains, the dazzling whiteness of whose snowy crests was thrown into strong relief by the deep blue of the sky, formed the end of each vista. At a point on the opposite

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bank a great mass of water, the Ceno Vrelo, or Black Spring, comes gushing headlong out of the rock, and hastens to join the Narenta. Farther on the railway crosses the hurrying tributary called the Drežanka.

Still more confined grows the defile, till the river, the railway line and the driving road on the other bank take up the whole of its bed. The meagre strips of shelving slope at the foot of the cliffs are cultivated, the little patches of soil being secured by stakes driven into the ground, and interwoven with withies, or sometimes by stone fences. At times the great cliffs on either side come down sheer to the water's edge, and the railway passes through tunnels bored through the solid rock.

At Grabovica, about forty-six miles from Mostar, there are cliffs of all sorts of curious and fantastical shapes. The Turks began a road here some forty years ago, but the Austrians found it so ill-planned that the trace had to be abandoned, and an entirely new road projected and built. A little farther on the train crossed the Narenta by an iron bridge, and we entered a wild glen of romantic beauty, one of the most striking of the many striking bits of scenery on this lovely route. Emerging from this glen, the line crosses a small valley, from the end of which a minute or two later we obtained a glorious view of the valley itself, with the encircling wall of mountains, and, in the distance, the sunny patches of the Prenj Planina.

The Prenj Planina is a bold and rugged mountain range seen at intervals all along this route, streaked with snow piled in its sheltering ravines in such a fashion that one of our party took it for marble, rather than snow. Then we entered a tunnel, on issuing from which we found the view had wholly changed. The line crossed again to the right bank of the Narenta, and we reached Jablanica, with some fairly open country surrounding it.

Jablanica is a local summer resort, having a small hotel; it is also a post of the gendarmerie. From its position it is a

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good centre for excursions to the various mountain ranges in the vicinity, the Trinaca, Raulja and the Prenj Planina; also, we were told, there is a beautiful lake in the vicinity called the Doljanka and, farther, a chamois preserve. Bears are still to be found on the Prenj Planina, where also the *Lammergier*, mightiest of eagles, has his haunt.

We issued from this valley by a narrow pass, on the other side of which we came on the river Ravia, and a station of the same name. Soon afterwards we arrived at Konjica, which in former times was the border town between the Hercegovina and Bosnia. It is the Bosnian Runnymede. Here the last King of Bosnia but one, Stjepan Tomas, called a great assembly in 1446, and he and his nobles entered into an agreement as to the administration of Bosnia and the Hercegovina. This agreement was partly directed against the heretic sect of the Bogumilites, depriving them of all their rights. Forty thousand of them, it is said, emigrated to the Hercegovina, whose duke had refused to attend the convocation, whilst others fled to Turkey. The history of this sect has been written by its enemies, who affirm that these refugees instigated the invasions of the Turks which commenced a year or two later, and, owing to the aid of the Bogumilites, were so successful that in less than a score of years the Turks became masters of almost the whole country.

In Turkish times Konjica was the seat of a governor. It has limited accommodation for tourists, and is a centre for excursions. Near it is a fine lake with good trout-fishing. The town itself, with its graceful old masonry bridge spanning the river, presents a fine appearance. We now had to bid farewell to the beautiful and interesting Narenta, and soon afterwards to the Hercegovina, with her naked rocks, stony valleys, and rugged mountains. There remained but one short stretch of this kind of country to pass through, where the train, climbing laboriously up the inclines, surmounts the difficulties of the route by means of six tunnels.

When we had passed through the last of these, the Ivan

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Tunnel, we found that a complete transformation in the scenery had taken place. The greys, browns, and purples of the rugged little Hercegovina had given place to an all-pervading green, and we were among the rounded hills and wooded heights that are common features of Bosnian landscape.

The Ivan saddle is the watershed between the rivers that flow into the Black Sea on one side and the Adriatic on the other. It is also the dividing line between Bosnia and the Hercegovina, which instead of being similar in character, as they are generally thought to be, are as dissimilar, in many points, as two countries well can be.

The railway now steadily descends. At Pazarić we got our first view of the splendid Bjelasnica range of mountains, all bedecked with snow. As we advanced, the scenery more and more resembled that of some of our English highland counties, hills with soft rounded contours, woods, and spinneys, pleasant valleys and fields with hedges, all clad in the self-same green, and watered with streams like those of an English countryside. But, unlike English scenery, this alternated with miles of forest, clothing steep or conical hills, and everywhere we noticed little villages or clusters of huts. Bosnian huts run chiefly to roof, enormously high peaked, made of smoke-blackened rafters and overshadowing the low, whitewashed walls beneath, so that they somewhat resembled enormous extinguishers placed over short candles.

At Hadžići station, a sawmill and tramway for transport of timber from the adjoining forests reminded us that Bosnia is almost the most heavily-timbered country in Europe. We skirted the dark, thickly-wooded mountain, Izman, and ran into the station for Bad Ilidže, a favourite resort of the inhabitants of Sarajevo. Another eighteen minutes' run and we had arrived at Sarajevo station, and then a long and dusty drive through the outskirts brought us to the town.

Sarajevo became the capital of Bosnia about fifty years ago. Travnik was the seat of the Turkish Valis who governed Bosnia for the Sultan.

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Since the occupation by Austria, Sarajevo has become quite a considerable town, with over forty thousand inhabitants, nearly half of whom are Mahommedan, about a quarter Roman Catholic, whilst the followers of the faith of the race, the Greek Orthodox, also called the Serb Church, number some six thousand. No less than four thousand of the population are Jews, three thousand of these being Spanish Jews, the descendants of those who, driven out of Spain by the Inquisition, found an asylum in Bosnia and other parts of Turkey three and a half centuries ago.

Sarajevo is a town with a medley of creeds and races, for, besides the settled population, mixed as it is, it has a floating military and official population drawn from all parts of the Austro-Hungarian Empire: the German, the Hungarian, the Czech, the Pole, the Croat, the Slovenian are all represented. As the Commander-in-chief is also the resident Governor of both Bosnia and the Hercegovina, Sarajevo is the headquarters of both the military and civil administration.

In appearance it is a large straggling town, situated in a narrowing valley overtopped by steep hills on either hand, which close in to a narrow gorge on the east and broaden out into a plain called the Sarajevsko Polje in the direction of Ilidže on the west.

The little Miljacka River, a shallow rapid forcing a passage through the narrow portals of the gorge on the east, runs through the centre of the town, and the greater part of the modern additions to the place are built on the narrow strips of level land that lie immediately on either side of it. The banks are connected by numerous bridges of wood, iron, and stone. Here also, much hemmed in by the additions, is all that can claim to be really ancient in the town—the *Čaršija*, or rambling Turkish bazaar, the baths, the Madrasa, or Turkish theological college, and two or three of the largest of Sarajevo's two hundred and odd mosques. Such dwelling-places hereabouts as belong to Turks have been for the most part let to Austrian residents, and the Mahommedan population has retreated in waves up the

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hillsides on either bank, where they can better preserve the privacy of their homes. The quaintly-built little whitewashed Turkish houses, with their pointed roofs, closely latticed windows, overhanging first floors, and prominent eaves mount in their scores, one above the other, up the steep slopes, interspersed in all directions by the slender white columns of minarets from which, five times a day, can be heard the voice of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer. Clinging to the slopes, they are split up into irregular groupings by the dips and undulations in the hillsides, by the steep and narrow gorges filled with trees, and by the ancient Mahomedan cemeteries and the parterres of coffee-houses.

The steep spurs up which the town straggles on the left bank are the lower slopes of Trebević, a mountain of 5000 feet, lying south-east of the town, whose bold and jagged crest, rising naked from a forest of pines, can best be seen from the main road on entering or leaving Sarajevo. Westwards, somewhat hazily and indistinctly, dark Izman frames the picture. Beyond again rises the range of the Bjelasnica, the "white mountains," snow-peaked till well into summer. Beautiful as Sarajevo is with her setting, she is not what she was in the old days before the Austrian occupation, when the Turks were wont proudly to call her "the Damascus of the North."

We were shown an old picture, executed by a former British consul, which proved to us this title was fully deserved. In those days the river ran unchecked between its natural banks. On the right bank and lying far back stretched a long line of Turkish houses, from each of which gardens ran down to the riverside, making of Sarajevo one great garden. Now all this is altered. A stiff stone quay is built on either bank of the Miljacka along its course through the town, giving it the straight and ugly appearance of a canal. If an embankment were required, it might surely have been constructed in some more uncompromising shape than the present wall. The Turkish gardens that luxuriated on the right bank are all swept away, and in their place a line of ugly modern buildings rears its

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head. The quay is not even a wide one, and an electric tramway further reduces the available space.

At the entrance to the town there used to be a green where the wood market was held. This has given place to a large erection built in the Moorish style, the *Rathhaus*, or town hall. It is a fine building in itself, but strangely out of place in its present position, flanked by diminutive Turkish dwellings, to which it presents a jarring contrast. In short, Sarajevo is a Turkish town that has been tinkered up and altered to bring it to something of a likeness to a conventional continental city. As it is, by far the most interesting parts are the old parts, and of these the Čaršija heads the list.

The Čaršija is the Turkish bazaar, a network of little cobble-paved streets, lined with small, low-roofed wooden shops on either hand. The wooden floors of these, which serve also as shop counters, are raised a few inches off the ground. In the middle squat the Turkish owners, cross-legged, working at their various handicrafts, hammering, shaping, sewing, or reclining at ease with the *tchibouque*, the long pipe of the East, between their teeth, or the eternal cigarette and a cup of black coffee at their side. Their wares are piled round them on the floors and along the shelves that line three walls of the shops, which are not enclosed in front. When the owners depart to their dwellings at night they put up rough shutters secured by a bar padlocked on the outside; a primitive method, but apparently all that is found necessary. Here is always a hubbub, not due to any one person in particular, for a Turk, at any rate, never shouts or raises his voice, but to a combination of people talking, chattering, coming and going over the cobble stones, and to the noise arising from the carrying on of the various trades which flourish here.

Most of these appear to affect different streets. Entering from below the *Rathhaus*, we got into one devoted to the making and selling of pots and pans, nails, the little covered metal eating-dishes used by the Turk, and other wares of this sort. On one side of the street men were at work, arms rising



THE ČARŠIJA, OR BAZAAR OF SARAJEVO

In the centre stands a quaint fountain made of wood, round which vendors of cakes, fruit, and sweet-stuff collect.

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and falling as they plied their handicraft. The clang and hammer of it was deafening. The other side of the street was given up to the sale of the same kind of article, but very often the shopman is absent. If you want to buy and are in a hurry, you can select your article and pay the man next door. When he has taken your money you will see him crane round the dividing partition and throw the coin into a conspicuous place for the rightful owner to pick up; at least this was our experience on more than one occasion. With such honest neighbours, what a world of anxiety the petty Mahomedan shopkeepers of Bosnia must be saved!

To the street of hammering succeeds one still narrower, where every man sits with his bare toes tucked under him and his head bent low, sewing—three or four in a shop. These tailors bear the most extraordinary resemblance to their *confrère* the Indian *durzi*. The attitude is the same, and they impress their toes into service in the same manner.

There is an open space in the centre of the bazaar, with a quaint wooden fountain in the middle built round with steps, up and down which a constant stream of people go to drink or fill their vessels. Here are collected the Turkish bread-sellers, with big round flat loaves on long tin trays, which they lay across their knees or balance over one shoulder. Here also are vendors of fruit, of sweets and of lemonade, the latter got up and equipped exactly as the same fraternity are in Constantinople, with vessels of shining brass on their backs and a little rack of glasses tied round their waists.

Near the fountain a street where copper-ware is sold leads off at right angles, beginning with a very attractive corner stall. Here also was a great uproar, but the narrow little alley is worth passing up and down if only to see the small Turkish boys at work hammering the pots into shape and picking out designs with nothing better than a blunt nail and a hammer.

Beyond the fountain the bazaar forks in two directions. The short alley to the left is perhaps the quaintest in all this

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maze, for each shop is a double shop. The lower ones, resembling good-sized dog-kennels, are on a level with the roadway and occupied by cobblers hard at work, whilst on the broad shelves above them, which constitute their roofs, are ranged the wares of dealers in pottery and basket-work. It is a funny sight to see would-be clients of the cobblers sink on^a to their heels in the roadway in order to transact business with them; or draw forth from nowhere in particular three-legged stools, perched on which they lean forward at convenient angles and conduct their bargaining.

The parallel street is the grain market, scattered over with brimming sacks. A long street at right angles is given up to the sale of *opankas*, the Bosnian shoe, which is not exactly a shoe, nor yet a sandal, but something of both, with curled-up toes, no heels, and brilliantly coloured uppers.

The Begova Mosque, in the Čaršija, is not only the biggest and finest mosque in Sarajevo, but is said to be accounted by Mahommedans one of the three or four finest throughout the length and breadth of Turkey, not excepting Constantinople. It is really a handsome building, more particularly the lofty outer arcade, the roof of which is arched and inlaid with mosaic work. It was founded by Ustruf Bey, who helped to conquer Bosnia in the fifteenth century. He and his wife are buried in a small temple which stands beside the mosque.

An underground cloth market is close by. Here, exposed for sale amongst cheap piece goods, are a few spangled muslins and silks from Turkey and the special fabrics of Bosnia. But the beautiful gold-thread embroidered work done in the harems for sale is oddly enough only to be bought in certain shops in the modern streets—such as Kabilyo in the Franz Josef street—and not in the Čaršija at all.

But the Čaršija's attraction lies chiefly in the people who throng it. No wheeled traffic passes through the narrow mazes, though strings of ponies, tied head to tail, laden with awkward loads, sometimes block the thoroughfares. Otherwise it is a preserve for the foot passenger. Spanish Jews and

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Jewesses, stunted in stature and beady of eye ; calm, dignified Turks, pacing along with the easy and stately gait characteristic of their race, peasants from the mountains, like nothing so much as dilapidated bandits, powerful of build and with huge belts crammed with a motley assortment of possessions ; solemn *hodjas* in flowing dressing-gowns, and Bosnian peasant women, vociferous and eager, striding along in their baggy trousers. Ragged *hamals*, Turkish porters, lounge about in quest of jobs. Little Turkish girls with market-baskets nearly as big as themselves pass by with their small bare feet thrust into wooden clogs that go click-clack as they move. Turkish women, closely draped, pick their way awkwardly as they go ; a chance Montenegrin or an Albanian in white homespun tights, heavily braided in black, adds still further to the variety. And contrasting with all these are the Christian townspeople, looking quite common and dingy in the disfiguring garb of civilisation.

The modern part of Sarajevo joins on to the Čaršija. The Franz Josef street is the main artery, where are congregated the European shops. Within a stone's throw of each other are the Government museum, the new Serb cathedral, the Roman Catholic cathedral, standing in an open space, and the two chief hotels, the Europa and the Centrale (also called the Pratchka). Both have restaurants attached.

Sarajevo society parades the Corso within this area every evening after sundown, a custom which seems to be borrowed from that prevalent in all towns of the Adriatic.

In the town there are two fine clubs, civil and military, the latter with grounds attached where music is often discoursed, the former conducted somewhat on the lines of an English club. Both have restaurants, and at the latter the stranger is permitted to dine in the outside grounds in summer. Sarajevo has also a tennis club with four courts, and this club is very popular and greatly frequented.

The *Konak*, or Governor's residence, formerly the seat of the Turkish Vali of the province, lies on the other side of the river. In its extensive outbuildings formerly dwelt the ladies of the harem.

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Next to it, and in front of it, is the Careva, or Sultan's mosque. Behind this, high up on the hillside, is the embankment of the new railway to Plevlje. A walk along this leads to the Spanish Jews' cemetery, laid out unenclosed on the bare slopes of Trebević. Each grave here is covered by a rough hewn boulder, narrowed at the end, pointing up the hill and broad at the lower end, the shape of eggs with the blunt ends sliced off. On these broad sliced ends, odd-looking Hebraic characters in black are heavily inscribed. The tombs were in haphazard disarray; there were none of the symbols we usually associate with cemeteries, and altogether this graveyard had an impressive appearance. Looking at these huge boulders we could better understand in the biblical story of the Resurrection the rolling away of the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre. Probably this method of sepulture is similar to that practised when the great event of the New Testament took place; for the Spanish Jews who bury here retain many old habits and customs of their ancient religion long since fallen into disuse amongst other Jews. We were told that burials here were often made by torchlight, and would have liked to witness so remarkable a scene.

CHAPTER VIII

THE TURKISH SIDE OF LIFE IN SARAJEVO—CORPUS CHRISTI DAY, AND THE HOWLING DERVISHES

Coffee-houses—The Bend-başı—Cemetery—Hillside streets—Women—Little girls—Friday evening courting—Babies—Generous policy of the Austrian Government—State institutions for Mahommedans—Moslem faith a probable permanency—A State procession—Olmütz Pasha—The *Sinan Tekeija*—Hymn of invitation—Mahommedan female worshippers—The invocation of Allah—Religious frenzies.

AN interesting feature of Sarajevo, as of all towns in Bosnia and the Hercegovina where "Turks" are found, is supplied by the Turkish coffee-houses. The visitor always finds attraction in these. The town has many of them; the hillsides, even more. Themselves picturesque, they are also picturesquely placed. In fact our experience was that the Turk has a very appreciative eye for scenery.

Of any Bosniak, especially a Mahommedan, it may be said he is quite happy so long as he can get a cup of black coffee and a cigarette. In short, a Bosniak Turk is even more easily contented than he of the Levant, of whom it is written—

"A Turk's heaven is easily made;
A pair of black eyes and some lemonade."

Add to the coffee and the cigarette, trees to sit under, a view to look at, and a little music of the national kind, and one may feel pretty sure that any Bosniak Turk under these conditions is more than content; he is enjoying a foretaste of Paradise.

There is something very fascinating about these coffee-houses—something of the Japanese tea-house. They are so reposeful, so far removed from all bustle and discord and clash. Coffee-garden would be a better name than coffee-house. The

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tables stand about under trees, and some are inside little wooden summer-houses, open on all four sides. There is scarcely a reminder, even, of business in these places. The only sign of it occurs when, sooner or later, a Turk appears from somewhere and stands silently awaiting your order. This cannot be an extravagant one. You must choose between black coffee or a syrupy drink of the juice of fruits and soda water.

The black coffee is brought you in a small, quaintly-shaped copper coffee-pot, lidless, and with a long flat handle. It is filled to the brim and boiling. This is set down on a tray with a diminutive cup and a little jar of sugar. The small cup may be filled up three or four times before the coffee-pot is empty. The cost, which you can defray when it pleases you, is one penny. No one wants you to move, no one bothers you, you can sit on as long as you like; and perhaps for your delectation there will also be music, rather Eastern, rather melancholy, with half-tones and minor keys and no very great compass, nor yet much volume of sound, not in the least jarring—indeed rather soothing.

The prettiest Turkish coffee-houses in Sarajevo are those on the Miljacka, at the entrance to the town under the castle and forts. This part is called the Bend-baši, and the two coffee-houses here go by that name. The first has the better grounds, the second makes the most remarkably pretty picture, being built of wood on tall piles over the river, at a bend where it runs through a narrow gorge. Huge cliffs rise behind it on the one bank, and on the other a little mountain spur runs sharply into the bend, to whose side cling tiny Turkish houses. In the background, in a golden haze by day and purple shadows in the evening, are the outlines of the hills, and from these one slender minaret seems to detach itself and holds the eye.

Whatever may be thought of Sarajevo as a whole, the beauty of this one spot cannot be denied. We never passed it without being struck afresh. And in these first days, if any of

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our party were missing, it was always at the Bend-baši or in the Čaršija they would be found again.

Crossing the river at this point by a slight detour, the visitor clambers up the other side, passes through another coffee-garden, up a street of one of the Turkish quarters, and comes out by an old Turkish cemetery carefully fenced in. One or two of the tombstones here are of an extraordinary height, and in the form used to commemorate good Mahomedans—a stone pillar with a turban carved round the top. Those without the turban are the women's tombstones. They are all top-heavy, and soon after erection begin to incline at varying angles, bowing this way and that. One or two have cupolas erected over them, and are railed in; these are probably the tombs of Begs or Turkish notables.

We descended by a rough stone-paved Turkish street laid out in broad, shallow steps or ridges. Every hundred yards or so are the pumps or the fountains which abound in these quarters, and which it is impossible to pass without seeing little Turkish girls or boys on their way to draw water, carrying the Egyptian-looking jugs of hammered metal sold in the shops of the Čaršija.

For the lover of the picturesque, these streets, like the Čaršija, are a pure delight. It is impossible to go a dozen steps in any of the Turkish quarters without being arrested by something strikingly quaint, strange, or artistic—it may be a fountain, a Mahomedan cemetery, a water-jug, or a house. All the Turkish houses are picturesque, taken separately, but when looked at up or down a hill street, in a vista one behind the other on either side of the street, they make the artist disinclined to move till he has transferred them to paper, and the camera fiend unable to pass on without pressing the trigger.

A Turkish house is two storied. The lower storey is windowless, mysterious. Where there are windows they are mere holes, barred, and without sign of life, like sightless eyes. The upper storey always hangs over the street, built forward on an

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arching curve, the half of a crescent. The curve is of wood-work, with a fretted design along the edge. The rest of the house is glittering white, all but the little windows, which are numerous—grouped and solitary—on the upper storey. These windows are all three-parts covered by wooden screens made either of closely-crossed strips of wood or of wood pierced with innumerable finger-holes. This is purely Eastern—in India we should call them *pinjara* work screens. The roofs are steep and peaked. The poorer class use long slabs of wood; the richer, tiles.

There is no monotony in these streets. Each building differs in some particular from its neighbour. Coming slowly down, we got a glimpse into the forbidden courtyard of a house. The courtyards have only one door, and it is a quaint production, consisting of two thick panels of wood studded with small circular iron plates, the handles being an appendage like a monster nose-ring.

The strange dress of the Turkish women who vanish silently behind these doors accords well with the rest of the scene. They are enveloped from head to foot in shapeless loose black mantles with wide sleeves—the *ferediza*, as it is called. Over the head is draped a white cotton shawl of Bosnian fabric, with a crinkled line running through it. It completely covers the head, ending just above the eyes in a stiff peak forwards, produced in a manner known only to Turkish women; it reaches far down the back, is draped over the shoulders, and hangs down in front. A white linen bandage is tied closely and completely over the lower part of the face, beginning just below the stiff peak of the shawl. A narrow slit is all that is left between the two, and through this the woman must do all her seeing. These two wrappings are called the *dušme* and *jašmalc*. Her feet are encased in big yellow “waders” thrust into flat slippers or sandals. Her hands are, or should be, tucked into vertical pockets in front of the *ferediza*, which is thereby raised a little, and so prevents untimely stumbles. Her pace is slow as a funeral

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march—it could scarcely be otherwise—and she ducks her head forwards if she sees strangers approaching. When she wants to look at anything except the spot where she is about to tread, she throws up her chin with a movement like tossing her head and peers through the slit. Her movements out-of-doors resemble, therefore, a series of slow, ungainly dives forward, when men or strangers are passing, followed by a checked gait and tossings of the head when they have passed.

This dress is the outdoor costume of the Turkish woman in Bosnia, and varies but slightly. There is, however, another fashion in vogue in Sarajevo and some of the towns, if anything, more startling, but not so quaint. This consists of a check cotton *dorino* that goes clean over the head, is drawn in around the waist by a string, and stops short a good foot above the ground, leaving a pair of legs visible clad in coloured stockings and thrust into a sort of bathroom slippers that slap at the heels as the wearer walks. The arms are hidden inside the *dorino*, and the face is entirely covered with a fall of black or coloured muslin, which permits the wearer to see through, but shows the passer-by nothing except the pattern of the muslin.

These masked and silent figures look like belated revellers from a carnival. We never got over the curiosity they excited as to what might be behind the veil.

The *dorino* garb presents itself in many varieties of colour both as to domino muslin fall and stockings. The most advanced of those who adopt this fashion even sport parasols, clutched tightly by a semi-visible hand clothed in a white cotton glove, and held closely down over the top of the head in a most inelegant fashion. The general effect of such a figure, with the head hidden beneath the stiffly-held parasol, striding resolutely and silently along with a quarter of a yard of stockinged leg visible beneath the flimsy cotton domino, can better be imagined than described.

But if these single figures are somewhat ludicrous, the family groups are, on the contrary, often delightfully original

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and striking. They straggle along separately, sometimes the children being ahead, sometimes the mother. Little Turkish girls, unlike their mothers, are often very gaily dressed. Anything prettier than a tiny Turkish maiden of three or four summers, in full, bulging, gay-coloured trousers, little flat round cap on one side of her head—decorated in front with a coin or two—a gauzy shawl drawn half over it and flying loose in the breeze, it would be difficult to conceive.

The older a Turkish girl gets, the more tightly she is taught to clutch the covering shawl about her face, till by the time she is fifteen or sixteen only a triangle showing eyes and a scrap of the nose is visible. After that she vanishes altogether until marriage, when she re-appears in the metamorphosed state already described, and, inverting the natural process, changes from a brilliant butterfly to a sombre-hued chrysalis.

Courting in Bosnia takes place on Friday afternoons amongst the Mahommedans. The man may then stand outside a latticed window or the courtyard doorway and hold converse with the lady of his desire, who, on these occasions, can reply to him. As there are far more men than women in Bosnia, such a thing as an elderly unmarried Turkish woman is probably unknown.

The dress of the Bosnian Turk is similar to that worn by his co-religionist in Constantinople—the fez and the short, sleeveless jacket, over a shirt. For the nether man he has a garment of a fashion all his own, neither trousers nor knickers, the upper part being so bounteously wide and full that no division is visible as far as the knee, whence downwards it fits as tightly as a gaiter. This peculiar cut is to meet the requirements of the gymnastics involved in the performance of the wearer's daily devotional exercises. The garment is held up by a coloured sash round the waist. The back view of the Turk discloses a pendulous baggy arrangement to which the motion of the wearer in walking imparts a waggling movement, somewhat reminding one of the caudal appendage of the fat-



THE CAREVA DŽAMIA, OR SULTAN'S MOSQUE



THE ČARŠIJA, SARAJEVO

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tailed sheep of North India! All the same, the *tout ensemble* of the dress is most neat and manly, and far more suitable for wearers of the lower class than the slop suit of Western Europe.

Turkish boys up to three or four years of age are dressed much in the same way as their sisters, except that their trousers are a little tighter about the ankle—more plainly trousers, in fact—and they wear no shawl. Turkish babies are very queer little objects, wrapped stiffly in a padded brocade coverlet from the waist downwards, and wearing rounded skull caps embroidered in gold or edged with fur. The mother only carries the baby in public when she has not a daughter old enough to do it for her. On train journeys the father appears to be pressed into service. It is an odd thing, by the way, but a Turkish baby never seems to cry.

On a bright afternoon one meets numbers of silent, straggling family processions—always only women and children—out on their way to pay calls on each other. They rarely speak in the streets, even amongst themselves, and the majority rather scuttle past strangers, the especially virtuous going so far as to stop and present their back view until the stranger has passed. But if the stranger turns her head suddenly, the whole procession is staring frankly after her!

The richer class greatly enjoy driving, and it is no uncommon sight to see a victoria, with the hood up, packed full of cloaked and shrouded figures and numerous gaily-coloured, eager-eyed children. At other times it is a basket-made, springless waggon of the country that jolts rapidly past with a crowd of huddled dominoes and Turkish girls sitting in the hay on the floor.

These “Turks,” as they style themselves, and are also styled by the Austrians, present an anomaly which is not the least among the interesting features of this very interesting country; for they are not really Turks—Osmanlis by nationality, though they are so by religion, and in dress, habits, and customs. In race these “Turks” are Slav, own brothers to

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the Serbs of Serbia (or Servia, as we call it in England), to the Montenegrin, the Dalmatian, and the Croat—all Slavs. And they speak exactly the same language as the three former, and practically the same as the latter, namely, the Slav or Serbian tongue. But in all else they differ essentially, not only from these, but from their own countrymen and brethren—the Christian Bosniak. These “Turks” of Bosnia are indeed, in some particulars—as, for instance, in their strictness regarding the outdoor dress of their women—more orthodox Turkish Mahommedans than the Osmanli Turks themselves. For the most rigid adherence to Turkish customs and Turkish forms of faith one must go to Bosnia, and not to Constantinople. The “Turks” of Bosnia, descendants of Slav ancestors, exemplify the rule that people converted to another faith are more fanatical in the observance of it than those who converted them.

The policy of the Austrian Administration in Bosnia is conducted on much the same lines as the policy of our Government in India, *i.e.* equal rights before the law for protection of person and property, and liberty to all to worship as they please. In some respects it has even gone beyond this; for in civil matters affecting property, inheritance, or marriage, cases are tried and decided by *Cadis*, who are purely Mahommedan judges. The Government supports a law college for the training of the *Imams* and *Hodjas* of the Mahommedan priesthood. For Mahommedan children, otherwise destined, there are separate elementary schools, though parents are encouraged to send their boys to the Government schools, where they enjoy the same advantages as other pupils.

It was thought by many that the Slavs of Bosnia, whose forefathers apostatised to Mahommedanism, would, under Christian rule, become converts to Christianity. The onerous observances of the Mahommedan religion handicap its followers heavily in the prosecution of business when competing with Christian rivals, and in this respect it would no doubt be to their advantage to adopt Christianity under the new régime;



A FAMILY CONSTITUTIONAL

On a bright afternoon one meets numbers of silent straggling family processions—always only women and children. They rarely speak even amongst themselves.



A BOSNIAN TURK AND HIS SON

Turkish boys up to three or four years of age are dressed much in the same way as their sisters, except that their trousers are a little tighter about the ankle, and they wear no shawl.

CORPUS CHRISTI DAY

yet, so far as we could ascertain, there has not been a single case of conversion.

The reasons are not far to seek. The first great obstacle to conversion would be the consequent unveiling of the women and the liberty that would have to be accorded them. Again, if a Mahommedan became converted to one of the two rival Christian sects, he would still be regarded as an alien and a heretic by the followers of the other, for the Roman Catholic and the Greek Orthodox have not only different religions, but also conflicting political aims. Added to all this, he would be scouted by his former co-religionists as an apostate. By remaining a Mahommedan he obtains a good neutral position between the two rival Christian sects, and besides, is sure of ultra-considerate treatment at the hands of the Austrian Administration, who have gone, if anything, rather out of their way in their regard for the claims and susceptibilities of the Mahommedans.

After all, it must be remembered that the greater portion of the Mahommedan population in Bosnia and the Hercegovina are not descended from orthodox Christians, but from the heretic Bogumilites, whom persecution could not convert to Christianity, and whose faith was already tinged with Eastern mysticism.

Corpus Christi Day is a great day in Sarajevo, as in other towns under Austrian government. The great procession was held in which the chief officials, civil and military, the dignitaries of the Church, priests, nuns, municipal bodies, soldiers, children of the various Government schools, and others, all took part. Few peasants joined in the procession, and the few that did were not in gala costume. The mass of people marched through the town, halted at various altars *en route* and eventually formed up in an open space, where the Bishop pronounced his benediction, and the affair was over. We, in common with the whole town, turned out to witness the celebration, and afterwards adjourned to a café, where Olmütz Pasha, a Turk, came to see us. This man is a bit of a

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character in his way. He fought against the Austrians, and was kept prisoner in the fortress of Olmütz, hence the nickname by which he is distinguished. He is now the guide of visitors to Sarajevo, and during the season is to be seen at midday making the rounds of the restaurants in search of clients. He is furnished with a neatly-printed card in French, offering his services to *Messieurs les étrangers*, with a list of the sights he can conduct them to see. Number 12 on the list reads as follows:—"Dervishes pleurent jeudi." This has reference to the dervishes commonly known as "the howling," which our friend Olmütz has delicately changed to "weeping"!

We had before confided to him our wishes to see these "howling dervishes," and he informed us they were positively going to "weep" that night; for it is not every Thursday that the dervishes weep, as his card would have the stranger believe. We commissioned Olmütz to get us the necessary tickets for admission, hoping for the best, for even Olmütz himself cannot always ensure a representation, since, like other worthies, the howling dervishes do not always keep their engagements.

At a quarter to nine that evening we were traversing steep, cobble-paved streets of the Turkish quarter on our way to the *Sinan Tekija*, preceded by a small Turk carrying a long brass-topped candle lantern, such as is always borne before a Mahommedan woman when she goes abroad by night. The *Sinan Tekija* is the religious house belonging to the fraternity of the howling dervishes, enclosed in the usual Turkish courtyard. Here they practise their religious rites, which in these degenerate days the infidel is allowed to witness on certain occasions for filthy lucre, much to the scandal of the more bigoted among the Mahommedans of Sarajevo.

Steep ladder-like steps led us straight on to a small gallery, and we found ourselves looking down into a Mahommedan room of prayer, the interior designed after the fashion of a mosque, with the usual prayer recess in the wall. A narrow gallery ran round three sides. The opposite side had a

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wooden screen of *pinjara* work along the length of it. The part in which we were seated was cut off by a wooden barrier. The reason for this was soon apparent. A creaking sound came from behind the partition, and a couple of closely-shrouded Mahommedans, clad in street attire, stepped on to the gallery behind the barrier, and passing round, took up positions behind the screen opposite. Our own little gallery was already full of Austrian officers and their wives. The light was very dim, only one lamp, but by it we could see that, in place of the usual prayer carpet, there were two or three rows of sheepskins ranged on the wooden floor. On the far wall hung three or four costumes and some instruments, a species of *tom-tom* and tambourine. The rest was emptiness.

It was then past nine, and there was no sign whatever of any Dervish or Mahommedan. The only feature that looked hopeful was the presence of their women, and they continued to come. In ones and twos they arrived till there were nine or more. We sat for some time in silence, gazing into the well below and holding whispered converse. Then a sound outside attracted two of us on to the ladder leading to the courtyard. An aged Mahommedan had just taken up his stand on the lowest rung. From his lips a long, throbbing cry rose on the air, stopped suddenly, rose again, swelled, dropped, swelled louder and louder, and fell. A deep breath, and it began again, with little turns in the cry and constantly the sudden check and equally sudden start again on the same breath. Louder and louder it grew, with more marked pulsations, and went quivering out into the night, at once an entreaty and a command. For some time the old priest went on with his invocation, but it might have been the voice of one crying in the wilderness, for there was no answering sound, only a great stillness brooded over everything. At last came back the faint sound of an answering cry, like an echo out of the night or a bird replying to its mate. The dervishes were coming.

Returning to the gallery, we saw a Mussulman below lighting more lights. Red-capped figures were stealing in

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silently, shoes off, and going through the Mahommedan form of prayer, standing erect with faces turned toward the recess in the wall before prostrating themselves on their knees. Every Mahommedan goes through the complete form of prayer, with the accompanying prostrations from the moment he enters, so that whilst one figure was bent prostrate upon the ground, another just beside stood stiffly erect, and several more had dropped silently upon their knees, or were rising just as silently and easily to the upright again.

No sound broke the silence below, but sounds from the opposite gallery attracted our attention. Looking across, we saw plainly the dark outlines of the Turkish women, just discernible behind the screen, engaged in going through the same forms of prayer as the men below, alternately standing, dropping on their knees, and rising again. It is a common error that Mahommedans hold womenkind are without souls, and therefore not in need of prayer. This is opposed to the teachings of the Koran, but never before had we seen or heard of Mahommedan women being allowed to worship at the same time and place as the men. Nor did we know that they went through the same prostrations, for it is a gymnastic performance that must be very difficult for a Turkish woman, garbed as she is, to execute.

When the prayers below ended, the *Imam*, pushing his sheepskin back, sat down upon it near the recess facing the rest, who as yet only numbered nine. They too pushed their sheepskins back till they formed a rude circle, and dropped silently upon them, each man where he listed. Whilst this was happening, other red-capped figures glided silently in and dropped into places in the circle. By the time the *Imam* had begun, with a kind of wailing chant of about a dozen words, there were already seventeen in the circle.

The seated figures all took up the chant in unison, repeating it over and over again, always to the same refrain, and producing a considerable volume of sound. As they chanted they rocked their heads backwards and forwards fervently,

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giving a kind of solemn emphasis to the truth of what they were proclaiming, probably some sort of pæan in praise of Allah. We were already beginning to feel slightly hypnotised when, in a second, the whole circle ceased chanting. No signal for this was visible. They simply all stopped simultaneously, as if a string had been pulled.

A few seconds elapsed, and another and shorter chant broke out, with a different refrain to a different tune. It was still impossible to catch the words, but the effect was more lively, and one wild-looking individual on the far side of the circle appeared as if he would shortly shout himself into a frenzy; whilst one of the fezes beneath us began to work backwards and forwards so violently it was impossible to understand how the wearer kept the thing on his head. As the chant went on it got quicker and quicker, until it was so fast that some of the words seemed to be clipped out. Again, at the end of a few minutes, there was the same sudden cessation. Deep, unbroken silence succeeded to frenzied clamour. These sudden changes were very effective. More and more figures were now constantly joining the circle. One was a tiny boy, who came with his father.

The women opposite had become so worked up they could no longer rest content behind the pinjara screen, but stole out in ones and twos, passed round to the gallery at the other end, and dropped down there behind the railings, from whence they probably saw far better.

A fresh chant broke out suddenly. It was so simple and clear we could catch the words this time. Nothing but "La he, la hey, Il-lah-lah." This proved the weirdest chant of them all. Great emphasis was laid on the first and third words, and the first syllable of the last. The heads were no longer merely rocking backwards and forwards, but were working in pairs, being jerked, the head of one of each pair to the right and his partner to the left, with an inclination of their bodies towards each other so that the heads nearly met. And then the same thing with their partners on the other side of them. The jerk of the head accompanied the emphasised

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words, so that all round the circle pairs of heads were being jerked till the edge of the two fezes just about touched, and then the same heads were jerked back and over the other shoulder to meet the head of the neighbour on the other side. The long black tassels swung violently from one side to the other in time to the chant.

Beneath us were two men sitting somewhat separate. They were swinging their heads round with a rolling movement, so that the tassels positively stood up and rolled round too. The sight, seen directly beneath us, made us feel giddy. It looked as if bodiless heads were being swung round on sticks. The turbaned *Imam* and another continued rocking their heads backwards and forwards, as the little china mandarins with loose heads do, when one sets them nodding. All the time the chant in unison was getting faster and faster, and the heads working quicker and quicker, until the pace grew frenzied. The dervish opposite, who had now the appearance of an escaped lunatic, broke out into frantic shouts at intervals. Then in one second they all ceased as before. Silence reigned, and the circle sat quiet, and so calm that anybody coming in just then would not have credited the mad scene of a moment before.

It was a very short pause, and then began the invocation of Allah. The name of Allah, long drawn out, cried over and over again in two tones, the A in the second being so liquid as to sound nearly like a U—*Allah, Ullah*—with sudden frantic shouts from the dervish aforesaid and the heads working from side to side. The invocation came alternately loud and soft from different parts of the circle. By this incessant cry, repeated first imperatively, then appealingly, each man was worked up at last to as great a frenzy as in the former case, and one began to wonder they did not sink down exhausted. And yet it went on and on. Then it stopped and after a pause there began, from one side of the circle only, a wail that pulsed out on the air as "*Ave me, ave me—ave me, no more.*"

There was no moving of heads now. From a perfectly quiet circle the sound stole out on the air and floated round,

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dying down in one part before it was caught up by the next in line, rising and falling in ripples like waves on a sandy shore, beating out a rhythm that now and then dropped to a scarcely heard murmur and then rose, swelled, rolled over, and sank away, protesting and plaintive, yet ever beginning again. And so the waves of this chant rippled softly round and round the circle, melancholy and appealing, ever dying away and commencing afresh, "*Aw me—aw me, no more.*"

It ought to be the end. It was the end. The sound died away. The men all got to their feet; the *séance* was over. The cloaked women scrambled up and went heavily down the ladder on the screened side. The lights were carefully snuffed out below. The red-capped figures disappeared one by one. And we above, roused as from a dream, slipped on wraps and went out too, down a silent cobble-stoned street, leaving the little building with no sign of life anywhere.

CHAPTER IX

CATTLE-MARKET DAY IN SARAJEVO—A FESTA DAY IN SARAJEVO—BOSNIAN COSTUMES

Method of striking a bargain—Dress—Modes of carrying off purchases—The Bosnian pony—The break-up of the market—Dilemmas of the buyers—Costumes—A gorgeous display—"Snapping" the peasants—Mystification—A beauty—A rustic flirtation.

ONE day we went to see the weekly cattle market, which was a gay sight and provided a good deal of amusement. There were lines of pens filled with sheep and goats, and big kraals packed with cattle. Peasants and townsfolk, Spanish Jews and Turks, and even soldiers in bright blue tunics clustered round the animals or pressed from pen to pen. On the central pathway was a mingled stream of peasants arriving with fresh flocks, of would-be purchasers, of lookers-on and idlers, of hesitating bargainers. The hum of human voices was varied by the bleating of sheep and goats, the lowing of cows, and the occasional squeak of a pig.

We came on a pair of Bosniak peasants finishing a bargain in the native method. Seller and purchaser clasp hands, lift the clasped hands high, and swing them down with a wrench, the seller naming the price he will take and the purchaser what he will give. This continues, the prices alternately named drawing closer together, until one or other succeeds in wrenching his hands free, the price last named being the one that rules the deal! As a rule, friends collect round to see fair play.

Every now and then groups of peasants burst from among the animals, talking and laughing merrily. The men wear a white smock that reaches below the waist and has leg-of-



ONE METHOD OF CARRYING A SHEEP

A Turk carrying off his sheep from the cattle-market wrapped round his neck like a comforter.



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A Bosnian peasant dragging off an unwilling goat by the hair of its head.

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mutton sleeves. Their trousers, baggy at the seat and tight below the knee, are also white. Over the smock is a dark, braided, sleeveless jacket and a many-coloured bulging belt round the waist. On their legs are thick embroidered woollen gaiters reaching half-way to the knees. Their feet are shod in *opankas*, and a short white turban is folded flatly once round the head over a cap invisible.

Many of these men are good-looking fellows, well made, tall, bronzed, and healthy-looking. Their women are not so good-looking. They are swarthier of complexion, and many are dumpy of figure. Their dress is very like that of the men, except that both trousers and tunic are longer and the former more baggy. Also a long, dark, homespun apron is worn over the tunic in front. Their head-dress resembles in shape a soup-plate stuck down on a tight-fitting cap. Coins are threaded round the lower cap, and a flapping handkerchief dangles over the whole, whilst triangular pieces of coarse lace are suspended over the ears.

From the crowd gathered round the sheep and goats, every now and then we saw a happy purchaser emerge. The Bosnian peasant drags off an unwilling goat by the hair of its head. The Turk carries off his sheep, heaving it on to his shoulders and wrapping it round his neck like a comforter, or carries it pick-a-back! One old baa-baa we saw borne off like this had a quite complacent air, seemingly enjoying the situation considerably more than the man who staggered under its weight.

Business round the pony kraals was not quite so brisk. The ponies looked rather poor little beasts, especially the pack ponies, which, when in work, are never relieved of the clumsy wooden pack-saddle they carry from one year's end to the other, nor of the thick white felt *numdah* that goes underneath. But the Bosnian pony, though it averages only eleven and a half to a trifle over thirteen hands high, is a perfect marvel for endurance, carrying power, and hardiness. In these particular qualities there can be few ponies in the world to beat it, not

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even excepting the Basuto pony or the wonderful *ekka* ponies of India.

When we visited Sarajevo again later in the summer, we had occasion to try and buy two small riding ponies for hill work. Prices ruled very high, three hundred kronen (£12, 10s.) being asked for small animals scarcely more than twelve hands high. A few years ago, we were told, four or five pounds would have bought a pony that size. On the occasion of which we speak the only cheap pony on the market belonged to a Montenegrin, who was willing to sell for seventy kronen—about three pounds. But his was a wretched little specimen.

As twelve o'clock approached, the market began to break up. In all directions peasants were skurrying about collecting unsold animals, whilst purchasers appeared endeavouring to remove their spoils. The scene became rapidly one of wild confusion, and at the same time began the fun of the fair. One man had bought a pair of piglings, and his servant was taking them home slung over his shoulder by their hind legs. They squeaked, bounced, and plunged so violently that the unhappy man could only proceed a few yards at a time when he had perforce to stop, change arms, and gather together the legs that had slipped loose and were scraping holes in his neck. Another youth drove three half-grown pigs which he had tied together with a rope, leaving intervals of a couple of yards between them. The pigs either loitered or made desperate rushes, bowling over small boys, and almost coiling their rope round the legs of dignified pedestrians.

Two women were dragging a reluctant calf whose forefeet were planted firmly in resistance, so that he had to be literally hauled inch by inch. A flock of sheep seized with panic rushed back, communicating their fright to the flocks behind, and the animals were soon scattered far and wide, with long-legged peasants after them, flapping their arms and calling at them as if they were barn-door fowls.

In the present day, when distinctive characteristics in cus-

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toms and dress are gradually dying out to give place to the universal dead level of sameness, it is a treat to the traveller to come upon a people like these peasants of the Hercegovina and Bosnia, who not only wear the ancient costume for every day, but still deck themselves on festivals and high days in the richest, most handsome, most picturesque gala attire to be seen anywhere in Europe. Indeed the originality, beauty, and variety of the many different gala costumes to be seen in Bosnia and the Hercegovina are almost beyond belief. A touch of "the gorgeous East" penetrates them, in the colours, the materials, and the ornaments.

On market days the Bosnian peasant woman turns out arrayed in a fair amount of finery, but on a *festa* day, when a high service is being held at one of the churches, peasants of both sexes of that faith will come from far and near by rail and on foot, riding on pack ponies, or driving in country basket and wood-work carts, to attend the service and otherwise enjoy themselves.

One such sight we were lucky enough to witness. It was the anniversary of the opening of the big Roman Catholic cathedral in Sarajevo in the second week in June. All the previous day peasants were flocking into the town, dusty and travel-stained, each with the big, gaily-coloured woven bags of the country slung across him. If a stranger wishes to purchase one of these bags a Jew trader will ask him thirty shillings for it. It was raining a little, but the torrent of people that had set in from the station towards the town flowed steadily. That night those who could find no shelter camped in scores in the wide space in front of the cathedral and in all the other open spaces in town.

The next day from an early hour the scene began to assume life and colour. The dusty dresses of the previous day had vanished, and in their place glowed silks and velvets, embroideries, and the whitest of linens. Gold coins glittered on head-dresses and dangled on chains round necks. Heavy silver belt buckles clasped forty-inch waists that had never

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known corsets. Thick silver rings covered fingers generally employed in toil. Silver bracelets and armlets clinked one above another on sun-burnt wrists, and silver balls and ornaments swung from pigtails or hung on chatelaines or above the ears.

The customary sleeveless jackets were pared away into narrow boleros with a strip fastening across the breast, and loaded with embroidery in which gold and silver thread figured largely. Many were resplendent in voluminous black silk trousers that reached to the ankle; some wore cloth ones showing an embroidered gaiter below; a few wore the narrow trousers surmounted by shortish skirts, and many had full-length skirts in honour of the day, with or without apron.

The colours of the bodices and of the boleros that were in most cases worn over them ranged over every imaginable hue. The head-dresses were of great variety. Here was an up-standing erection of velvet like a halo, with little dangling gold ornaments round the edge and two great long golden blobs that fell over the ears. Next was a big flat handsome head-dress of woven silk in delicate tints. Then came a group of women with head-dresses like inverted pork pies made of velvet, a line of golden coins round the lower rim. Many had the customary soup-plate erection with lace flaps over the ears. Others had plain silken handkerchiefs of all hues and patterns bound round the head. Some wore their hair in pigtails fastened with silver balls, like certain hill tribes in India, and one we saw had a startling head covering consisting of a curiously-folded bit of cloth with an enormous pom-pom tassel arranged to fall over the right eye.

The wearer of this, a girl of about sixteen, had altogether the most extraordinary attire. It was a kind of adaptation of the garb one generally associates with the Red Indian squaw, consisting of woollen sleeveless tunic, big and shapeless, and braided round the edges with dark braid. It was buff in colour, cut away from the neck, and worn over a white chemisette with extremely wide sleeves. An excessively tight



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The gala costumes of the Bosnian women are of every variety and colour. Velvets and silks of every imaginable hue, trimmed with gold and silver braid, are much used, while the head-coverings are curious and picturesque.

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and narrow dark petticoat with a fringed edge showed beneath, and the feet were bare and thrust into strong sandals. This girl we afterwards succeeded in photographing with a group of men and others whose brilliant plumage unfortunately loses by being transferred to paper through the colourless medium of a camera.

Our "Red Indian" peasant did not belong to the group amongst which she is taken, and on being placed amongst them was, to our amusement, claimed as his property by a burly peasant who stood apart. He wished to induce her to withdraw, but the girl was equally anxious to be taken, and would not move until she had seen the trigger released and gathered from our expression that her appearance and apparel had been duly recorded.

The next group we succeeded in taking were fit to have graced a fancy ball. The central figure was a fairly good-looking woman, dark, keen-eyed, and sharp-featured, with a semi-circle of wine-red velvet on her head slung round with loose gold coins; lace ruffles on her neck; round her waist a truly magnificent belt of gold with solid silver clasps and chains, and silver rings on her first fingers. She wore voluminous black silk trousers. This group seemed greatly to enjoy the distinction of being taken, and would, we believe, have stood for us all day had we desired it. But they were also very anxious to see the result, and evidently, from their eager inquiries and exclamations, expected to see this drop out of the camera when we turned on the number. We tried to explain the action of the camera, and, at her request, handed it to the keen-eyed woman that she might look in the view-finder. This she attempted to do by placing her hand in front of the lens to shade it! The whole group put their heads down together to peer into the view-finder, and tried the camera at every possible angle, even upside down, but, needless to say, saw nothing, and handed it back much mystified.

The last figure we took was that of a superbly handsome woman; the majority of Bosnian peasant women are not hand-

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some. Exceedingly tall and of good carriage, she had a skin like a ripe peach, and the chiselling of nose, mouth, and chin might have served for those of a Greek statue. Level brows, jet-black hair, and well-opened, smiling, brown eyes completed the picture. She was dressed as might have been either a princess or a bride, and looked very much like one or the other, with a diadem of gold coins two or three deep on her head, a row of flowers above, and a long snow-white veil that flowed down behind nearly to her feet.

As to the men-folk, if they were not quite so brilliantly attired as the women there were many no whit less carefully turned out in their own fashion. Their leg-of-mutton sleeved tunics were spotlessly white; their sleeveless Eton jackets were heavily braided and closely embroidered in cobwebby, coloured designs, back as well as front. The bulging front pockets of their coloured striped belts bulged more than usual; knife-handles peeped from these, giving them an air of the bandit. Their knitted anklets were a mass of embroidery, and made brilliant splashes of colour. Some had roses stuck in front of their fezes and wore coarse lace ruffles of collarettes round their necks.

Every few minutes crowds of peasants would pour through the cathedral doors, swung open to let a flood of them issue forth. Priests and acolytes constantly came out; long processions formed up behind them, and passed away through the streets between lines of other peasants praying and telling beads. When the processions returned to the cathedral the vast concourse of brilliantly-garbed peasantry fell upon their knees, and remained thus until the priests had passed once more from view behind the church doors.

All along the principal streets were more peasants, and here and there among them there showed the Turkish costumes of Mahomedans passing backwards and forwards about their business. This mingling of the ancient costume of the Slav Christian peasantry and the always fascinating dress of the East considerably increased the bizarre attractiveness of the

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scene. The day was hot and sunny, and the Turkish lemonade-sellers drove a brisk trade.

The services and processions came to an end about twelve o'clock. After this some of the peasants dispersed about the town, amusing themselves in sober and innocent fashion by indulging in merry-go-rounds and swings or in doing a little shopping in the Čaršija; but the majority began tramping towards the station, beginning the return journey to their more distant homes.

Such an assembly would not take place again for some months perhaps, but the gold and silver heirlooms will not be hidden away in wrappings for long. Most probably they will be donned again by their owners at their respective villages the very next Sunday; for the people miss no opportunity of sporting gay attire. The conclusion must not be drawn from this attempt at description of a *festa* at the capital that this is the utmost Bosnia has to show. Only some among the many striking and picturesque costumes of Bosnia were represented at the *festa* we witnessed, namely, those worn by the Roman Catholic peasants of the Sarajevo district. Not only do the dresses worn by the peasants in each district vary, but sometimes in each village; and the followers of the Greek Orthodox are differently garbed from those of the Roman Catholic Church. The *festa* dress worn by peasants of either creed display no lack of originality or variety. In fact the farther one goes into the out-of-the-way corners of this land, the more striking and bizarre become the costumes.

CHAPTER X

THE ASCENT OF THE TREBEVIĆ—THE GOVERNMENT TURKISH CIGARETTE FACTORY

Riding ponies—The Seven Brothers Mosque—View from the peak—The *Schützhaus*—A mountain storm—Hercegovina a great tobacco country—Skill of the Turks—The making of cigarette-boxes and cigarettes—Large export—Kinds exported to England—Egypt a big customer.

THE ascent of the Trebević forms one of the chief excursions from Sarajevo during the summer months, and is easily made either riding or walking. Ponies can be hired without any difficulty in the town, often very nice little animals. The charge is about two gulden each for the day. Turkish saddles, very broad in the seat, are always forthcoming, and usually European saddles for men. By sending beforehand to Ilidže, it is even possible occasionally to obtain a side-saddle. But, needless to say, those ladies who can ride astride upon occasions will find fewer difficulties. There is no fear of creating astonishment; the women here, as in all other Eastern countries, ride astride themselves. It is a common thing to see gaily-dressed peasant women travelling in this manner to or from market, perched up on high wooden pack saddles thrown well forward on to the animals' withers, with a leg dangling each side of the pony's neck.

The Trebević has in the matter of weather rather a name for uncertain behaviour, but this applies more to May than to later months. We made a party of six for the ascent one day early in June, and if we came in for rather worse treatment than we had anticipated, it was nevertheless quite our own fault for choosing to start on a day that was obviously uncertain.

We left the town a trifle before eight. The road leads past

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the barracks and the Mosque of the Seven Brothers. This mosque was founded in honour of seven very holy brothers, said to have suffered decapitation at the hands of some blood-thirsty Pasha. It is given to only the very privileged few, besides the True Believers themselves, to see it; not that there is anything very particular to see, but because the Moslem population appear to entertain very fanatical ideas in connection with this particular mosque. It is built differently from the other mosques, being a long low building with seven windows set close together at the minaret end, one in remembrance of each brother.

A padlocked alms-box hangs outside the entrance. We saw no alms given, but we noticed, on the contrary, that every True Believer, man or woman, on passing the mosque, paused a moment to murmur a prayer, placing his or her hands together, palms uppermost, in an attitude that was neither supplication nor worship, but rather denoted the desire to receive some gift. The idea is, apparently, that the departed brothers are able, owing to their especial sanctity, to grant gifts to those of the True Faith who ask.

We had a brilliant morning and an enjoyable ride up. Sarajevo gradually unrolled at our feet, bathed in a golden flood of sunlight. In two hours, skirting the rounded shoulders of the hill, we had gained the picturesque wooden abode of the forest guard, situated in a sheltered upland valley at the commencement of a pine forest.

From this point our path, grown much steeper, led us in sharp zigzags up the side of the hill, through the heart of a jungle of young trees, interlaced by a thick undergrowth which was on all sides being hacked away. Our ponies made nothing of this ascent, but the two stalwart men who brought up the luncheon found it not quite so easy to keep up, although all possible advantage was taken of short cuts. We reached the *Schützhaus*, perched on a clearing just below the actual peak, some time before twelve. Whilst some of the party at once began to attend to the heating and cooking of the lunch,

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we dismounted and went to the top of the peak, a walk of ten minutes or so.

This peak rears its head, bare and rock-strewn, well above all trees, and from the summit we could see right over the forest-covered sides down to Sarajevo itself, which looked from that height like a shrunken oblong plot of dots and lines, with the attenuated thread of the river drawn through the centre.

Turning to the south, we looked over a barren waste of stone and rock to the outlines of the range on the far side of the valley and on to the Treskavica, that finally melted into the Bjelasnica on the west. To the east, the striking Romanja Planina, above Palé, showed up boldly among the surrounding sea of hills.

The sun had disappeared, and a black cloud hung over our heads, making the hills look bare and bleak; though all are covered with timber, and the Treskavica bears on its sides a magnificent forest of pine and beech. The threatening aspect of the sky forced us to hurry through lunch, which was laid outside, and get into the *Schützhaus*. Hardly were we well under cover when the storm burst and a torrent of rain descended.

The shelter, or *Schützhaus*, intended for the accommodation of travellers, seemed a snug and comfortable abode, with a kitchen, dining-room, and two bedrooms, in one of which were four beds for ladies, and in the other six for the sterner sex. Thus, any small party coming up here can stay over-night if so disposed. The lodge-keeper's wife provides food and all necessaries, and the charges are very moderate.

We took advantage of a lull in the storm, in the hope that we should make the house of the forest guard before any fresh storm burst. All ponies had been sent back except one, retained in case of accidents. We set off at a good pace, only stopping occasionally to gather some especially attractive flowers, of which there were a large number all over the hillside. Twenty minutes after we began the descent, the rain began. Rain! It was a cataract. The heavens opened and poured

TURKISH CIGARETTE FACTORY

out tons of water on the drenched hillside. In a few minutes our path had been converted to a miniature mountain torrent. Our bedraggled and dripping party tailed away down the hillside, splashing along the watercourse, hurrying as fast as sodden garments and squelching foot-gear would allow. Our descent, under these circumstances, was considerably more hurried than our ascent. We were back in Sarajevo in less than two hours, wet to the skin, but without other mishap except for certain contusions sustained by one of the party whom the Bosnian pony, alarmed by the unaccustomed vision of an open umbrella, had incontinently bowled over.

Soon after our first arrival at Sarajevo we spent a morning seeing over the Government factory for Turkish cigarettes. The great bulk of the tobacco grown in the Hercegovina and in the south of Bosnia is sent up to the principal Government factory at Sarajevo to be cut for Turkish pipe smoking and for manufacture into cigarettes, but chiefly for the latter. The factory is situated near the Marienhof, some six minutes out of the town by tram, or fifteen by road. The manager, who spoke German as well as Slav, took us round.

From a long, low room where women sat sorting the tobacco leaves and carried them in armfuls to a side counter to be sprayed to the proper working consistency, we passed to a room where sat none but Turks, employed solely in tobacco-cutting by hand. Over each man's head hung little bunches of light yellow leaves, which he arranged over a narrow board with an upright slip of wood across the end. Each leaf is placed slightly below its fellow till the board is covered. It is then fixed under the guillotine-like cutter, which the operator works up and down smartly with his right hand, whilst he imperceptibly pushes forward the leaves with his left. The knife slices them across at each stroke into long fine threads which never vary by a hair's breadth. Only the most skilled hands can accomplish this, and they cut with the utmost fineness and regularity. Indeed we were told by the manager that they cut with much greater fineness and regularity than could be attained

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by any machine. Only the best leaves are made use of in this room. Somewhat high prices are charged for this hand-cut tobacco, which is put up in small quantities.

From this room, which was extremely quiet, we passed to one that was exactly the reverse, the box-making room. The din and clangour as we entered were deafening. The large, many-windowed room was flooded with light, and filled with women and girls grouped in fours at small tables. Boxes were being made and filled at the rate of about a thousand an hour. Before one's dazed eyes have had time to take it in, the paper and paste, label and tobacco, that go to the making and filling of a quarter-pound box, have been whipped up and slapped together, filled, finished off, and flung down, and three others are in course of construction. Each girl of the four only performs one of the four separate operations that go to the making and filling of these boxes. The slapping and banging, and the clang of the queer-shaped tin instruments—on to which the paper that forms the box is whisked to be shaped and hurled off—go on ceaselessly. The girls work so rapidly that they rival machinery.

To us it appeared the monotonous nature of the work and the constant strain of it must be unbearable. But the women are not of our opinion at all. We were told that, whilst it was difficult to induce them to accept domestic service, they would always flock to the factory for employment.

The operation of making the cigarettes was carried out in another room. Here the women were seated in rows before raised desks, partitioned off, each working by herself. The first row were occupied in making the paper tubes for the cigarettes. The cigarette-papers lay in small heaps in front of the workers and some saucers of sticky stuff stood near by. This was the material that, with a small rounded length of brass, sufficed for the production of the tubes. One left finger shot out, flicked off the topmost paper, spun it round the brass shape, whilst an equally deft finger from the other hand shot out to the saucer, smeared the length of the paper, stuck it

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down, and whisked the finished tube off the brass on to the piles of other snowy tubes heaped on the left side of the desk.

The next row were at work filling the prepared tubes. Little layers of cigarette tobacco lay in front of them. Nimble fingers seized and pulled out a pinch, rolled it into shape in a small square of cardboard, picked up an empty paper tube, and, inserting the cardboard, with a quick push transferred the contents to the tube, the cardboard falling upon the desk ready for use again the next second.

Then came a row putting in the mouthpieces. These hands were furnished with a small machine, not unlike a primitive sewing machine, which spins round the triangular piece of cardboard placed on it into the required shape, ready for insertion into the partially-filled cigarette tube. The girls insert them with a rapid movement that leaves the cigarette with the mouthpiece firmly fixed in position and ready for the last row, who have the easy task of trimming the otherwise finished cigarette. In this row also were some of the packers.

We were shown a number of different kinds of cigarettes stored in cupboards ready for export. All are specially prepared in accordance with the tastes and requirements of the different countries intended to receive them, and stamped in all the divers languages of the different places for which they are destined. Here were tins of tobacco for South Africa, cigarettes made for Japan, and two or three varieties intended for England. The best brands of cigarettes exported by the Government are "Gold Star" brand, exported to England, and the "Olympian," exported to Germany. Another brand sent to England is the "Drina." The prices of these cigarettes seemed to us exceedingly low, and cheaper still was a kind, also for England, put up in tens in little paper boxes, of a sort one usually sees retailed in canteens with such fascinating titles as "My Sweetheart."

Already Bosnia and the Hercegovina play no inconsiderable part in the world's supply of cigarettes, where ten years ago there was no export at all. In 1903 about a hundred thousand

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cigarettes were exported to England. In the same year about one hundred and twenty million pounds of tobacco were exported to Egypt, so that apparently the favourite Egyptian cigarette is largely made from tobacco grown in these two countries.

We were also shown some machinery for cutting tobacco, and making empty tubes for filling by the buyer, but these interested us less than the hand-work. In the basement was the sorting-room. The tobacco leaf is sorted into three qualities. The size of the Hercegovinian leaf is smaller than that grown in other parts of Turkey. The best leaf is the small yellow leaf that furnishes the Ginbeck tobacco.

The pay for sorting is small, but as it is easy work and whole families are sometimes employed, they manage to make a good thing by their aggregate earnings. More than three hundred women are employed by the factory.

CHAPTER XI

THE ORIENTAL CARPET MANUFACTORY AND SCHOOL OF TURKISH ART INDUSTRY IN METALS—VAREŠ

Comparison with methods in Kashmir—Boys versus women as workers—No secrecy as to patterns—Prices—Silken carpets—Articles produced in art metal school—Inlaying—No visible patterns—Incrustation work on copper—Duplicating a pattern—Secret colouring chemicals—Pink copper—A Bosnian iron mine—Modern ironworks—Wire rope railway—Extraordinary accident—Export to England—Old Vareš—Ancient Franciscan chapel—Ancient native ironworks.

AS we had already seen the making of Persian carpets in Kashmir, we were rather curious to see the method employed in Bosnia. We therefore paid a visit to the Oriental carpet factory in Sarajevo.

The actual making of the carpets is carried on in both places in much the same way. The operators are seated on benches before the looms. The background on which they must go to work looks merely like closely-placed strands of stout threads, depending from a bar of wood affixed several feet above the workers' heads. A similar bar is fixed just below the level of their hands. As the carpet progresses it is rolled gradually round the lower bar, to keep the work always on a convenient level for the workers' hands, whilst more untouched strands come into play from the upper bar.

The operators in Sarajevo are all women, most of them remarkably stout and heavy in build, and they struck us as rather slow and awkward workers, inclined to be heavy in manipulation as in appearance. In Kashmir men and boys are employed. The intelligence, sharp eyes, and quick fingers of the latter make them the fastest and best workers and the favourite class to be employed. Seated close together, their

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lean little frames loosely clad in soiled white cotton smocks, loose trousers of the same, and their feet bare, their large dark eyes bright with intelligence, their little brown fingers flashing in and out of the long close strands, the remembrance we conjured up made a picture different from that on which we now looked.

But the most striking difference between the methods employed in this industry in the two countries, was that in Kashmir the patterns, which were chiefly of old Persian design, exquisitely beautiful both in drawing and colour, were kept secret. Here they are not. In Kashmir an overseer called out the colour that must be used next, and the necessary number of knots. In this manner the designs were kept secret. Here each woman has by her side the coloured and numbered pattern, and from that she works.

The manipulation is the same in both cases. Bunches of different coloured wools hang on pegs by the worker's hand. Wool of the colour required is passed in and out of the strands, knotted and snipped off, and followed by others in the succession required. Every now and then an article resembling a curry-comb is run through the web, and used to compress tightly the woollen strands of the slowly-progressing carpet.

At the best it is never quick work to weave carpets by hand; the finished article is correspondingly dear, but is said to be impossible to wear out. The price of an ordinary rug, eight feet by two and a half, runs to £3. 15s. The designs are modern Persian and Turkish, but local designs are also woven.

Here they also make carpets of silk thread, as well as woollen. These are naturally more costly than the woollen, the prices of silk carpets of good Oriental pattern running from £42 to £50. The establishment has a department for wool-spinning and another for dyeing. The dyes used are Oriental fast dyes, and not aniline.

Another morning two or three days later we went to see the Government school of Turkish art industry in metals.

ART INDUSTRY IN METALS

This is exceedingly interesting, since here are taught and carried on certain special crafts of Bosnia, which consist in inlaying wooden and metal objects with designs carried out in other metals, and in incrustation work.

In the first room we entered men were engaged on inlaying work. There were but few hands, scattered at various tables, each alone with his work, and confronted by a pile of little tools. These were the best men, and their work was of the most elaborate description.

A large glass case across the side of the room was crowded with completed specimens: gun-metal inlaid with silver, the same with gold, black wood inlaid with silver, of which there were many specimens, and as a more recent novelty, a buff-coloured satiny wood, and also a green-coloured wood, inlaid with silver, of which latter there were only a few specimens in the shape of long, slender flower vases covered with a design resembling massed lilies of the valley.

The articles were of all descriptions, cigar and cigarette-cases, penholders, pen-knives, paper-weights, paper-racks, vases, boxes, large and small, cigarette-holders in profusion. The tracing of the designs in some articles shown us was so fine and close that the surface of the metal on which the silver or gold work was inlaid was almost entirely covered. These patterns have now been discontinued, both because the articles so inlaid were too expensive to obtain a ready sale, and because their execution tried the eyes of the workers too greatly. The silver designs on black wood or metal are perhaps the most striking, and these are varied enough to suit every taste.

As far as our unskilled eyes could take it in, the method of working appeared as follows. The artificers, with sharp-pointed pencil, draw the design they are going to inlay on a square inch or two of the article upon which they are working. They work without visible pattern: apparently it is engraved on their minds. This part finished, the operator picks up a sharp-pointed little tool set in a wooden handle, and with this and a long slender hammer of iron proceeds to follow over the

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design. For corners or curves he changes his first tool for another with a differently-shaped point. He does not continue with this single operation, however. Dropping his first tools, he picks up with his left hand a coil of fine silver wire. Holding this in a kind of small vice, he presses it bit by bit into the cut lines of the design, following up each infinitesimal advance by a sharp tap of the hammer on the silver wire to fix it in its place. If the design is broad and a certain surface, perhaps a fourth of an inch across, has to be filled in, the wire is nipped off, and the above process repeated and repeated till the necessary space has been covered; each strand of wire being laid so closely against its fellow that it is not possible to distinguish from the finished whole that such a surface has been filled in with separate wires, instead of with a solid piece, as it appears to have been.

Polishing with sandpaper is the final touch that makes the two metals appear like a single whole with a smooth and apparently untampered-with surface, upon which, however, has arisen a design of much beauty.

The next room into which we went was devoted to hammered designs on copper art ware. The copper articles—bowls, water-jugs, trays, cups, coffee-pots—are each firmly embedded in a solid cement-like substance, lying in deep or shallow trays according to the nature of the article, with that side uppermost upon which the operator has to work. This keeps the article steady for him, and leaves both his hands free for his work. With a tiny sharp tool and with taps from the slender hammer of his trade, the worker punches minute pin-point pricks, destined to cover the interstices within the already deeply traced design. In short, he executes a kind of stippling on a copper surface with tools, instead of with paint-brush or drawing-paper.

In the centre of the room a designer with an apron tied round his waist was at work, with compass, pencil, and tools, on an immense copper tray deeply embedded in the aforementioned cement, and laid on a small convenient table. As another designer came up to speak to him, we seized the oppor-

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tunity, with the manager and the subject's permission, of taking a photo.

The next room was larger, and also full of operators at work on copper. We watched a man affixing a design by a rather singular method. He was working at a large circular-ribbed bowl, and the pattern on each section was the same. The first section he drew with great care and accuracy on a slip of thin rice paper. Pasting this on to a corresponding section of the bowl, he went over it, cutting sharply and deeply with the pointed tools and hammer. He then removed the paper, and over the designed surface he smeared a thick black, greasy substance from a bowl in front of him, rubbing it well over and in. This he then wiped off again more or less, the black remaining in the cut lines and disappearing off the uncut surface. Picking up a clean square of rice paper, he damped it slightly and pressed it on to the blackened design, forcing it to lie close. One saw the pattern come through on to the white surface of the paper, and when the artificer peeled it off there was the design ready to paste on to the next section of the bowl.

On leaving these rooms we went into one of beginners, young boys, sitting two or three at a table. Every one of these boys' tools had a small design inlaid on it, this design being their first piece of work after instruction. They were nearly all at work upon the same thing, namely, inlaying a plain design of the Ali Pasha Mosque in silver wire on to wooden cards, afterwards sold as Christmas cards. From simple work such as this they gradually advance to something always a little more elaborate, until they can be trusted to work upon extensive articles.

This *atelier* is also a technical school, where pupils up to the number of fifty are fed, lodged, and instructed in the different branches of the working and inlaying of metals and of design-drawing. Besides this they are taught to read and write, and they get religious instruction. One room is set apart for prayers, for all the workers here are Mahommedans.

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Prices for articles turned out here rule high in comparison with similar work as produced in the East itself, but it is more highly finished, and the patterns are more varied. Some of the things turned out, more especially in gold or silver inlay, are really exquisite of their kind.

The last room into which we were taken was the room where the finishing touch of colour is imparted to completed objects. We witnessed a brass vase being given a bath in a liquid, the composition of which is a secret. After immersion the embossed design turned to a rich polished-looking chestnut, leaving the deeply-cut outlines of a pale gold as before. The copper ware here is of a peculiar pinkish tint, made of a copper that comes from Germany.

One day we made two of a party to the village of Vareš, in the centre of Bosnia, so important a village that a branch line of the Bosna-Brod Railway has been specially laid to it, and terminates there.

It is the centre of one of the iron-producing districts of Bosnia, and the ironworks of Vareš are contiguous to the mines.

As the journey occupies three hours each way, one has to go by the early train, which leaves Sarajevo about 7.30 in the morning. It is a slow train, and after the change at Podlugovi on to the branch line it positively crawls. The journey, therefore, in the hot weather is distinctly wearisome, but with the help of a most comfortable saloon carriage and pleasant companions, as we had, it is supportable.

The smelting-works and foundry are situated in a narrow valley, the bed of the Stavnja. They are a Government enterprise, started a few years after the Austrian occupation in 1878. The iron is of excellent quality, and the iron-bearing stratum extends for several miles along the high ground forming one side of the steep and narrow valley. On the top of these heights, at Potoci, is the mine that supplies the works in the valley below. The iron is brought down from the mine by a wire-rope railway that we presently saw working.

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As we reached the works the manager came forward to show us round. He took us first to see the different kinds of ore in the rough. Two or three kinds were shown us; the richest, containing fifty per cent. of iron, was brown in colour. Another ore mined here, streaked with blood red, is not so rich. We were informed that these ores contained a good percentage of manganese.

We then entered a part of the factory built on the ground without deep foundations, roofed in, but open on all sides like a huge shed. These are the smelting-works. On the far side in the middle was the furnace, round which rose a big circular flue surrounded by a banked-up wall having a parapet, reached by a ladder, up which we were invited to go.

We walked round this parapet, getting glimpses of an appalling glare of fire, and, passing up another ladder, found ourselves in the sunny open, cool and fresh by comparison. We were then standing on a high embankment, a clearing at the foot of a forest-covered hill. Smoke poured from the furnaces beneath us and drifted away. More smoke belched from the tall chimneys over our heads and threw black shadows across the sky. It was from here we took a photo of the factory.

Passing along this embankment for a score or so of yards, we came to the wire-rope railway, built straight up the face of the hill along a narrow belt cleared between the trees. The trucks ascend and descend, working on a powerful iron cable, the weight of the descending laden truck pulling the unladen one up the steep incline. The cars run on a single line, doubled only in the centre, where they pass each other.

We took a photograph when the ascending car was scarcely a quarter of the way up, and the descending one not yet in sight.

The manager told us that on one memorable occasion the iron rope broke, but the descending car, instead of crumpling itself up against the buffers against which it pulls up, never touched them at all. The tremendous velocity at which it was

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travelling lifted it altogether from the rails, and shot it right across the valley into the forest of the hillside opposite!

There is a considerable export of iron ore in its rough state to England amongst other places. Indeed, at the moment of our visit, trucks were waiting on the railway to be loaded with a consignment of ore, which would be shipped from some port on the Adriatic to England, whence coke is imported in exchange.

The mine has been well known and worked for the last four hundred years. Long ago the iron of Vareš was famous on account of its excellence and cheapness. It was much in demand throughout the Balkan countries, and even found its way to Asia.

The works are very completely furnished for the production of pig iron of various qualities, either alloyed with manganese or free. The yearly production of iron for casting purposes is something over two thousand three hundred tons, and for other purposes about three thousand six hundred tons. Amongst the chief articles we saw being cast were iron pipings and girders. The production of the machine workshops seemed to be principally stoves. We were shown over a large *depôt* where numbers of these and of other finished articles were stacked.

A more interesting department connected with these iron-works lies some distance away. This is equipped with steam hammers, and turns out anchors, ploughs, spades, and all sorts of different implements. Quite a little town of *employés* and people engaged at the works has arisen since 1890, occupying a mile or so of this pretty glen, as it would be called in Scotland.

Having seen Vares the modern, we then went to see old Vareš, about half a mile farther on.

Old Vareš is like other Bosnian villages, tucked away out of sight in a fold of the valley, the inhabitants part Christian, part Mahommedan. It has a small Franciscan monastery. A few yards farther on, immediately below the road, is a little old Christian chapel, perhaps the oldest in Bosnia. It is a low, elongated structure, and is a good example of the humble



AN OLD CHRISTIAN CHAPEL IN BOSNIA

This is probably the oldest chapel in Bosnia. Low as it is now, it used to be lower in order that it might be hidden, and not offend the eyes of the followers of Islam.



VILLAGE HEIRESSES

It is *de rigueur* at fêtes for the unmarried girls to dress themselves in as many petticoats as possible, even as many as twelve, one over the other, with the result that they present the appearance of inflated balloons.

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dimensions to which the lordly Turk restricted the down-trodden *rajah* when building his place of worship. Even then, as in this case, such buildings had to be hidden behind hedges or banks, so as not to be seen and offend the eye of the followers of Islam. Low as the roof of this strange old wooden edifice looked to us, we were informed it had nevertheless been raised from the height to which it had originally been restricted. One of the Franciscan brothers who accompanied us showed us the marks on the walls indicating the height of the former roof. The little cemetery attached held nothing but iron crosses, instead of stone, possibly on account of the proximity of the ironworks and consequent cheapness. Between the church and the monks' house was a little open belfry, another testimony to the passing away of Turkish rule, for in old time no bell was allowed to sound for Christian worship.

Those members of the sterner sex who composed our party were regaled by the monks on plum brandy, called throughout the country *slivovic*, which, according to their somewhat out-of-date ideas, was thought to be too strong to offer to ladies.

We passed through the village and went to visit an old native ironworks, worked by water-power, the only specimen of its kind, as we understood, now left in Bosnia. After the elaborately-equipped works we had just quitted, fitted up with all the latest appliances, it was a curious contrast to come upon this antiquated sample of the old method of working.

A fair-sized, rather tumble-down wooden hut contains the works. The small river is dammed up some yards above by a high wooden weir, from which the water is led in troughs on to the turbine wheels. Inside the hut are the heavy wooden hammers, worked by the turbines, poised over a long log. In the centre is a wheel that sets the hammers going and regulates the force of the water that drives them.

An open furnace glowed brightly at one end. The hands consisted of two or three men, Turks. The iron, heated in the furnace, was lifted out with pincers, deftly struck and pinched

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with primitive implements into a rough semblance of the article desired, then placed on the log under the wooden hammers and the wheel turned. The place echoed with the clatter of the working hammers, now slackening, now hurrying, now bursting into a rapid succession of crashes, according as the wheel was driven fast or slow.

The articles made seemed to be the simplest kind of farming implements—spades, digging-forks, the simple plough-shares of the country, horseshoes, and all such articles which still find a ready sale among the conservative peasantry of Bosnia.

PART III

A PEEP AT MAGYAR-LAND

CHAPTER XII

TO HUNGARY—IN THE COUNTRY IN HUNGARY

Sarajevo races and festivities—A night journey to Brod—The “Blue Danube”—A train ferry—“*Paprika* fish”—Slavonian scenery—Arrival at Buda-Pesth—Journey to a Hungarian village—Scenery—Slovenians—Hungarian goose-girls—A village fair—*Zigeuner* orchestra—A peasant *Csardas* — Village heiresses — Gala dress — Characteristics — Not Arcadians.

WE should have liked to stay on at Sarajevo, as the annual races of the capital were to be held shortly.

But our programme included a visit to Hungary, which we wished to accomplish before the weather became insupportably hot. These races are not a private affair, but a Government institution got up annually at Sarajevo and other places in Bosnia for the improvement of the breed of horses.

The land-owning Begs and the peasants are the chief participators, riding their own ponies, and some novel ideas of racing, we were told, are displayed, which ought to make them an entertaining spectacle.

There is also an officers' steeplechase and an event open to all, but only for very modest prizes.

These races are held on Ilidže race-ground. When they are held Sarajevo is filled with visitors from other towns and stations of Bosnia and the Hercegovina. Besides racing there are other amusements, such as a lawn tennis tournament, and last year, 1904, a flower show and a ball were additional items. Our British Consul-General had, up to the date of our last visit, been *facile princeps* at lawn tennis in Bosnia and the Hercegovina. Last year, we heard the championship for tennis singles was with difficulty wrested from him for the first time.

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As we stood to miss all this gaiety by going to Pesth, we took our way northward rather reluctantly the second week in June. Our train left at about seven o'clock in the evening. All our strenuous efforts to preserve a compartment to ourselves failed. An elderly Mahommedan Beg was thrust into it at the last moment, and, seating himself opposite one of the ladies of the party, proceeded to consume cigarette after cigarette. He did not retain the sitting posture of Europe, but sat cross-legged, Oriental fashion, the narrow seat forming a rather uncomfortable divan.

This man's way of sitting, his whole behaviour and air of Oriental impassivity, strikingly showed how thoroughly the Slav Mahommedan has become imbued with, and still clings to the ways of the East. He is, in fact, more Eastern than he of the real East. The man of the real East, a Mahommedan landholder of the same class in India, for instance, would hardly have comported himself as this man did.

Much to the relief of his *vis-à-vis*, he left after an hour. She drew out the opposite seat, and was making herself comfortable for the night, when, to her great disgust, a snuffy little monk appeared and gave her to understand in a mixture of Serbish and broken Italian that he was sorry to incommode her, but could find no other place. However, if the little monk, who turned out to be a Pole, effectually banished sleep from her eyes till he departed about midnight, she could cry quits with him to a certain extent, for the window, which, after the manner of the barbarian English, she insisted on retaining open, perhaps caused him equal discomfort.

The scenery generally along the line through north Bosnia is very pretty. There are several picturesque old towns and castles *en route*. Some of these we were destined later to see on our journey when leaving Bosnia for the last time, but on this journey they were all passed in the night; and when daylight had begun to appear again, about four o'clock, we had arrived at Bosna-Brod, on the river Save, which forms the boundary between Bosnia and Slavonia.



EVENING IN A HUNGARIAN VILLAGE

TO HUNGARY

Brod, or rather Bosnà-Brod, was, in the days of Turkish dominion, the frontier town, where passports were demanded of travellers to Turkey, and luggage examined. Less than thirty years ago the traveller crossing the Save passed at once from railways and European civilisation to stage-coaches and the semi-civilisation of Asia.

All the railways in Bosnia being narrow gauge, at Brod we changed into another train on the Hungarian broad-gauge railway. The bridge over the Save crossed, we stopped a minute or two at the other Brod, on the Slavonian bank of the river. Between this and Dálja, reached about 6.45 in the morning, where the Hungarian border is crossed, the country is low-lying and evidently subject to inundations. The houses of the villages we passed were generally built on piles, much after the *machan* system adopted in some parts of India and Burmah. The country was still rather of the Bosnian type, green and wooded, but flat.

Shortly after passing Dálja we came upon the Danube, not here the beautiful "Blue Danube" of musical association, but a great, broad, rather muddy river, with flat banks. By the left bank we noticed a long line of floating water-mills, used for grinding flour.

Our whole train was now taken on board a monster wire-rope ferry worked by machinery from the farther bank. The crossing occupied about twenty minutes.

Our amphibious train got on to dry land again at Gombos. At this place the thing is to snatch a hasty repast of fish freshly caught from the Danube. One of these fish *plats*, called "*paprika*" fish, is a speciality, the composition of which is simply fish cooked with red capsicum, which is as constantly an accompaniment of Hungarian dishes as it is the basis of the medicines of the North American Indian. We tried carp with hot *paprika* sauce, but it tasted just as the Danube looked, of the mud, muddy. Only a few minutes were allowed to the *gourmet* to bolt these delicacies, but at Szabadka sufficient time is allowed to consume a *déjeuner à la fourchette*. There was no

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refreshment car on the train, nor was it possible to get from one car to another, as the guard locked the doors between. It soon became pretty hot, but the windows of our compartment steadily refused to be opened.

Pesth was reached just after one o'clock. Our railway time-table told us a train to Xy, our friends' place, left early in the afternoon, starting from the station at which we had arrived. As we had plenty of time, we lunched and sent off a telegram to our friends, informing them of the time of our arrival, and it was fortunate we did so.

We joined the patient throng of travellers in the waiting-room. This antiquated continental system of locking up the intending traveller in the waiting-room is rather suggestive of a flock of foolish animals that require to be put in a pen to be kept from straying till they are entrained.

At last our time came, and though among the string of uncouth Hungarian names of places called out without a pause we could not detect our station's name, we guessed from the hour it must be our turn, and so joined in the rush and scramble for places. It is a pernicious system this, that gives the rude and the unscrupulous an unfair advantage, and is entirely subversive of the good old principle, "First come, first served." Amongst our fellow-passengers it seemed to us that unmannerly persons of the Hebraic persuasion predominated.

Names of the stations are not called out as in England, but even if they were, this would be of little assistance to the stranger. For the benefit of the foreigner we would humbly suggest the erection at stations of a few more sign-boards in conspicuous positions. There is never more than one, and this almost invariably in some corner where the train never pulls up. A time-table is a *sine qua non*, as only with its help can one gather when he has arrived at his destination. There are never any officials visible to ask anything of, even if one were so unreasonable as to expect any Hungarian petty official to answer a question addressed in German. Luckily for us, on this occasion there was a



WASHING AT THE WELL IN A SLOVENIAN VILLAGE, HUNGARY

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passenger in our carriage who understood German and informed us when we had arrived at Xy.

One of us, seeing our host waiting on the platform, waved to him and called for porters. Our host, hurrying up, said, "There are no porters, and if you are not quick the train will go on."

We lost no time, but the train stopped only a few seconds, and had already started again when we went back to fetch the last bag. We tumbled this on to the line and bundled down after it ourselves, just in time, a bit ruffled, but comforted by the hope that our troubles were now at an end. We little dreamt that this was only the first of a series of amenities we were destined to experience during our stay in Hungary!

Our friend's place was situated in typical Hungarian country. All round cultivated fields, mostly of wheat and barley, extended to the horizon. There was almost the same tiresome uniformity in the landscape as in the South African *veldt*, save that it was relieved more frequently by trees, chiefly acacias, near villages and along roadsides. Like the *veldt*, the country is undulating, and has the deceptive appearance of being completely flat. But here are no *koppies* to break the line of vision travelling over the apparently limitless expanse.

Much of Hungary is occupied and cultivated by races other than Hungarian, who have immigrated in bygone decades and are now settled there. The village close to our friend's house was inhabited by Slovenians. They had built their substantial and clean-looking cottages along the banks of a hollow, an almost dry watercourse down which a trickle of water, indicating a stream, still flowed. Either by sparing existing trees or planting others, they had rendered the place quite pretty.

The village well, worked by a beam with chain pulley attached, was a facsimile of some we had seen in Kashmir.

The Slovenians are thick-set, clumsy-looking peasants, not

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nearly so attractive, either in appearance or dress, as any of the races whose acquaintance we had lately made, nor so bright and intelligent-looking as the Hungarians they live amongst. The women had very plain, homely faces, without the comparatively good looks we had noticed among their Slav sisters farther south.

They are reported to be better and steadier cultivators than are the Hungarian peasantry, whose special bent is more inclined to a pastoral than to an agricultural life. We were told that the proper place to study the pure-bred Hungarian peasant is the plains of the *puszta*, where as shepherds, herds-men, and stockriders, tending innumerable droves of horses, herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, they are seen in the environment which best suits them.

Before we went to Xy, we thought we should see a good deal of Hungarian life in the country at a distance of a score or two of miles from Budapest. But it was not so. Still, we came across some Hungarian peasants here, and the little goose-girls and boys with their charges, a feature of most villages in the plains of Hungary, are quite an interesting study.

Each flock of geese has an attendant, either a boy, in white bloomers, a little black jacket, and squash hat like those worn by little Boer boys—or a little girl, only to be distinguished as such by the difference of her bodice and the lack of covering on her head. The flocks of geese are all driven out to feed together, and are driven home again about the same time, but they never mix up. One goose is so much like another that it is astonishing how each little girl or boy can recognise at a glance the geese that belong to her or his particular flock. But, more wonderful still, the geese know their attendant's voice and obey it. It brings to one's mind Hans Andersen's fairy tales to see the geese, at a cry sounding like "piper, piper," waddling along after a little goose-girl, following her about like a pack of dogs.

These geese are to the Hungarian peasantry as great an



GOOSE GIRLS IN HUNGARY

The geese, which are bred for their feathers, are to the Hungarian peasant what the pig is to the Irish cottier. Each flock is tended by a girl or boy whose voice every goose knows and obeys.

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object of consideration as the pig, "the gentleman as pays the rint," is to the Irish cotter, but more sacred still, since they are not usually for sale. Indeed, we were told that it was very difficult to purchase one. Their function is to produce feathers to make into mattresses, which form the greater part of a peasant bride's dowry.

But, simple as all this sounds, Hungary is no Arcady like Montenegro, nor are these peasants Arcadians. A bad feature in their character is their propensity to petty theft. Our friend had so many of his poultry and eggs stolen by the peasants in the neighbourhood that he gave up poultry-keeping.

We went to see a village fête—some saint's day. The villagers round about had assembled near a church. On a green hard by were two or three booths where liquors, cakes, and sweets were dispensed, and a few large swings and a merry-go-round had been put up. But the great attraction was the dancing, going on, not on the green, which perhaps was not thought level enough, but on an open dusty space in the village, at the back of the inn. The musicians were, as everywhere in Hungary, gipsies, but habited very differently from the accepted idea of a gipsy's get-up. They were dressed in black coats and waistcoats, black ties, dark if not black trousers, relieved only by white collars and cuffs, not very clean. In fact, if their complexions had had an extra shading they would have been not unlike the corner men of a Christy Minstrel troupe. The character of the face, however, was Eastern, and, in consequence, their likeness to the Eurasian de Rozarios and de Souzas of India was rather striking.

But the peasant ladies at this fête! The marriageable girls were indeed a sight, all like inflated balloons; for it is *de rigueur* for each girl to dress herself out with petticoat after petticoat, their number being a sign of the wearer's well-to-do position. A village heiress will run to as many as twelve, one over the other, the starched print or muslin skirt worn over them standing out at an obtuse angle from what should be

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a waist! When a girl wishes to sit down, she must subside on to the ground in a squatting position, producing that elegant effect known to schoolgirls as "making a cheese."

The bodice was of some light-coloured print, with a cross-over muslin handkerchief and short sleeves. An apron of flowered print was also usually worn. The girls had their hair dragged back from the forehead and plaited in pigtails, which hung down behind and were completely swathed in gorgeous ribbons.

The married women wore a dress much the same, but with less inflation about the skirts. The elder ones had more sombre-coloured bodices and aprons. But the distinctive mark of the married state is the head-dress. The pigtail disappears, and the hair is covered by a cap, or a handkerchief tied over the head, fastened with a bow to appear like a mob cap.

The dance, needless to say, was the *csardas*, the Hungarian national dance, which is danced in couples. The men placed their hands on their partners' hips, the girls theirs on the men's shoulders. They remained in this position facing each other, performing a kind of double shuffle backwards and forwards, accompanied by a good deal of swinging of the hips. The measure was slow at first, but gradually worked up faster and faster till the starched skirts of the girls swung against each other, making a crackling noise like fireworks. At regular intervals the performers dipped down suddenly whilst continuing the shuffle and then recovered themselves sharply, the movement being much the same as that practised in some Russian national dances.

Partners did not keep hold of each other for the whole period, but sometimes separated, twirling round or setting towards each other before coming together again. Each dance was kept up for about twenty minutes or so, and, judging from the perspiration that streamed down the performers' faces, it appeared to be pretty strenuous exercise. On account of the nature of their chosen dancing ground the dancers were



CROATIAN WOMEN IN "POSHTEENS" OR SHEEPSKIN COATS



DANCING THE CSARDAS

The national dance is graceful and fascinating when well performed. Each dance is kept up for about twenty minutes, and goes on for hours with short intervals.

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sometimes quite enveloped in clouds of dust, but to this they appeared totally indifferent.

From the number of Slovenians taking part in it, the dance could not be taken as a good sample of the *csardas* at its best, but it was more funny to watch. Some of the couples, however, notably an ex-hussar and his partner, were executing the *csardas* more in the true Hungarian style.

The *csardas* is an essentially graceful and fascinating dance when performed by good dancers. The swaying motions which the Hungarian women know how to bring in are well calculated to show off the contours of their lithe, supple forms, and the swagger and dash which the male Hungarian throws into his part are elements which make this dance one rather captivating to the senses.

The performances go on for hours, with short intervals, the men at last getting so excited that they seize their partners by the waist and lift them high into the air, no doubt assisted by a simultaneous spring on their part.

As we were leaving, a scene occurred which left a very unfavourable impression. A drunken man, who looked like a disreputable tramp, started rushing about in the crowd, armed with a thick cudgel, chasing a woman, presumably his wife, cursing and threatening to do for her. The poor woman, who had a good-sized bundle to carry, was dodging him through the crowd, and eventually got away into shelter. What disgusted us was that no one attempted to interfere or to protect the unfortunate woman from his violence. To all appearance there was not a single policeman on duty at the spot.

The harmless-looking peasantry of this part are not quite so meek as they seem. We were told of a landowner in the vicinity who was obliged to call in police protection. He had tried to disperse a rain-cloud by firing charges of powder, to prevent damage to the ripening grapes in his vineyards. In consequence, his house was regularly laid siege to by enraged peasants who wanted rain. There was, however, some excuse

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for the peasants in this case. The summer had been exceptionally dry, and the crops, thin and poor, badly needed rain. In a very dry year, as in 1904, the Hungarian Government, anticipating scarcity, stops the export of certain food stuffs, notably potatoes.

Whilst at Xy our host, who was a bit of a wag, informed us that the local postmistress was a good specimen of Hungarian beauty and charm, so under pretext of purchase of stamps we went one day to see her. We found the lady a most forbidding-looking person of uncertain age, who brusquely informed us she was not going to sell us any stamps as we had come five minutes past her hours for sale. Our host, excusing himself for his little hoax, told us that this lady was a regular terror of the district, treating every one in the same rude and disobliging fashion.

Indeed, the petty officials generally of the country seem to consider themselves the masters of the public rather than public servants. This, of course, is not a fault confined to the petty officials of Hungary, but one or two experiences we had, particularly at the General Post Office at Pesth, led us to believe that nowhere does Jack-in-office behave more rampantly.

These considerations, together with the difficulty of getting about in a country where the officials will use no tongue but their own, probably deter a great many English who would otherwise visit the country and explore its beautiful interior.

Pesth is an undeniably fine city. Some of the mountainous parts of the country, such as the Tatra and Siebenburgen, vie with Switzerland as to scenery, and the Hungarians are by nature courteous and obliging. The class answering to our gentleman class are most taking. We heard an Austrian General, a Slav, holding forth on the subject of the qualities of ladies of different countries, and he gave the palm to Hungarian ladies as being at once accomplished *dames de salon* and excellent housewives.

The Catholic peasantry are very good-humoured and polite.

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never failing to greet one with the salutation, “*Decsertesék Jézus Krisztus*” (Christ be praised), the answer to which should be, “*Minderokhe amen*” (to all eternity), an answer which made us feel rather like early Christians when we had occasion to use it.

CHAPTER XIII

THE SPANISH BULL-FIGHT À LA MODE HONGROISE— TRAIN EXPERIENCES AFTER THE BULL-FIGHT

The arena—The bull!—Over the barrier—The matador—Return—A struggle for seats—Stifling carriages—The window question—The terrors of night travel in Hungary—An anxious time—Strained nerves—The climax—Desperate expedient—Safety.

A BULL-FIGHT is a spectacle not often to be witnessed outside Spain, and the Spanish bull-fight, as conducted in the Hungarian capital, had some special features that we think make it worth recording.

At every corner, as we walked the streets of Pesth, we came upon flaming posters depicting an infuriated bull madly charging a heroic *matador* standing calm and unmoved, prepared to receive his desperate onslaught or perish in the attempt. Attracted by these notices, we inquired of our host concerning this entertainment. He became animated, and his eyes twinkled as he enigmatically told us to ask no questions, but to go and see it.

So one evening found us at the *allot kertber*, the animals' garden, where the show was held. The arena was an immense erection built to accommodate some thousands of spectators. The large ring, which had a blaze of electric light concentrated upon it, was separated from the audience by a double barrier of wood. We slunk in rather guiltily and sought our places in the great arena. Disconcerting visions of disembowelled horses and maddened, tortured bulls, weltering in their gore, presented themselves to us. Were we to be aiders and abettors of such brutalities? We hedged with our consciences, and took end seats, so that we might escape with celerity should we be called on to witness such sights.

THE SPANISH BULL-FIGHT

The Spaniards in the ring made a brave show in their gay costumes. They were a fine, athletic lot of men. We had hardly taken our seats when a bell rang. A distinct hush fell upon the spectators, perhaps two thousand, distributed over the vast space, and then a barrier of the arena opened. With a thrill of anticipation we prepared to see the wild bull of Andalusia, red of nostril, blazing of eye, with great shaggy head lowered, charging blindly into the arena. But no! The bull of the poster has, like a Buddhist Mahatma, performed a transmigration of soul, and trots forth placidly under the guise of a black cow!

Nobody smiled; they all took it very seriously, the not very demonstrative multitude that was present. We also checked the rising laugh, for, after all, the cow was lean and agile; her horns were long, and probably as sharp as any bull's. We looked again at these appendages and saw that they were covered with pads or "buttons," as are the points of foils. So much the better for the horses, we thought.

But where were the horses? They were conspicuous by their absence. Instead of tragedy and bloodshed there was evidently going to be amusement, so we settled ourselves and prepared to laugh.

That cow was a demon to gallop, and could turn like a polo pony, quicker than any bull, giving the *banderilleros* and all who approached her a lively time. Hardly was the red mantle shaken when this very spry animal charged, and the flourisher hurried to the first barrier, over which he could spring into safety.

Excitement became pretty general when the cow, after a number of ineffectual rushes at disappearing tormentors, suddenly charged the barrier when in full pursuit and took it splendidly, alighting in the passage round the ring. If a bombshell had fallen in among them her gaily-dressed tormentors could not have cleared quicker back into the arena. One of their number, however, behind the cow, which could not turn in the narrow passage, soon goaded her on to more legitimate hunting-ground.

THE SPANISH BULL-FIGHT

After many unsuccessful attempts, a *chulo* at last succeeded in planting one of his little pricking darts, with its streaming ribbons, behind each of the shoulders of the cow, which plunged wildly. As they were affixed, there was much cheering on the part of the spectators, who saw that it required extreme fleetness of foot, accuracy of eye and hand, and dexterity to effect this feat with such an excessively active and quick animal.

Then came the *matador's* turn. With a slightly theatrical pose he prepared to show how the bull—cow, we mean—is caught by the horns as it charges, is wrestled with, forced upon its knees, and then by a sudden movement flung upon its side, in which position the *coup de grâce* can be delivered.

No killing was permitted here, and, unfortunately for the *matador*, his performance did not come off, for the cow eluded his grasp and instead knocked him over, digging her “buttoned” horns into the tender parts of his person whenever he attempted to rise, with most ludicrous effect, till her attention was drawn off by scandalised *banderilleros*. The *matador* rose stiffly and limped away, whilst the cow, being worked up and harried, exhausted herself by useless rushes; then the *matador* returned to the charge. Advancing with less hauteur and more caution, he succeeded in pinning her by the horns, forcing her to her knees, and then throwing her.

His dignity restored and his skill vindicated, the *matador* acknowledged the plaudits of the audience with an eloquent look, and springing aside, allowed the astonished and somewhat alarmed cow to get up again.

A door opened, and a tame bull with a bell attached trotted into the ring and led out the vanquished cow. The door then closed until the performers were ready for the next animal.

The performances do not vary greatly. Sometimes it is the *banderilleros* who are more to the fore with one animal, allowing it to rush right into the exasperating cloak before they spring aside to right or left and fly for the barrier. Sometimes it is the *chulos* who, unprotected, run for the bull, and grazing past his nose, leave their little darts planted in

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his body. Now and again it is a youthful and athletic *espada* who, enraging the animal with his arms and cries, meets its onward rush with a little run forward, and then, as the beast is literally upon him, springs in the air and leaps clean over it, landing safely somewhere in the animal's rear, a feat that must require considerable nerve and accuracy of judgment, to say nothing of agility.

Five or six animals were brought in succession. One of these was a real Spanish bull, but, alas for his reputation, the climate had not agreed with him ; he stood dazed and spiritless. In the end he lowered his horns, pawing the ground and lashing his tail, as he was gradually worked up to desperation by those dreadful red rags flourished before his eyes. In spite of all this show of anger, he made no more than the merest pretence of a charge, and presently the exhausted *banderilleros* gave it up and sent him back ignominiously.

In the exhibition we witnessed the performers showed much skill and dexterity, but the performance was not a Spanish bull-fight.

We had come into Budapest in the afternoon and had to return by the last train to Xy. On arrival at the station, our first care was to repair to the ticket office. "But why not have taken return tickets?" For the simple reason that there are no such things in Hungary. We found the sheep-pen of a waiting-room full of patient figures. It was as quiet as an English waiting-room. A Hungarian assemblage is not noisy when the vociferous Teuton element is not present.

As it only wanted two minutes of the time for starting, we made direct for the functionary who guarded the glass portals of exit and mentioned our station, trusting he would let us through. But we were waved back and had to wait. When released, we joined in the throng scrambling for carriages, making blindly for the nearest train and trusting it was ours, for there was none to direct us. Gaining a carriage we wandered from one full compartment to another, for the quiet figures of the waiting-room had all hustled and fought their

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way to seats. It was something like a game of general post; but at last we found two vacant places, and dropped into them just in time.

An attempt to inquire of our fellow-passengers whether we were in the right train elicited a "*yah, yah,*" from one gentleman who seemed to be the only one who understood German. Officials were as usual not to be seen.

The atmosphere was stifling. Our carriage had evidently been left baking in the sun all day and had not yet cooled down. All the windows were shut tight, and there was the full complement of eight people, several perspiring visibly. We looked at them and then at the windows, and rose to struggle with the one nearest us. Straining and pulling, we got it to rattle as if in protest, but no more. Our fellow-passengers looked on at this rash attempt to open a carriage window—and at night too—with a sort of surprised wonder, which changed to satisfaction at our ill-success. And as we sat down again, one individual in the farther corner by the corridor, stretched out his hand, and taking hold of the sliding door, closed that too! This was indeed a counterblast; but we had learned it was of no use to take up the gage of battle. We, like the Spanish bull, prudently ignored the red rag of irritation. We waited patiently for the train by its motion to send us a little air through the small ventilators over the doors.

The train, however, did not start. Fifteen, twenty minutes passed, still there was no sign. The doors of our old sheep-pen opened more than once, and passengers streamed out and entered carriages of other trains which steamed gaily away. Our fellow-passengers seemed to take the detention as a matter of course. Some were slumbering, but we could not take it so philosophically. Many anxious doubts assailed us, but there was nothing we could do but hope for the best.

Just *forty-five* minutes past the advertised time, there was a sudden jerk and wrench, a distant panting, and with groans from the archaic rolling stock, we were at last under weigh. The atmosphere now became more bearable, but at



MAJOR PERCY HENDERSON

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the next station we lost the one passenger who could *yah, yah*, his reply to our questions. This was a sad loss, for we were depending on him to tell us when we arrived at our destination. We could not find out the names of the stations, for the night was dark, and neither signboards nor officials could be seen. Our train in the day-time had made five stoppages between Xy and Pesth. This was a clue, but insufficient, for some trains stopped only at four stations, we had been told, some at three, and the times occupied by the different trains all varied. We turned to our tickets, thinking perhaps a perusal of these might help; but on them there was *no* Xy, and the names of other stations were given to the number of *nine*. Could we have come by the wrong train after all? We turned the tickets over. On the reverse side was the following cabalistic legend: "*Oly vonatokhoz melyeken a szomszedos forgalmujegyek érvény telenek*"—words which seemed of menacing import, something of the "mene, mene, tekel, upharsin" order. Visions of trouble flashed across our imaginations, and once more we had recourse to our fellow-passengers for help, making inquiries in German, and often repeating the name of Xy. One shook his head, another flooded us with long Hungarian words, and we got no intelligible reply till a friendly Hungarian at last divined our dilemma and handed us a time-table. It was in Hungarian, but that was a trifle. We soon found that the last train was timed to reach Xy in an hour. Ordinarily, therefore, the train would arrive at eleven, but as our train had not started till 10.45, we would reach our destination at 11.45 p.m.

At 11.41 we reached a station. This did not fit in with the time-table. Still might it not be Xy? No one could say. One person thought it was. We, however, thought the odds were against it, and sat tight. After we had moved off, the passenger who had made us understand he thought it Xy, continued to air this opinion with most "damnable iteration." The strain of the situation was intolerable, and at the next station we leaped the carriage and hurried up the line calling

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out, "Is this Xy? Is this Xy?" The manœuvre was a complete failure. Vacant faces looked at us from the carriage windows, and nobody troubled to reply.

With a questioning glance at each other, we altered our tactics and separated. One flew down the line, one up, in quest of some railway functionary, or signboard, or a station, for even the latter was not visible from the point the train had stopped at. At this juncture the train started again, and we were left stumbling along the railway line in pitch darkness.

We went in search of the station platform, but before we reached it, an old man with a lantern approached, sent by our host to meet us, and we found to our relief we were indeed at Xy. Had we been impulsive foreigners we should have fallen upon that old man's neck. As we were not, we relieved our feelings by grumbling that he had not shown himself earlier.

CHAPTER XIV

THE HUNGARIAN CAPITAL

Entertaining guide-book—Some descriptions after the style of Mr. “Jabberjee”—A “swear place”—No world language of use—The *Stadt Waldchen*—The Matthias Church—The *Fischer Bastei*—The *Schwab hégy* (Swabians’ Park)—Margaret Island—The mausoleum of Gul Baba—A florid panegyric.

A GREAT deal of our short time in Hungary was occupied in running backwards and forwards to and from Pesth ; and before leaving we also spent some days there.

The sights of the capital are described in the ordinary guide-books, and in one which, written in Hungarian, contains a translation in English as she is spoke. Into the peculiarities of the translation we need not enter, but we found more than one statement which may be set down here. It was interesting to learn that Budapest possessed a “swear place” ! This might be a convenient spot for foreign visitors to repair to when they wish to give vent to their feelings in regard to various little matters that try their tempers : such, for instance, as the impossibility of finding any native tramway conductor, cabman, or policeman who understands any of the world languages that pass current all over the rest of Europe ; the Jack-n-office ways of the petty Hungarian officials, especially those connected with the post-office ; the happy-go-lucky system on which the railways are managed, and the impossibility of escaping the shadow of the Israelite.

The Hungarians will never make their fine capital the cosmopolitan resort they are credited with desiring it to be until they realise that visitors will never have the time or patience to study their intricate tongue, with its words an ell long, stuffed full of consonants—never used outside Hungary,

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and there only by a few million souls. The petty officials, at all events, should be obliged to be conversant with one of the world languages. Public and railway notices should be printed in one of these as well as in Hungarian. What unfortunate strangers could be expected to master a language that contains, for instance, a word like the following—*Legmegvesztegethetetlenebbeknek*, a word meaning, we were told, “the most incorruptible of men”?

German would seem to be the most natural language to adopt as the secondary one, and many of the people know it, but won't use it, as this tongue is, in present circumstances, *anathema* throughout Hungary.

To revert to our guide-book. As Britons we were gratified to hear that “The chain bridge (Tierney Clark's bridge, completed in 1849) enjoys universal renown for the sake of its structure,” as it was projected and executed by two English brothers. On this account, too, we were not sorry that the Austrian colonel who tried to blow up this bridge at the time of the Hungarian revolt in 1849, blew himself up instead of the bridge.

The book did no more than justice to the *Stadt Waldchen*, or Town Park, though the description was a trifle mazy to follow; it belauded the luxurious splendour of the Hungarian Hotel, and the exquisite comfort there provided for guests, and it instructed the tourist how he should proceed “to lionise at full speed.” The selection of sights most worth seeing, however, rather suggested that the writer of the book scarcely appreciated the best he had to show. He describes, among many other objects, two churches and a synagogue, but makes no mention of the gem of all the ecclesiastical edifices in Budapest, the Matthias Church in Buda. This is a splendid structure, with an interior in the Moorish style of architecture, and bears a strange resemblance to a Mahomedan mosque, but is more richly and more artistically decorated. Its lofty and delicately pointed towers, and the blend of colours in the tiles of the roof, render its exterior equally imposing. Our Hungarian writer

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made no mention of that splendid architectural masterpiece the *Fischer Bastei*! quite an artistic wonder, with its Gothic towers, walls, and terraces; nor did he invite attention to the fine park of the *Schwab hégy*, situated on the heights behind Buda, a finer and more extensive park, and in a more splendid situation than is possessed by perhaps any other capital in Europe, and having this additional charm that it is either quite natural or so designed as to look so, with wide open spaces covered with grass or bracken, and undulating downs dotted with trees in little clumps, alternating with copses and woodland spinnies.

Margitsziget, or Margaret Island, was also left unnamed. This is a well-known sight, of course, and it surpassed all we had heard of it. The Hungarians have made it a delightful woodland retreat for a summer day. On gaining it from the Margit Bridge, a quaint one-horse tramcar took us along a narrow line laid through a beautiful little woodland glade, and deposited us near one of the two cafés where a crack gipsy band was discoursing selections of Hungarian and other music. These two café restaurants are in connection with two hotels, one small, one bigger, built for the accommodation of those taking the baths at the bath establishment there.

Another place ignored by our guide-book was the ancient mosque mausoleum of the Mahommedan saint, Gul Baba. This tomb is one of great historical interest, for it is the last remaining monument of the time when the Turk was the ruler of Hungary and his victorious armies menaced Vienna, a time it is now difficult to believe was so recent as the seventeenth century. After Budapest had been evacuated by the Turks a special clause was inserted in the Treaty of Carloqitz (1699), providing that Hungary should respect and preserve intact this tomb in perpetuity.

Gul Baba was a saint of such renown that his tomb is still a place of pilgrimage for Mahommedans from all parts. To reach it we crossed the Margit Bridge to the Buda side, and then made our way to the *Mesket Utcza* (Mosque Street), three or four hundred yards beyond the bridge. Going up this

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street we saw in front of us a building with small dome-like towers which, in the absence of anything more mosque-like, we took to be the mosque itself, and so steered for it. It was surrounded by a garden, the gate of which was closed, and there appeared to be no means of getting in. On our ringing, however, at an adjoining house to the left of the gate, a woman appeared, and on understanding what we wanted, put us under the guidance of two small girls, who unlocked the garden gate and passed us on to the care of the gardener. He took us through some passages of the building we had previously thought might be the mosque, to the mosque itself, which stands in an enclosed courtyard of the former edifice, which we were told was a private house.

The saint's mausoleum is very plainly built of stone. Under the centre of the flooring is the holy man's sepulchre. A picture or two, evidently executed by Eastern artists, of Constantinople and Mecca, some Turkish manuscripts, and a piece of worked muslin were shown us, these being, together with the tomb itself, the sole last poor souvenirs of the Turkish occupation.

A book in which European visitors and Mahomedan pilgrims who have come to visit the shrine from countries even so far off as India, have inscribed their names, was also shown us. The number of European names during the last few years was remarkably small.

The Hungarians have built their King a very handsome and extensive palace on the Buda side of the river. It rather amused us to find that, though elaborate photos of this building could be bought in any shop, a palace flunkey, as he appeared to be, sternly forbade a snapshot of the building. The snapshot was taken all the same, and a second on the terrace gardens of the palace, from which a fine view over the Danube is to be had.

PART IV

**FURTHER TRAVELS AND EXPERIENCES
IN BOSNIA**

CHAPTER XV

THE RETURN TO BOSNIA—BANJALUKA

A Hungarian express—A hunt for places—A useful guard—Jack and yes—Over the Una—Tragic end of a traitor—Turkish railway—The plain of the Vrbas—Arrival at Banjaluka—Resemblance to up-country Indian station—Hotels—Trappist monastery—Fly-fishing—The Trappist brothers—Trappist cheese and ale—Origin of the Ferhadija Mosque—Banjaluka's troublous history—Survival of an Eastern custom.

OUR last experience of railway travelling in Hungary confirmed the poor opinion we had formed of Hungarian railway management. We were to travel by "express" train by night, and, reaching the station in good time, we had our heavy luggage weighed, and confided our small effects to a porter, that they might be placed in the carriage by which we should travel. We were, as usual, kept in the waiting-room, and when at length we were allowed on the platform, we found that the porter had done nothing for us. All the carriages were full, and we, with other travellers, had to follow a tall man in uniform who searched for seats. No vacant place could be found, but an extra carriage was provided, into which we jumped, securing corner seats. The porter brought our small luggage and demanded payment. The crown (10½d.) he received did not satisfy him, and to still his grumbling we gave him more.

In the same carriage with us were an extravagantly demonstrative German couple and their child, seven years old. The parents, regardless of spectators, displayed their fondness all night long, varying this form of indulgence with the consumption of stores produced from a basket which seemed as inexhaustible as the widow's cruse. From their devotedness to

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each other we gained this advantage, that neither of them took any notice of our having opened the windows.

Before it became quite dark we saw something of the country we were passing through. It was an undulating, cultivated plain, like that in the neighbourhood of Xy; but we noticed a range of hills on the sky-line in the direction from which we were going, and a curious feature, reminding us of Holland, was the number of windmills, which gave a picturesque touch to the otherwise unvarying monotony. The country was looking very parched owing to the rainless summer. Though it was only the 26th of June, the majority of the crops were already reaped.

From our railway time-table it appeared we had to change at Zagrab (Agram) for Banjaluka, our destination. The guard of our train, however, insisted we must change at a place with a name sounding like "Jack and yes."

We referred to the time-table again. "Jack and yes" we made out to be "Gyekenyes," reached two hours before Zagrab and having no connection with Banjaluka. We decided, therefore, that we knew better than the guard, and when he flung open the door on arrival at Gyekenyes and told us we must change, we murmured "Jack and no," and sat tight. Fortunately we were justified by the result.

At Zagrab, better known by its Austrian name of Agram, reached at 1.36 p.m., it was a treat to find polite and intelligent railway officials, speaking and understanding German well. An obliging porter took charge of our luggage for the twenty minutes we were here, and put it later in the Banjaluka train for half the sum Number 29 at Budapest had declared inadequate.

In the next train we had a carriage all to ourselves, and settled down to peaceful repose. When we awoke in the morning after a refreshing sleep, on either side of us were the green fields, the wooded hills, the white cottage-houses with their big extinguisher roofs, and the pleasant streams of Bosnia. It came to us as a welcome sight to see again all these,

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and the country lanes and hedges, with their stiles, dividing the green pastures as in old England.

To get into Bosnia again we crossed the Una, one of the beautiful rivers of that country, here spanned by a bridge built by the French Marshal Marmont about a hundred years ago. At this spot is the twin town of Kostajnica, on either bank of the river, like the twin towns of Brod where the railway crossed the Save. One town of Kostajnica is Croatian and Catholic, the other is Bosnian with a semi-Mahommedan population, both peoples speaking the same language.

Between these two towns and their inhabitants, though only separated by a small river, except in the matter of language, there is a greater difference than between the towns and inhabitants of Dover and Calais. As regards appearance, the Bosnian Kostajnica, with its little Turkish houses and its minarets, is more picturesque than its Catholic namesake.

There is an island in the Una just here with a story attached. The ruins on it are those of an old castle in which a certain Count Katzianer, who had been imprisoned in Vienna for traitorous dealings with the Turks, and had escaped, was given refuge by the Hungarian owner of the castle, Count Zrinyi. Undeterred by the lesson he had had, or by feelings of gratitude to the man who had given him an asylum, this worthy entered into a fresh intrigue with the Turks to deliver the castle into their hands. Count Zrinyi found out the plot in time, and gave a great banquet, to which Katzianer and all his friends and adherents were bidden. Having thus got the whole gang of traitors together, he fell upon them with his men, slew them, and threw their bodies into the Una.

Doberlin is reached shortly after. In 1860 the Turks in a spasm of energy laid down the railway from here to Banjaluka. The then reigning Sultan of Turkey got a project into his head of having a line laid through Bosnia and Western Turkey to Saloniki in the Levant. The line was commenced from both ends. Of this great railway project only a small portion at either end was ever completed, namely, this section between

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Doberlin and Banjaluka and the other section from Saloniki to Metrovic. The Austrians have now filled up a considerable portion of this gap by their railway from Jajce to Sarajevo (besides the alternate line *via* Brod). Latterly they have continued the work by constructing a line from Sarajevo over the Turkish border to Plevlje in Novi Bazar.

To Doberlin comes much wood, floated down the Sana and Una Rivers from the forests of Bosnia, to be sawn up in mills here. We came to the Sana River two stations after leaving Doberlin, at a place called Novi, where the junction of the Sana with the Una is effected. Blagaj, the next station, is a very picturesque spot, with the ruins of a castle, formerly the abode of Kings of Bosnia. The next station of interest, reached at 8.42, is Prijedor, which seemed to be a fair-sized town as towns go in Bosnia. Here the local administration started a model poultry-farm from which the peasant farmers could obtain eggs and young birds. Horse shows are held at Prijedor, and races are also got up by the Administration, who give awards and prizes for the encouragement of the peasant breeders. At Ivanjska there is a Franciscan monastery and the ruined castle of Ivangrad. The whole line, indeed, from Doberlin to Banjaluka runs through most charming and typical Bosnian scenery.

At Dragočaj we first sighted the Vrbas, peacefully flowing through green pastures, bordered by willows, true to its name of the willow stream. Here the Banjaluka plain begins to open out, and we caught fleeting glimpses of the Trappist monastery, "Maria Stern," lying on the opposite bank of the river, of the Convent of Nazareth on the right side of the line, and farther along, of the Franciscan monastery Petricevac, before reaching Banjaluka itself at eleven o'clock in the morning.

Banjaluka is a pretty and simple little country town, very nicely laid out, having several beautiful long avenues and boulevards, in one at least of which one can walk for a mile in the shade on the hottest day.

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This part of Banjaluka has been added to the old Mahomedan town, which is also very small. Where the former ends the latter begins, leading through the Bazaar and market-place past the very fine Ferhadija Mosque to the old Mahomedan quarter, which, with its prolongation, the suburb of Gornji Scher, extends along both banks of the Vrbas, here forming something of a defile. This spot, an especially beautiful one, we did not chance upon until leaving, for hotel-keepers, guides, and even travellers all united in telling us there was nothing to be seen in Banjaluka.

The town is in a fine open situation in the middle of a plain. We found the air there comparatively cool and fresh at a time when, in other Bosnian towns, situated in valleys, the atmosphere would have been close and oppressive and muggy.

It has some resemblance to a small up-country Indian station, with its detached houses surrounded by gardens and shops, almost altogether kept by natives. Few and far between are those that in India we could call "Europe" shops, and as in India, these are stocked to supply only the very simplest requirements, as we found to our cost. Having had the misfortune to run short of spools, we searched from one end of Banjaluka to the other for a shop supplying photographic materials, but our quest was vain.

There are two hotels, the Bosna and the Austria. Of these the Bosna is slightly the larger; but it was full, and so we had recourse to the Austria, which we found quite clean and comfortable, and remarkably moderate. Mine host was a most obliging man, anxious to give us all information and assistance possible; but though Banjaluka was his native town, and surely deserved better of him, in common with every one else he joined in the chorus of depreciation, and assured us it held nothing to see.

It was a novel experience indeed to find a landlord running down the attractions of his own town against his own interest. Diogenes would not have needed his lantern at Banjaluka.

Nevertheless, undeterred by our landlord's pronouncement,

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we set out to see what we could discover, and directed our steps first to the Trappist Monastery of Maria Stern. The common or garden picture postcard presentment of this place, which we bought copies of on the way, was not encouraging, but we persevered. After leaving the shady boulevards of the town, we got into country bare of trees, and found the way long and the sun very hot; also we grew desperately thirsty. Just in the nick of time, we fell in with a little wayside inn and bowling alley. Here we were served with the only liquid refreshment dispensed, brewed at the monastery, namely, ice-cold Trappist beer, something like Pilsener, in *schoppens*, at a penny the *schoppen*. We came in sight of the monastery round the next turning, a very long, white building, quite plain, with a small spire in the centre. This was the view that had been taken for the aforesaid picture postcard, and it was not until we had approached close to the monastery that the real loveliness of the scene suddenly disclosed itself. This lay not in the monastery, but in the surroundings. We might have expected it would be so, for our experience had taught us that monks invariably select sites for their monasteries with a wonderful eye to scenery.

Upon the farther bank of the river lay the monastery, with thick woods stretching away to its right, behind them green-clad hills, and between us and it the emerald waters of the Vrbas, with a little mill beside the monastery, and right across the river a great dam, over which the waters poured in a foaming white line, the whole scene reduplicated by the reflection that glittered in the water, clear as the picture itself.

The near banks ran steep to the Vrbas beneath us, and weeping willows swept its surface. Under the shade of these, some fly-fishers were whipping the stream at a spot that looked a suitable one for the practice of the gentle art.

The means by which to cross to the monastery were not at once apparent, but farther down the stream to the left we came on a rope ferry, a substantial affair designed for the

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purpose of transporting wagons or carriages and horses without unharnessing and without delay.

As we were crossing we saw the brothers coming in from a walk. They filed past in a long procession, walking silently with bent heads, and disappeared inside the walls. It was a saint's day and a holiday, an occasion on which no one is shown over the monastery. On working days male visitors are permitted to enter and see the brothers pursuing their various occupations, but on no occasion is the fair sex admitted.

There are two hundred and fifty brothers in this retreat belonging to the Trappist Order, the severest Order of all in which the vow of silence is taken, speech being only permitted on absolutely necessary occasions. Besides this, they chasten the flesh more severely than any other monkish fraternity, digging their own graves, toiling hard all day, subsisting on a scant vegetable diet, and sleeping on the bare floor at night without a change of clothes.

Any one professing the Roman Catholic faith can become a Trappist, but he must certify he has no one dependent on him. The novice is allowed a certain time of probation, after which he can no longer change his mind.

These silent brothers are very hard-working, and do much good. They maintain a large number of orphan children, work spinning and saw-mills, brew an excellent light beer, and manufacture a cheese which is famous all over Austria.

We left the monastery, returned to the town, and made our way to the large mosque called the Ferhadija after him of that name, who was one time Pasha of Bosnia. In 1575 this Ferhadija defeated the Austrians under General Count Anersperg. The General fell, and his son Engelbert was taken captive by the Pasha, and the expenses of building this mosque were said to have been defrayed from the ransom demanded and received for the young Count's release. This mosque has an especially beautiful fountain. Here is the town market, and near it the old castle, whose

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walls and earthworks stretch down to the Vrbas, cutting the town in two.

The history of Banjaluka is the history of the Turkish invasions of Europe persistently carried on century after century. In this neighbourhood in 1527, in 1688, and again in 1737, there were bloody battles between Austrians and Hungarians on the one side, and Turks on the other. In 1575 the Austrians suffered the signal defeat at the hands of Ferhadija already referred to.

The stock sights of Banjaluka are the big mosque and a tobacco factory. Peculiar to Banjaluka are the variety and richness of the costumes worn by the peasant women when they come into town on market days. Sundays and holidays, the colouring and detail of these dresses are more brilliant and bizarre here in the north of Bosnia even than in the south. We noticed that aprons worn by the women seemed all to be worn at the *back*, and the ornamentation of their head-dresses had got very much to the back too.

We had tried the Austria hotel for lunch, and we now went over to the Bosna for dinner. There was little to choose between the two. In both cases we were served outside. In both attendance was poor, the fare not bad, but the wine very indifferent.

When we returned to the Hotel Austria, a string band was performing, and we sat outside listening to it and drinking black coffee.

My host presently put in an appearance and inquired whether the *Herrschaften* wished to go by the diligence, or would like a private carriage to go on to Jajce; one had just come in from the latter place that would have to return, and the driver had expressed his willingness to take seven *gulden* as his fare (about twelve shillings). We agreed at once, and the driver, a Mahommedan youth, was fetched and requested by our landlord to hand over a deposit of five *kronen* to us, as earnest money in token of ratification of the bargain.

This is a truly Eastern custom, evidently in use here, for it

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was completely understood by the driver ; but we did not come across any other instance of it in Bosnia.

A diligence plies daily from Banjaluka to Jajce, leaving the former at twelve noon in order to suit the needs of railway passengers from the north desiring to go straight on.

CHAPTER XVI

THE DRIVE FROM BANJALUKA TO JAJCE—JAJCE

Gornji-Seher—A Roman bath—The Tjesno Gorge—A walled-in route—Turkish driver's vagaries—Bosnian granaries—The ruins of Zvečaj and Krupa—Through a forest defile—The half-way house—The ruined castle of Bocac—A haunt of large game—Skilful engineering of the road—Arrival at Jajce—A picture spot of Europe—Splendid falls—The scene by moonlight—Jajce's romantic past—Skeleton of the last King—His terrible fate—Costumes—Unique cave temple—A chamber of horrors—The *campanile* of Saint Luke—Legend of his remains—Hotel accommodation.

FROM Banjaluka to Jajce is a forty-mile journey, and one is supposed to be able to make it in seven hours, allowing for a halt of an hour or so. We had risen early and explored Banjaluka town a second time, besides laying in a large stock of cherries as some provision against thirst on the way.

After leaving the Mahommedan quarter of the town, we came upon the charming suburb of Gornji-Seher, and were quite surprised by its beauty, after the constant assurances made to us that Banjaluka held nothing worth seeing. Pretty little Turkish houses, surrounded by gardens and a wealth of trees, sweep down on either side the shallow defile to the very edges of the Vrbas, that here pursues a tortuous course. A descent to the water's edge is well rewarded by the scene that meets the eye. The natural beauties are quite unspoiled, the work of the hand of man being visible only in glimpses of some tiny minaret or little white villa, half hidden amongst the foliage.

We reached a large iron bridge leading over to the right bank of the river, and stopped to water the horses. Here the

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old Romans had constructed a bath, the ruins of which are still visible. A small modern bathing establishment has taken its place. The temperature of the water is only warm, not hot, much lower than the temperature of the Ilidže spring near Sarajevo.

Near at hand is a grassy plot with a stone marking the spot where Suleiman the Magnificent, marching past to attack Vienna, is said to have alighted from his horse and prayed for victory.

Across the bridge the valley opened out, and our road ran through cultivated fields, with few trees or houses visible. Reaching the second bridge, also iron, we returned to the left bank, and leaving the stream, made direct for a line of massive cliffs that appeared to bar the valley. Suddenly the road made a sharp bend almost at right angles, and we found ourselves heading up a narrow chasm-like defile, a veritable cleft in the rocks, down which foamed the Vrbas, now in the character of a mountain torrent.

This river, racing along confined between stony barriers, now narrow, silent, deep, and dangerous, now leaping from boulder to boulder, foaming and roaring, a series of rapids and cascades, here broadening into noisy shallows and tearing round the bends, is seldom lost sight of from the road.

The road, in places cut like a ledge out of the rocky wall, in other places banked up high above the rapids beneath, hewing its way through ramparts of rock, carried in curves between massive boulders, or running under the shelter of giant trees, preserves always the same level. In its way it is as fine a piece of engineering perhaps as the road over which we travelled to Cetinje.

We plunged into the defile, closed in on the one side by precipitous rocks, on the other by equally precipitous tree-clad hills running sheer to the water's edge. It was not yet noon, and the gorge was half in shadow.

Swinging sharply round edges and curves, we passed from this to the still narrower and gloomier pass of the Tjesno Gorge.

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Here the cliffs on either side, closely approaching, rise to a height of from 600 to 1000 feet, in places almost shutting out the light ; whilst the air is as cool as that of a cellar. Below, the Vrbas flows treacherously swift, dark and sullen. The beat of our horses' hoofs on the hard, white, level road, and the distant roar of the rapids are the only sounds that break the silence.

This is the most striking of all the defiles, though some of the broader ones that follow are grand in their way. Some are lined with glittering needle-pointed crags and over-hanging boulders, some with green hills clothed with splendid forests. The steep mountain-sides enclosing the narrow defiles present an infinite variety of contour, now appearing as wild towering cliffs, again assuming the shape of great jutting bastions. Every turn of road and river reveals a fresh picture.

Then for long stretches we had to endure the full glare of the sun. Our youthful Mahommedan driver threw the reins upon the horses' backs and, twisting in his seat, sat with his legs dangling over the side, sometimes staring at us, sometimes breaking into loud and tuneless snatches of song. As the sun got still hotter, he produced and opened a huge Mother Gamp of red cotton umbrella, with a side glance at us to see whether we were duly impressed by it. At times he fumbled in his capacious trousers pockets for cigarettes, and smoked, but ever and anon relapsed into his noisy *obbligato*. The route is little frequented. We passed no one save goat and cattle herds high up on the hillsides tending their flocks.

The ponies went well. Poor tumble-down, dilapidated little animals they had looked in the morning, standing with bent heads and knock knees, smothered under heavy numdahs of dirty white ; ponies that might fall to pieces at the joints if taken too far or driven too carelessly. If by any chance it happened that they slowed down, the driver desisted from his other amusements at once and, seizing reins and whip, bent over and flicked them sharply with little quick cuts till they broke into a furious gallop, and we spun along the edges of

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precipices and threaded between boulders, the Turk boy holding on by his eyelids, and hauling back as if we were being run away with.

Water-troughs were numerous along the road, water being led by hollowed-out tree-trunks cut in half, or leaping straight from the rocks above. For the wayfarer there was always a tiny hollowed-out wooden tube. For animals water is led by separate channels straight into stone basins or wooden troughs, when the overflow drips away under the road. At every one of these we stopped ; either the horses wanted watering or the boy was thirsty.

Sometimes we came upon a water-mill on the Vrbas, with a big wheel whirling and throwing off the water, which splashed merrily and glittered in the sun. Oftener it was the usual type of Bosnian mill, a box-like hut raised high on piles above the stream, with its small solid wheels turning horizontally under the water.

There are few houses along this road. Bosnian villages can seldom be seen from the road ; a relic of the old times when to be hidden was the only chance of being safe. Now and again we passed two or three homesteads, the peculiar construction of whose granaries attracted our attention. These were quaint-looking objects made of osiers closely plaited and shaped like large elongated cradles set up on legs and covered with a sort of lid.

There are several ruined castles along this route, but only two villages of importance. The first ruin we passed was perched amongst the crags of the wildest part of the Vrbas Gorge, that of Zvecaj, about which all that local tradition can say is that it was supposed to have been a seat of the famous Duke Hrvoja. Of the ruin itself, which dates from the fifteenth century, scarcely anything remains.

The first village is that of Krupa, fifteen miles from Banjaluka. On a great serrated spur, bare and dark, the ruins of another castle are plainly outlined against the sky ; a castle with an unknown past. Once this must have been a

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place of considerable importance; for, close by, an old bridge appears to have existed, where now a timber bridge spans the Vrbas. The village lies on a small plain at the meeting of many ways. The holiday dress of the female inhabitants is remarkable for the profusion of coins which bedeck head, arms, and neck.

Leaving Krupa, the road pursues its course along the slopes of forest-clad hills presenting a great variety of arboreal growth. Beech, walnut, wild cherry, fig, mulberry, acacia, were all intermingled in most admired confusion, extending down the steep bank to the very water's edge, where their branches swept the surface of the hurrying Vrbas.

If the Tjesno Gorge and the early part of the Vrbas defiles are the grandest bits along the road, this part is perhaps the most beautiful.

After some miles of this wooded scenery, where the road passed round bend after bend, we emerged into an open cultivated valley which seemed barred by a massive craggy spur round the base of which the road made an almost complete circuit. On the other side of this great spur lies Bocac, the village where the half-way house is situated. Here we were to halt and have lunch whilst the horses and driver got two hours' rest.

On the crest of the height we had been circling round, stands a large castle in ruins, of which no history survives. Krupa and Bocac stand as pathetic witnesses of a time whose chronicles are unsung and almost unknown—when Bosnia had its chivalry, knights and ladies, dukes and duchesses, great prelates, a court, a king, and all the dignity of State as in other Christian countries.

Beyond the ruin of what must have been a noble castle appears a modern wooden mosque, sign manual of the destroying Turkish hordes, who like a deluge swept over the land, blotting out almost all record of the earlier time.

At the half-way house or inn, our lunch, or midday meal, served to us half-an-hour after our arrival, surprised us by its

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comparative excellence. It consisted of roast fowl, salad, sweet omelette, Emmenthaler cheese, black coffee. The white wine of Hercegovina that accompanied it was distinctly superior. Our driver on his part, having gulped his own meal, and thrown down some grass and oats before the horses, spent the remainder of his time gambling with an acquaintance in the porch.

We started again at half-past three, and entering a fresh gorge, got once more into deep shade thrown across the path by the precipitous hills that rose as barriers on either hand.

The Vrbas had again assumed its torrential character, and the banks of the defile were now wooded, now naked rock. Here the Crna Rjeka, or Black River, rushes into the Vrbas through a narrow ravine very similar to a glen in the Scottish Highlands. Farther on, the mountain stream Ugar joins the Vrbas through a still wilder glen, said to be a favourite haunt of large game.

The next gorge differed in some points from those we had passed. Its curves and bends assumed more the nature of short zigzags, but so directed that a long vista down the defile presented itself. At the end appeared the sunlit valley into which we were to find an outlet. Always it seemed to us we were nearing the exit, and just about to emerge, but still we found turn after turn remaining to be negotiated.

The driver had resumed alternately his smoke and his song, and still punctuated the way with hurried descents after water, quaffing thirstily from wayside springs.

Our bony little ponies kept on as steadily as before, with no signs of flagging. At the very end of the gorge we found ourselves confronted with solid ramparts of rock descending sheer to the river-bed on either side and threatening to make passage from the road impossible. However, in these days of science, nature proposes, and man disposes. Three tunnels, following close one upon another, the last the longest, and lighted half-way by a lantern, carry the road through the heart of the encroaching cliffs. Even then the engineers' difficulties were not ended. The tunnel gives on to the river itself, so

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that a broad iron bridge has had to be constructed from its very mouth to the farther bank of the Vrbas.

The gorges were now all left behind and the road lay again in the sunlight, running through what by contrast passes as a plain. Houses were visible, the village of Podmiljacka, and above the road on our left stood the little ancient Franciscan church of St. Ivo.

A mounted Mahomedan passed us, his veiled female belongings following, riding astride, the hindermost woman with pannier baskets slung on each side of her steed, no doubt containing the family impedimenta.

Our youthful Jehu, who had been for a space behaving fairly soberly, now, suddenly aroused to the fact that we were nearing Jajce, commenced to belabour the ponies furiously. They broke into a mad gallop, our chariot swaying from side to side. The youth's proceedings did not take us by surprise; this idea of making a sensational entry into a town was so truly Eastern and so familiar.

We were not without excitement, but for another reason. Jajce, with its little Turkish houses climbing up the slopes of the hill, castle-crowned, with its old crenellated town walls running down its sides to the river—Jajce, otherwise known as the "Pearl of Bosnia," had just come into view.

The road began to mount somewhat, houses showed on each side of it, and soon we came to the commencement of the usual bazaar, the chief feature in all these little Turkish towns, with small wooden shops, where their Mahomedan owners sit cross-legged in the midst of their wares. Fruit shops abounded, with many fruits and different kinds of grain, all set out in little baskets, amongst which the buyers had to pick their way. The road then ran through an archway, the entrance into the old town under its ancient crenellated walls. The street is narrower here, and through the crowds frequenting it we clattered in great style. Then turning at right angles up a lane no broader than the carriage itself, we passed under the very eaves of a picturesque Turkish house and

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abruptly pulled up. An unpretentious stone building lay before us. This is what is advertised as the Grand Hotel of Jajce. Originally started by the Administration, it is now run privately, and is a nice little hotel with eleven bedrooms, from the windows of which one gets a charming view over the Vrbas, one hundred feet beneath.

Fortunately for ourselves, we had telegraphed for accommodation, or we might have fared badly, for a carriage with three occupants arrived at the same moment with ourselves, and the three were obliged to put up in one small room.

We had heard a good deal about "The Pearl of Bosnia," but it quite exceeded all our expectations.

The falls were in our estimation finer than those of Schaffhausen. They are in a situation most picturesque, and besides have romantic historic associations.

The hilly chains that pen in the Vrbas on either side recede on the left bank, forming a broad, undulating terrace in the triangle between the confluence of the beautiful Pliva River and the Vrbas. Towards the apex of the triangle rises a conical hill, on the summit of which is the old keep. On the slopes of the hill, which run down to the Vrbas and terminate in abrupt cliffs of curious limestone formation over one hundred feet high, lies the quaint old town of Jajce.

On the other side of the hill the ground is almost flat. Here is the historic Carevo Polje (Sultan's Plain), where the besieging Sultan Mahommed pitched his camp in 1463, when Jajce first succumbed to the Turk.

In the direction of the Pliva the land shelves first steeply then gently towards that river, which here flows through groves of trees.

Viewed from either side, the little town, essentially Turkish and picturesque, clinging to the side of the fortress-crowned hill, presents a very fascinating picture. We have said that Mostar is a picture city; Jajce is a town of many pictures. Of course, the picture of all is that of Jajce with the Pliva Falls.

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From the town you cannot see the falls, nor even from the banks of the Pliva itself. Groves of trees hide as if with a veil the spot where the gentle and beautiful Pliva suddenly hurls herself over the jagged cliffs.

To see them it is necessary to go a short distance up the Vijenac road and towards the bed of the Vrbas. Crossing the Pliva by a bridge, one sees that the river, descending by a series of little cascades, seems to be gathering its forces and increasing its pace, preparatory to the great rush it makes only a hundred yards farther on.

Descending towards the bed of the Vrbas, one can witness the *dénouement*. The rocks, like giant teeth, divide the great volume of water hurled against them into several channels. In the three larger the great bulk of the foaming water, chafed by boulder and rock to a milky whiteness dazzling in the sunlight, dashes with a deafening roar into the Vrbas, which flows at right angles nearly a hundred feet below.

A portion of this mass in falling strikes against a great detached rock lying in the bed of the river beneath. From off this rock, and from the seething cauldron formed by the impact of this enormous volume of water thundering down incessantly, a great white cloud of spray rises high into the air.

Perhaps the finest view of these splendid falls is that in which the town behind is shown. This can only be seen by crossing the bed of the Vrbas and climbing the bank on the farther side. This view alone is worth coming to Jajce to see. On a sunny day the great mass of descending water shows in high relief its glittering whiteness against the dark precipice of rock. The water opens out and spreads in its fall, sparkling and lighted up with rainbow iridescence. Above and behind the falls stand the quaint old town and ancient fortress, picked out in vivid tints against the intense blue of the sky, framed in by the deep green of the massed trees that line the Pliva banks. So clear and intense are the tints, the picture formed by the town might be some delicately painted miniature with the falls as a silver pendant.

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But if you wish to witness a scene of enchantment, "go visit it by fair moonlight."

The great white mass of falling water in the moonlight appears dazzling in its radiance against the blackness of the tree-shaded rocks, while the separate jets of falling spray have all the sparkle and glitter of a shower of diamonds. From the darkness of the chasm, hidden by the shadow of a fallen rock—the spot where the Pliva engulfs herself and vanishes for ever—arises a constant veil of vapour. From this spectral shapes appear ever and anon to detach themselves, flying upwards and again disappearing into thin air. Above the fall, looking like some dream town, some Fata Morgana of the imagination, white, silent, and unreal, lies Jajce, with its tall *campanile* of St. Luke, and, brooding over all, the ancient fortress.

From the sleeping Turkish town comes no sound. A curious stillness prevails, broken only by the hoarse roar of the Pliva. There is an eeriness about it all, a feeling as if of the presence of the supernatural. It cost us quite an effort to shake off the spell and recollect that the age of romance is long since dead, and that this is the very prosaic twentieth century. As we left the scene of glamour we felt, however, we had done justice to the spirit of Jajce's romantic past by coming to view this scene at a time when its spell is strongest. Jajce's history is a very romantic one, albeit crowded into the short space of little over a hundred years. Duke Hrvoja, the same who built the tower at Spalato, was apparently the first to bring Jajce into notice, making it his principal seat about the beginning of the fifteenth century. He probably built a great part of the old fortress, or enlarged the fortifications he found existing; for Jajce had apparently been one of the seats of the Bans of Bosnia. The district of Dolnji Kraj, in which Jajce lies, was given Hrvoja as a grant by the same Emperor Sigismund of Hungary who confirmed him in the dukedom of Spalato. These possessions combined made him a very powerful noble, as powerful, perhaps, as the King of Bosnia himself, with whom Hrvoja was at enmity.

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This Duke Hrvoja deserves further notice here, not only as patron of Jajce, but because he is said to have first brought the Turks into Bosnia as allies to help him to revenge himself on another powerful noble, Sandalj, whose seat was the strong castle Kljuc.

Towards the middle of the fifteenth century the last King of Bosnia, Stjepan Tomasevic, recognised the value of Jajce and built himself a palace there. So for a short time Jajce was a King's city, till this foolish King, trusting to the honour of Sultan Mahomet II., surrendered both himself and the town, with many other fortified castles in Bosnia, into his hands. Mahomet II. is said to have caused the unfortunate King to be flayed alive, and then had his body buried on the hillside opposite Jajce.

Matthew Corvinus, the famous King of Hungary, recognising the strategic value of the fortress as a barrier against the invading Turks, besieged and retook Jajce the very same year. For the next half-century the town underwent various sieges, some of the stories of which are full of interest. The town was taken now by the Turks, now by the Hungarians, till in 1528 it fell into the hands of the Turks, who held it till the Austrian troops drove out the revolutionary Bosniaks in 1878. During the three hundred and fifty years of Turkish occupation the great majority of the inhabitants embraced Mahommedanism.

Traces of Jajce's ancient history exist everywhere. In the Franciscan church of the town lies in a glass case the skeleton of the last King of Bosnia. We were surprised to see it was that of a very small man, about five feet four or five inches high, whereas the majority of Bosniaks are of big stature. A peculiarity of the head is the extreme pointedness of the chin. The skeleton was only lately exhumed from the spot which tradition assigned as the burial-place appointed for the interment of the murdered King by Sultan Mahomet II.

We went to this church on a *festa* day. A large number of peasants were there, all arrayed in their Sunday finery, some

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of the women's dresses being very elaborate. The church was very full, and we were unable to remain inside as the effluvium emanating from the crowd was altogether overpowering. It would seem as if the Christian peasants of Bosnia have not been taught that cleanliness is next to godliness!

After the church had been almost cleared of worshippers, only a few remaining, we again ventured inside. Even then a fairly overpowering scent lingered in the atmosphere, but we remained a few seconds to see the curious way the peasants prostrate themselves and touch the bare stone floor with their foreheads when they pray, a practice no doubt borrowed from their Mahommedan neighbours. We also noticed one or two of them making the tour of the altar on their knees, probably as a penance. They were certainly all most devout worshippers.

The wonder is that any peasants at all remained Christians during the centuries of Turkish rule in these parts. They had everything to gain by apostatising, yet they endured and kept to their faith.

In the afternoon we went to the *Čaršija*, or bazaar, to see the peasants, and had the good fortune to chance upon and obtain a snapshot of a peasant woman dressed in a costume remarkable even for Bosnia. Over her bodice she wore what might literally be termed a breastplate made of coins. For a head-dress she sported a wide-spreading piece of stiffened white linen, a kind of shapeless hood, through the centre of which protruded a bunch of tiny wired feathers, each bearing a string of coins. Her girdle, double or treble the ordinary breadth, seemed to be made of coloured plaited leathers worked with beads. Over a white skirt she wore a dark-hued homespun apron with a coloured embroidered design. Over this again came a second narrow girdle supporting a novel kind of sporran. Two sash ends of muslin, kept in place by a couple of embossed silver plates, formed the central decoration, supported on each side by a fringe of leather strips with silver coins affixed to the tops.

Some other peasant women whom we saw were dressed

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rather after the fashion of stage princesses. Circular red caps, with a festoon of small gold coins round the lower rim, and a row of large gold coins an inch or two above, adorned their heads. Voluminous soft lace veils of white were draped over their head-dresses and fell upon their shoulders. Coloured and braided silk boleros with cross-over fronts were worn over white bodices, and round their waists were belts with large circular silver buckles. White homespun skirts and dark woollen aprons and opankas completed the costume. Still another lot that we came across were noticeable for the peculiar shape of their head-gear, a cross between a bishop's mitre and an inverted flower-pot.

The catacombs, as they are called, another wonder of Jajce, are situated by the *campanile* of St. Luke. Entrance to them is effected through a door in the hillside, the key of which is obtainable at the hotel, together with a guide, who arms himself with pine torches. A descent by steps underground brings one to a small ante-chamber or porch cut in the rock. Passing through an opening on the right, we found ourselves by the light of the torch, for it was as dark as pitch, in a large vaulted chamber rather longer than it was broad. The roof and walls have all been hewn out of the solid rock with immense exactitude and toil. This chamber, we then began to discover, must once have been a chapel, divided into narthex, chancel, and presbytery. On either side the body of the chapel are small wings that evidently formerly contained sarcophagi. Those left have long since been broken open and rifled of their contents. Above each side chamber an arch is sculptured, and below this, deeply cut into the rock, is a cross with a sun on one side and moon on the other. At the further end in the presbytery is a deep shell-shaped recess for the altar with two similar small recesses for altars on either side. The altars have also arches sculptured in the rock above them. On both sides of the presbytery are more chamber-like niches. The roof is of a perfect dome-shape, wonderfully cut in the live rock without a flaw. Indeed the whole, the altars, the

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chambers, the sculptured decorations, as well as the roof, all show a marvellous precision and finish.

On each side of the altar excavations had been commenced in the solid rock. It was either intended to drive a gallery behind the altar or to add an extra wing on each side. Something unusual must have occurred, for the work was apparently hastily abandoned. There in the rock are the marks of the picks just as they were made—who shall say how many hundreds of years ago? That the abandonment of the work was hasty and was never recommenced may be guessed, as no attempt is shown at smoothing over the parts in progress, which remain as rough as when begun.

Near the entrance of this extraordinary subterranean temple is another small hollowed-out chamber on the right. At the farther end of it is a low stone bench, in the centre of which a large hollow has been scooped out big enough for a man to sit in, or to contain a good-sized vessel. On either side of this hollow, at the edge of the bench, two small holes have been bored right through the stone. Along the wall leading to the bench are traces of a runnel for leading water.

This chamber is called the baptistery, but local tradition has it that this was a torture chamber, unfortunate victims being forced to sit in the rounded hollow whilst their wrists were firmly secured by chains passed through the smaller holes. Here they were left in darkness whilst water from the runnel dripped ceaselessly on their naked bodies, a terrible idea, but quite in keeping with the times. It is preferable to think that this baptistery was only put to its legitimate uses; but the purpose for which the smaller holes were bored certainly seems obscure.

From the narthex, steps are cut still farther down into the rock leading to another excavation below the chapel. This, the crypt, is not as extensive as the chapel above. Nor are the walls as fairly worked, but only rough hewn.

In the centre of the crypt is a massive altar reaching to the roof, and serving also as a supporting pillar to the excavated

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temple above. Symbols of the cross with a sun and a moon on either side are here cut right *through* the solid stone altar-piece.

Not the least record exists about this mysterious cave chapel, and many were the conjectures as to its origin, until in the wall of the ante-chamber were discovered the sculptured arms of Duke Hrvoja—which had previously been overlooked or not recognised, for the place has not very long been opened to visitors or antiquarians. Most probably this place was originally a rough cave church, where persecuted early Christians met together for worship. Centuries later Hrvoja may have hit upon the idea of copying Diocletian, and converting this cave into a unique mausoleum for himself and his family.

A work such as this executed underground in the living rock must have taken years; and the probability is that the greater part must have been carried out by means of forced labour.

There are other stories to the effect that this terrible cave was subsequently used as an *oubliette*.

The very look of this cavern church, dedicated to the dead, with its vaulted roof supporting an enormous weight, suggested the possibility of being entombed alive, and we were not sorry to quit its gloomy precincts and breathe fresh air again.

It is the one construction of its kind in Europe, so far as we know, and more closely resembles the cave temples of India than the catacombs of Rome. In fact, the term catacomb as applied to this construction is a misnomer, since it is plainly a work of art, carried out according to a definite pre-conceived plan.

A work of art of a very different type is the fine campanile of St. Luke. This lofty tower, built in the Italian mediæval style, remains intact, though in rather a shaky condition. Of the old church to which it belonged, only the ruined walls remain. It was turned into a mosque by the Turks after their conquest of Jajce, but was allowed to fall to pieces after a conflagration that almost altogether destroyed it.

This campanile and church were called after St. Luke

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because his remains found a temporary resting-place there, being brought to Jajce by the Queen, wife of the last king of Bosnia, to whom they were given by her father, the Despot of Servia, as part of her dowry.

One or two stories rather characteristic of the period are current about these relics. Before the capture of Jajce by the Turks in 1463, the Franciscan monks tried to smuggle St. Luke's remains out of the country to Ragusa, fearing they would fall into the hands of the Turks. But a faithful chieftain called Ivanis stopped the monks as they were passing through his district, and took possession of the body on behalf of the widowed Queen, to whom he afterwards delivered it. This lady, who apparently escaped the catastrophe of the capture of Jajce, tried to "realise" on the relic by offering it to the Venetian Republic. The reverend senators, however, objected to the price, and cast doubt upon the genuineness of the corpse. An animated correspondence ensued, the lady declaring that her father was not such a fool as to give thirty thousand ducats for remains that were not genuine. Apparently the Venetian Republic became more eager to purchase when they discovered the King of Hungary was also a bidder, for these relics are now in the Basilica of St. Mark's at Venice.

We could not find any traces, in or near the fort, of the palace of Stjepan Tomasevic, the last king, nor any one who could tell us much about the place. The site of the palace, however, is supposed to have been near the old clock tower, but round this there are now clustered Mahommedan dwelling-houses and their gardens, so that search is precluded.

At the side of one of the gates into the fort there is sculptured on the wall a coat-of-arms believed to represent the helmet plumes and shield of King Turtko. Beneath is a recess in the wall, and it is conjectured that this once held the sarcophagus of this king.

The town of Jajce is full of quaint little bits. Indeed, the picture presented beside the gate that leads to the Pliva is

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a gem in its way, with tiny Turkish houses like dove-cots perched on the massive, grey old walls.

Picturesque little tumble-down water-mills are scattered about the course of the Pliva, along the side of the wooden bridge that spans it, and right down to the very verge of the falls. Rickety foot-bridges lead to these over the tumbling waters.

A week or more can be very pleasantly passed at Jajce, for not only is the place itself worth exploring, but several excursions can be made from it, either riding or driving. A lengthened stay is scarcely to be recommended, at any rate in mid-summer, for, on account of its closed situation, the atmosphere then becomes hot, oppressive, and almost steamy. There is good fishing to be had at Jajce, and some shooting in autumn and winter. Jajce might in fact be quite a nice spot for winter residence. The hotel is really very comfortable and has all the usual modern equipment, and the landlord is very obliging.

CHAPTER XVII

THE LAKE VILLAGE OF JEZERO AND VJENAC CASTLE— TRAVNIK—FORMER CAPITAL OF BOSNIA

The transitions of the Pliva—A gipsy settlement—*Poshteens*—Two kinds of trout and *Solo Krebsen*—The ruins of Vjenac—Peter Keglevic, defender of Jajce—The sieges he sustained—Old Roman gold mine—King Turtko's castle—The market—A painted mosque—Washing and roasting done by water-power—Tombs of the former viziers—Hotel accommodation—Jesuit college—Journey to Sarajevo.

THE drive to the lake village of Jezero should on no account be omitted by the visitor to Jajce. This village is about six miles distant, on the banks of what is called the Jezero Lake, formed by the river Pliva. Carriages can always be arranged for at the hotel, or the drive can be made in an omnibus carriage that runs twice a week, starting from the station.

The road follows the course of the Pliva along its left bank. This beautiful river is quite unique, for in its short course of fifteen miles it exhibits all the transformations that a river can possibly present, being alternately lakes, cascades, shallows with bushes growing profusely in the very bed of the river, and rapids, finishing up with one of the finest falls to be seen in Europe. The first and lower of the lakes is in open, fertile country. A spit of land running down from the right bank nearly cuts off this lake from the second, which lies close above at a considerably higher level. A thick grove of bushes growing in the shallows and along the spit hides all view of the upper lake, but a number of cascades descending between the bushes indicate whence the second lake is fed.

Near this tongue of land between the lakes, a decisive engagement was fought between the Austrian troops and the

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insurgent Bosniaks in 1878, the Austrians nearly succeeding in driving the latter into the water, the remnant escaping with difficulty.

The upper lake, a big sheet of water about half a mile wide and a couple of miles long, lies embosomed in hills whose sides, sloping down sharply to the lake, are covered with luxuriant foliage. The profusion of walnut and fruit trees at its upper end, near Jezero, and the brilliance of the colouring, give it somewhat the appearance of one of the small lakes of Kashmir. At the commencement of this lake a towering cliff rises so abruptly from its edge that the road has had to be cut out from its base.

Jezero, which some have called a Bosnian Venice, is a charming little village in a grove of trees at the head of the larger lake.

Just before we reached this lake village—for Jezero means lake—there was the inevitable *Touristen Haus*, with restaurant and garden. The keeper, instead of being some picturesque native of the place, was a ruby-nosed individual, probably Viennese, whom on our arrival we discovered aleep under a rose-bush in the garden. The restaurant has a nice verandah overhanging the edge of the lake, and here visitors can stop to refresh themselves with trout, freshly caught from the lake-river, or crayfish, washed down with Vienna beer.

These houses of refreshment erected at places of popular resort do very good business, as the majority of tourists in these parts seem to consider an excursion merely a sort of picnic, and seldom get farther than the nearest convenient restaurant.

After having had a cup of coffee, we started to look round Jezero, and then, hearing there was a gipsy settlement some ten minutes distant, set off for that. As a matter of fact, it took us a good half-hour to walk it, nor should we have found the spot had we not availed ourselves of a local guide.

We were rather surprised to find this gipsy band living, not in tents or temporary huts, but in substantially-built

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cottages high up on the hillside. Apparently they are a permanent institution of Jezero, or perhaps this is their headquarters. They were obviously real gipsies, with dark skins and Eastern features, ragged and dirty, and came crowding round us to beg. It was well, perhaps, for us we had a guide with a thick stick to keep order.

On the way we passed a peasant woman carrying her baby in a manger on her shoulder, and leading home the family pony. Mangers—that is to say, solid wooden troughs for animals to eat out of—seem to be in general use amongst the Bosniak peasantry as cradles, and this association of a baby and a manger brought irresistibly to mind the story of the Nativity. It was curious to see a custom in vogue amongst this peasantry that apparently was in use nineteen hundred years ago.

On our return we photographed some of the natives of Jezero, in especial two men wearing undressed sheepskin coats, similar to the *poshteen* of northern India. These are worn here both winter and summer, with this difference, that in summer the leather is worn inside and the fur out, as in the case of the man in the foreground, whilst in winter the fur is worn inside as the man in the background is wearing his. We were informed that thus worn these coats are really very cool in summer, serving as a protection from the heat, whilst the warmth for winter wear is evident. What a pity that the *poshteen*, or something similar, should not be introduced into England. An article of attire that could be worn both winter and summer would, indeed, lead to a saving in tailors' bills!

A still further excursion can be made along this road to the source of the Pliva at Varcar Vakuf, but this must be previously arranged for. On the way, at a place called Majdan, there are some copper mines.

When we got back to the restaurant the tourists were still there. A couple who drove back with us, a Dutchman and his wife, were going back the first part of the way by boat, and asked us to join. We went to look at the boats. They were two antediluvian punts, and we did not fancy being rowed

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along in these old arks, seated bolt upright on stools, or stretchers laid across, and so declined.

We had been informed that boating and rowing on the lake was one of the chief pleasures of Jezero, and were foolish enough to expect to see a genuine pleasure-boat at last, and to think we should be able to row or sail about a little. Of course there was none. We ought to have known through our Dalmatian experience that the continental tourist never takes his pleasure that way, but prefers being rowed about to rowing himself.

The fishing here ought to be excellent, for both *lachs* and *stein Forellen* (literally salmon and stone trout) are plentiful. As to crayfish, they are caught in thousands. We don't make much use of them in England, but they make a very delicious dish. *Solo Krebsen* is a speciality here.

We picked up the Dutchman and his wife at the end of the lake. They had come from Java on leave home for three months, and were making a continental tour, doing Vienna, Berlin, Paris, et cetera, and had begun the tour of Europe by a trip to Jajce!

Our talk drifted to the Transvaal, where the Dutchman was interested to hear we had been. As a large employer of Chinese labour himself, he gave it as his opinion that the importation of Chinese labour into South Africa would not be a success, on the ground that none but the worst class of Chinese would leave their country to labour elsewhere.

We visited the ruined castle of Vjenac, the family seat of Peter Keglevic, the stout defender of Jajce. It lies in the valley of the Vrbas, about seven or eight miles below Jajce, in a very picturesque position on the top of a rock in the middle of the valley, which it commands on both sides.

Below the castle is a village inhabited now by Mahomedans, a sore sight for old Keglevic's ghost, should he ever haunt his former dwelling-place. This Peter Keglevic was a fine old soldier. In 1520 the fortress was besieged by the Turks and sore pressed. The story runs that Keglevic, who

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was in command, defeated the Turks by means of a ruse, thus raising the siege. The Turks tried a little ruse themselves, and, making as if they were abandoning the siege, retired. But it came to the ears of Keglevic that they had only hidden in the woods, and were making scaling-ladders, with the intention of rushing the place.

The time fixed for the Turkish assault was the evening of a feast day. Crafty old Peter sent a detachment out behind the woods, ordering them to hide there till a given signal. In the early evening he directed the women and girls to go out to the "Sultan's Meadow," the *Carova Polje*. Here, dressed out in all their best, they were to sing and dance in the moonlight as if all were well. The temptation was too much for the Turks who were creeping up to the walls. They threw away their ladders and rushed on the women. A cannon shot gave the signal, and Peter Keglevic with the garrison sallied out of the fort, whilst the detachment in hiding fell upon them in the rear. Hardly a man escaped!

Yet a second time did Keglevic save the fortress in 1524. Hard pressed by an army, 15,000 strong, under the celebrated Ghazi Ousref, and starving for want of provisions, he yet made a stout defence for several months, holding out until relieved by the gallant Frankopan, who, with the flower of the Hungarian nobility, at the head of a small army of six thousand foot and horse, volunteered as a forlorn hope to come to his rescue. When the army approached, Peter, having received provisions supplied stealthily by Frankopan, sallied out, and with his garrison joined in the fight, the result being a signal victory and the capture of sixty Turkish flags.

It is worth while to walk back from Vjenac to Jajce along the banks of the Vrbas, which is here a pretty little river reverting to the characteristics implied by its name, and flowing between green trees, fields, and meadows, with rounded hills closing in on either side of the ravine.

There are other expeditions that can be made: to Karanla Gora — a forest-clothed mountain about fifteen miles from

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Jajce, from whence there is a fine view ; to the castle ruins of Komotin, about four miles distant, easily reached in two hours' walking ; or to Vaganj, where there is a stalactite cave. This can only be reached from Vjenac, whence it is four hours distant.

We left Jajce at noon by train for Travnik, and in an hour and a quarter reached Donji Vakuf, which derives its name from lands here set aside for Mahommedan religious purposes, called Vakuf lands. From this place a branch line runs to Bugojno, whence it is possible to reach Jablanica by diligence, and so get on the Sarajevo-Mostar line again. Our route, however, lay across the Vrbas and over a hill range to the valley of the Lašva. A tunnel about a mile long had to be traversed before we reached Goles, a pretty place, with views of several distant mountain ranges.

The next station is Turbet, in the vicinity of which the Romans worked a profitable gold mine. Near this is a good specimen of a Bogumilite sculptured gravestone.

Travnik, for which we were bound, proved, like Banjaluka, an agreeable surprise. It is a far more interesting and picturesque town than we were given to believe, and possesses a fairly good hotel, to which some nice grounds are attached. The rank and fashion of Travnik, chiefly military, frequent these gardens in the evening, and here we dined *al fresco* under the trees by the light of little lamps, while some clever gipsy musicians discoursed sweet music.

Travnik was till some fifty years ago the Turkish capital of Bosnia, and seat of the governing Viziers, and is still one of the most Turkish of Bosnian towns. It is built on both banks of the Lašva river.

In September 1903 it was devastated by a very extensive fire, which left the greater part of the Turkish town on the left bank in ruins. When we visited it nearly a year later the workmen were still busy in all directions rebuilding and restoring it.

The chief feature of Travnik is the picturesque old castle,

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situated on the crest of a spur jutting out from the beetling crags that at this point seem to hem in the valley. It is said to have been built by King Turtko I. of Bosnia, and was taken in the latter half of the fifteenth century by the Turks, in whose hands it remained, and who have left their mark on it in the shape of a mosque inside the walls. A ravine, dividing the castle-crowned rock from the town, forms a deep natural moat, across which a bridge is thrown, to give entry within the walls.

On the town side of the moat is a shapely mosque, the beauty of whose symmetrical outline is enhanced by trees and shrubs of dark green foliage growing in its proximity.

We crossed the bridge to the castle, the gate of which stood open, and passed in. Our advance guard came face to face with a young Turkish female just outside, who was unveiled. If looks could have slain him he would have been annihilated on the spot. Not content with this, the lady hissed some abuse in Slav, probably consigning him to the lowest pit of Tophet, and, veiling her passion-distorted features, fled into a hut. It was amusingly like a cat meeting a dog; glare, then spit, then exit. The advance guard of the party fell back routed, and the female portion made a second attempt to enter, but met with scarcely any better reception from a number of old Turkish women inside the fort. There was, however, little to see, except the view, which is a fine one, for the castle rakes the valley on either hand.

It appeared from subsequent inquiries that the Administration had permitted some Turkish ladies to occupy quarters in the deserted precincts of the fort, which they therefore now evidently regarded as sacred to themselves.

Descending from the castle hill and making for the outskirts of the town, we passed a little stream rushing in a series of cascades, and came upon the Café Dervent at its extremity. This café, famous for the excellence of its drinks and its coffee, is a place of pilgrimage for all good Austrians, owing to the fact that once upon a time the ill-fated Crown Prince

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Rudolph visited it and refreshed himself there. The cup or glass out of which the Prince drank used to be shown to visitors, but, on our asking to see it, the café proprietor was unable to say what had become of it.

At the extremity of the town, opposite this café, is a Mahommedan *Madrasa*, having a mosque with twin minarets.

The walk back took us through the market-place, where is the principal mosque, occupying a central position. It varies from other mosques in that it has arched arcades running round three sides, under which are a number of little Turkish booths. Umbrellas were tied upon the stalls to shelter them from the rays of the sun. The booths were crowded with the oddest assortment of little articles—matches, cords, string, bells, nails, shawls, flat round bread cakes, and Travnik cheese, a kind of sour cream-cheese which, once tasted, is not likely to be asked for again.

The walls of this mosque were bedizened outside with crude and gaudy paintings, representing some of the delights to be enjoyed by the True Believer in Paradise, in the shape of brightly-coloured but rather poisonous-looking fruits and flowers. The portrayal of the human form being forbidden by the Mahommedan religion, this was about the whole extent to which the artist could give the rein to his imagination; or no doubt there would have been some houris thrown in as well.

The bazaar, being grouped round a mosque, had a thoroughly Oriental air, though there seemed to be many sellers, but few buyers.

We crossed a small bridge over the Lašva to gain a view of the town and castle, with the old clock tower, the *Sahat Kula*, beneath. Looking away down the tiny river, we enjoyed another very pretty view; a green hill in the near foreground on the left, with a broad white road sweeping round it, and other hills farther on dotted with park-like patches of magnificent trees.

A curious mechanical device in the bed of the river below us attracted our attention. It proved to be a washing machine,

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or sort of mangle, worked by water-power. The little horizontal wheel under the water, by some complicated means, drove two clumsy wooden hammers suspended over a board and trough on which reposed the articles to be washed. These hammers fell alternately with a feeble thud ; but ingenious as was the device, we came to the conclusion, after watching it, that half-an-hour's thumping was not likely to be so effectual as five minutes' scrubbing would have been.

Throughout Bosnia, water-power has been put to a variety of uses that do credit to the ingenuity of the people. It is used for the sawing of wood and grinding of corn, in ironworks as at Vareš, for divesting hides of hair, for softening leather, and even for turning spits on which whole lambs are roasted on the occasion of a feast. The mechanical contrivances are of course very crude, being made of wood, but are ingenious and adapted well enough to satisfy the simple wants of the natives.

We made an attempt to pass along the river bank, but had not gone far when we came upon a number of Mahommedan children playing on a green. The boys rushed on to the road gesticulating, and formed themselves into a sort of rampart barring our passage. We then perceived that they were acting as a screen to a group of Turkish women who, pulling their shawls closely about their faces, had sunk upon their heels and dropped their heads into their laps. Before the singular protest of this huddled group we felt bound to retreat. It is odd to notice how even the smallest of Turkish boys will at once intervene should one approach, unwittingly, too near the precincts of the women.

We returned to the bazaar and walked up the main street, which leads to the new Austrian quarter, where also stands the Hotel Vlasic. On the way we came on one of the sights of Travnik, the tombs of its former viziers. These are handsome and picturesque erections, of five, six, or eight sides, with cupola roofs, something like pagodas. The tombs are in the centre and the sides barred round. In size they vie with the

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surrounding Turkish houses, and some are elaborately decorated with devices in colours. Just beyond these tombs is a very pretty mosque with a porch of carved woodwork. Beyond this again is the new clock tower. The grounds of the Hotel Vlasic lie behind.

A fine Jesuit college, the only one in Bosnia, has lately been built at Travnik. The Jesuits found some difficulty in establishing themselves here in the face of opposition from the Franciscans, who looked upon Bosnia as their special preserve. The principal was a very well-informed and agreeable gentleman, much interested in antiquities connected with the Roman and Turkish occupations. Of these he had a small collection of his own.

We found Travnik a cooler place to stop at during the hot months than Jajce, as the situation is more open and breezy. We left by an afternoon train for Sarajevo, and entered on a fine valley, open and broad, called the Travnik Polje, or plain of Travnik, where the old Romans had extensive settlements. On the slopes of the Vlasic Mountain, which ends just beyond Travnik, the large Franciscan monastery Gucà Gora can be espied.

The railway crosses the Bila stream and follows the Lašva defile till the Lašva river runs into the Bosna. At the confluence of the two rivers there begins a very romantic-looking gorge full of rocks of fantastic shapes, cascades, and rapids, of which a good view can be obtained from the train as it passes along on the right bank from Lašva to Gora.

Description of the rest of the route is deferred to a later chapter which contains an account of other visits to the region.

CHAPTER XVIII

PALÉ AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD

First station to Plevlje—Country residence of the English Consul-General—Difficult railway construction—Legend of "The Goat's Bridge"—The drive from Sarajevo—"The Martyrs' Cemetery"—Burial-ground of the Illyrians—Primitive ox-carts—Wandering gipsies—Poor accommodation—Catching crayfish—The Cajnica pilgrimage—Shooting the Drina rapids—The source of the Miljacka—A natural phenomenon—Perambulating haystacks—Golf.

THERE are two easily-accessible summer resorts for the foreign element in Sarajevo—one on the east, Palé, and one on the south-west, Ilidže. The former is as yet very little developed, but cannot fail to become popular. It is about twelve miles from Sarajevo, and stands at an altitude of about 2000 feet above sea-level. It is the first station on the new line to Plevlje, in the Turkish province of Novi Bazar, opened for traffic at the end of 1904.

As a summer resort Palé was first brought into notice by the English Consul-General, who, some nine or ten years ago, built himself a villa there, standing in its own wooded grounds. The villa, solidly built of brick covered with wood, has somewhat the appearance of a Swiss *châlet*. It stands on an eminence in the heart of a pine forest, through which the road is cut. Near it are a few other villas, and also the barracks of a detachment of Austrian troops. The village itself, an affair of modern erections, chiefly *kafanas* (coffee-houses) for the Mahommedans, and *gostionas* for the Christians employed on the railway, lies in the broad valley below, where the railway line, here following the course of the Miljacka, is laid.

The driving road from Sarajevo enters the gorge of the Miljacka immediately on leaving the town. The railway line

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is visible on the opposite, the left, bank, carried along the side of a very precipitous slope composed alternately of hard rock and soft rubble or shale. Where the latter occurs, every yard of the way is banked and buttressed to prevent its subsidence; and a great deal of blasting work had to be done in preparing the rocky portions, no less than four short tunnels occurring in eight hundred yards.

About half-way up the Miljacka ravine one comes upon a village where there is a fine specimen of Turkish bridge architecture thrown across the river, known by the name of "The Goat's Bridge." An ingenuous but rather Rabelaisian legend is current to account for this name; to wit, that a certain Bosniak shepherd who was in the habit of swimming his goats across the river at this point took it into his head one day while resting on the bank to rid himself of the parasites that were infesting his garments. After a time he noticed that each insect, as he placed it on a stone beside him, turned into a golden ducat. So impressed was he by the miracle that he made a vow to build a bridge with the proceeds upon this spot.

From this point the ravine of the Miljacka is rather pretty. Meadows with green trees line the banks of the river, and the hills are clothed in verdure. About half-way to Palé the driving road climbs a steep neck ascending by zigzags at a steep gradient, leaving the Miljacka, which forces its way through the ravine on the right.

This zigzag road ascends to a point about 2700 feet above sea-level, after which it descends by easy gradients to another valley, where it follows the course of a little mountain torrent. At the highest point is an ancient Mahomedan cemetery, noticeable for the great size of its tombstones. This is known by the Turks as "The Martyrs' Cemetery," for here were buried those True Believers who perished fighting for their faith in the many border frays that occurred between the Turks and the Christians before the former completely conquered Bosnia.

At the foot of the descent the road winds its way past grey



A FOREST GUARD

This man was a Turkish Beg of old Bosnian family, and was employed by the Administration as a forest guard.



GIPSIES OF JEZERO

These gipsies, instead of living in tents or temporary dwellings, inhabit permanent and substantially built cottages, forming a settled community.

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precipitous cliffs to a fertile valley with rich meadows, bounded on either side by well-wooded hills. In driving along, one catches constant glimpses of the splendid rocky heights of the Romanja Planina, that rears its head above the surrounding hills behind Palé. On this striking range lies the famous Glasinac plateau, the chief burial-ground of the ancient Illyrian race, whose descendants are the Albanians of to-day. This little-known race, whose graves on this plateau number upwards of twenty thousand, were the inhabitants of the country before they were driven out by the Slav invasion. A stretch of rich meadow land, in summer covered with buttercups and daisies and other wild flowers, then a short, somewhat sharp ascent lands one on the wooded eminence above Palé village.

At the time of our visit the road to Palé, unlike the other almost deserted high-roads of Bosnia, was much taken up by traffic connected with the railway, and offered a study in the different means of transport in use in Bosnia.

Large waggons, pulled by teams running up to eight and sometimes twelve horses, alternated with the primitive ox-carts of Bosnia, that are neither cart nor waggon. These consist simply of four rudely-made, solid wheels—the two hind ones placed far behind the two in front—and for body a long log or tree trunk, to which the articles transported are lashed ; a good sort of cart for a trackless country. The drivers of these slow-moving vehicles almost invariably indulge in sound sleep, lying at full length balanced in marvellous fashion along the log, with head pillowed on one arm. There were strings of pack ponies heavily laden with bricks, tiles, lengths of timber, and grass ; poor little beasts, they looked like some Brobdingnagian hedge-hogs, their enormous loads being so heaped up round them that pony, saddle, and everything disappeared but head and hoofs. Never in the East even have we seen pack animals laden or used like the pack ponies of Bosnia.

Bands of wandering gipsies also frequent this road, their manifold possessions being usually slung upon a pony or

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donkey, with perhaps a child of the party perched astride on the top. On one occasion we came upon a group of them telling the fortunes of two Bosniaks, with a pack of cards, by the roadside. The fortune-telling was finished before we reached the group, but the whole crowd gathered about us begging for money.

The only available accommodation at Palé for the better class of visitors is decidedly poor, and the food provided even worse ; but perhaps, now that it has train communication with Sarajevo, things may be changed for the better.

Here the English Consul and his family, who were hospitality itself, initiated us into the sport of fishing for crayfish, which is not a bad amusement for a spare afternoon or as an accompaniment to a picnic.

Crayfish are found in all the rivers and streams in Bosnia. They are caught by means of small circular nets the shape and size of a sailor hat, without the brim, attached to a long piece of cord. A scrap of decomposed liver is the bait, tied down into the middle of the net so that it cannot be dragged away. The net is let down into the water at a likely-looking spot, such as an overhanging bank, and after a few minutes is drawn up by aid of a long stick, forked at the end. For this a certain amount of knack is required. The cord to which the net is attached is loosely placed in the fork of the stick. The stick is quickly run out until the cord becomes taut and holds the net level, which is then sharply raised and brought to land.

If one has been successful the net will contain a number of greedy crayfish worrying the bait. These are then seized, due regard being had for their nippers, and transferred to the little bags forming part of a crayfish catcher's equipment. They can also be fished for paddling, by turning over the loose stones and seizing them before they can make off. They are excellent eating, and the large *solo krebsen* of Jajce is a famous dish. Formerly there was a large export of these crustaceans from that part.

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Palé is on the road to Goražda on the Drina, where is the chief stud depôt of Bosnia, a place that enjoys a very equable climate, reputed the best in Bosnia. From Goražda the road continues to Cajnica, whither twice yearly, at the end of August and again a couple of weeks later, a big pilgrimage takes place for the purpose of offering prayers and petitions before a certain famous picture in a church.

The pilgrims, who come largely from Sarajevo, travel chiefly by the light wood and wicker carts of the country, which are covered over for the occasion with a circular hooped roof made of matting and canvas. Each cart carries a big family party of both sexes, whose chief equipment seems to be bulky pillows to rest upon during the journey. The poorest pilgrims walk, the wealthy go on horseback or by carriage.

During the three or four days of the pilgrimage, a constant procession streams through Palé, going and returning.

At Cajnica they camp in their waggons in the square before the church, and it must be rather a sight to witness, as we were told that sometimes there are as many as four thousand pilgrims. It resembles the quarterly trek of the country Boers to the nearest town for the religious observance of *Nachtmaal*, when they used also to camp in their waggons in the square before the church.

From Goražda a raft journey can be made to Višegrad down the rapids of the Drina, which, especially between these points, is famous for the wonderfully romantic character and beauty of its scenery.

There is some excitement and novelty about this journey, and we were very desirous of making it, but, after waiting long, were obliged to give it up owing to the lowness of the water in the river bed. The journey is not without a spice of danger. The experience, for instance, of a voyager who had recently done it was not encouraging, for the raft struck a rock, and for sixteen hours he was stranded, without shelter and without food, unable to get off till help arrived.

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From Mokro, a pretty little village about three hours' drive over a good road from Palé, we walked one day to visit a very curious natural phenomenon cavern amongst the hills, from which at one time Sarajevo got the whole of its supply of ice during the summer. In the very hottest years this ice cavern has never been known to fail.

As guide, we had a Turkish Beg of old Bosnian family who was employed by the Administration as a forest guard. The road, leaving the main road, runs direct to a sawmill worked by water-power. There it becomes only a track, crossed by a score of others, traversing beautiful meadows of long thick grass through which we plunged, surrounded by low swelling hills studded with groves of trees.

At one point we turned off the track for a few yards to visit the source of the Miljacka, which flows out of a cavern at the foot of a steep hill. The Miljacka, unlike many of the other rivers we had seen, is a tiny stream when it emerges and trickles down its rocky bed. We had to make our way over the stones and rocks of this bed for a score or so of yards to reach the mouth of the cave, into which one can penetrate for some distance. The water was deliciously cool, the colour of absinthe in the recesses of the cavern, changing to the tints of jade near the mouth.

From this point we had a rather steep climb up the face of the forest-clothed hill from whose base issued the Miljacka. From the forest we emerged at a little clearing amongst giant pines where there was a little log hut built for the use of the peasants who work at transporting the ice.

A rough path slopes down towards the mouth of the cavern, which plunges steeply down into the bowels of the earth. The path was very wet and slippery from the drippings of ice that had been carried out. The light became more and more dim, and the atmosphere colder and colder. It was as if we had descended into a subterranean dungeon, chill as the grave. Huge slabs of ice could be seen lining the cavern. The bulk of the ice came from a hole on our left, the entrance to an

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even deeper shaft, which descends, as our guide told us, for 300 feet, and is packed with ice.

On the occasion of our visit the entrance to this shaft was blocked by a mass of debris washed down by a violent storm which had raged here three or four days previously. We contented ourselves with peering down the dark abyss, and returned to the upper air, carrying with us as a trophy a large slab of ice, which we then and there splintered to bits and consumed piecemeal whilst resting, for our walk had made us thirsty.

An hour and a half brought us back to the sawmill excessively hungry and prepared to do justice to an excellent picnic lunch given by our host and his daughter. We had started from Mokro about eleven and we were back again at Palé before dark.

One can get some very fair riding in the neighbourhood of Palé in August after the hay is cut and stacked. The hay, we noticed, was put up, not as with us in one big stack, but in small stacks scattered over the different fields. This to us did not seem a very good plan, but we soon learned the reason of it. One morning it seemed that one of these haystacks was moving. We rubbed our eyes and looked again. Yes, it was certainly moving. We went to investigate the matter, and found that a team of bullocks, harnessed to the haystack on the far side, were dragging it off bodily towards the corner of the field where other stacks stood. Hither they were all to be transferred and finally built up and enclosed. To facilitate this movement, the haystacks of Bosnia, as we discovered on inspection, are all built on a platform of branches firmly bound together, two branches being left protruding in the direction in which the haystack is to be moved. They can, therefore, be pulled along at any moment by harnessing a team to these branch ends.

During our stay at Palé we played golf on improvised links, the course being laid out at the narrow end of the valley, under and along the slopes of the small hills enclosing it. In the

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centre of the valley and in close proximity to the village is plenty of open ground on which golf, polo, or even racing could be carried on.

Palé, like almost every other place in Bosnia, has its local ruins, standing on the top of a detached conical hill. What this ruin may have been, whether castle, church, or fort, cannot be judged from the few poor remains now left ; and as far as we could ascertain, there was not even a local tradition about the place.

CHAPTER XIX

BAD ILIDZE—GOVERNMENT STUD DEPOT

Bosnia's Carlsbad — Excellent hotels — Racecourse — Beautiful neighbourhood—Model farm—Source of the Bosna—Trout-breeding—"Rainbow trout"—Reljavo—Old associations—Kiseljak, a bath for Spanish Jews —Curious grave offerings—Arab stock—An Irish hunter—Prices paid—Russian Kirghiz ponies—Ordered by Boers for war—Syrian mares—Generous treatment of the farmer.

ILIDZE, about forty-five minutes by tram or train from Sarajevo, is the principal health resort of Bosnia. It is situated on a fine plain at the foot of Mount Igman, and at the same level as Sarajevo.

It is the protégé of the Government, who in the last ten years or so have spent a great deal of money on doing everything possible to make it an attractive resort. Its curative springs were known to the Romans, and its famous hot sulphur spring enjoys a considerable local reputation as a cure for various ailments, above all for rheumatic complaints. Its temperature is 136 degrees Fahrenheit. The charges for baths are exceedingly moderate. The grounds are nicely laid out. Three up-to-date hotels, replete with every comfort, and managed with the express object of insuring quiet to visitors, communicate with a central restaurant by a covered way. A covered way also leads from the restaurant to the station.

In the summer the big verandah of this restaurant and the lawn in front are packed with little tables where, all the afternoon and evening, visitors gather, drinking coffee, dining, and listening to the band. Most of the visitors are from Sarajevo; they spend a few hours on the lawn, and then return.

At the tennis courts in the grounds, the yearly tennis championship for Bosnia has hitherto been fought out. And

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here, as previously stated, is the chief racecourse of Bosnia, where every year a big concourse assembles to attend the annual races held in June. At one time the local Administration offered very considerable money prizes for the purpose of attracting visitors to the country, but as all the prizes were carried off by strangers, who only came for the event, this plan was stopped. Now only horses bred in Bosnia or belonging to the military are allowed to enter.

At that time the Government also instituted pigeon-shooting contests for money prizes. This was given up, we were told, owing to the objections raised by the Turks. We found this difficult to understand, for though the pigeon is a sacred bird to the Hindu, it is not so to the Mahommedan; but it furnishes a striking proof of the ultra deference paid in Bosnia to the prejudices of Mahommedan natives.

Ilidže has had too much money expended on it to be likely to pay. Austrians have many bathing establishments nearer home, and do not care to come so far for their bathing cure. Ilidže is consequently very little patronised, except by local people.

Although we never stayed at Ilidže, we went out many times by train and carriage and saw everything the place had to show; but we had not time actually to experiment with the baths, nor did we require them. The country round about was very attractive, and, in our eyes, more interesting than Ilidže itself. There is a small model farm close by—an institution of the Administration—where the sons of peasants are instructed both in the practice and theory of simple farming and dairying. The system of instruction pursued seemed to us very well adapted to teach the conservative and backward peasant how to improve on his present archaic methods of husbandry.

The object aimed at, in fact, is to train the young peasant pupil to be an efficient small cultivator with some knowledge of dairying and poultry-keeping. Nothing out of the way is taught, or that the simplest bucolic mind cannot take in. He

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is instructed in no new-fangled methods or use of machinery, only to cultivate in the way he has been accustomed to cultivate, but to the best advantage, to plough with the wooden plough he is used to, or a very light steel substitute, in the most efficient manner; the use of simple manures; rotation of crops; quality of different soils, and the best crops to grow on each.

Rough quarters are provided for resident pupils, a shade or two better than he is ordinarily accustomed to live in. Cleanliness and sanitation are enforced. The farm has several acres of ground attached for practical instruction in crop-raising and fruit-growing.

We were shown over the two long sheds where were housed the cows of the establishment. In one shed were the large, long-backed cows, the well-known Lippizer breed, red and white dappled; each of these cows had a separate stall. Above each stall was placed a ticket showing the amount of milk the cow was giving daily. The produce of some ran up to fourteen quarts. The custom here followed is to wean the calves of these cows a few days after they are born. In the other shed were cows of the Mollthal breed, small, and a light buff in colour. These were ranged side by side along one wall of the shed, while their calves were tied up in a parallel line on the other side.

We were given to understand that these smaller cows are even better milk-givers than the Lippizer, but evidently they were not given the same care or attention or valued as much as the others.

The milk from this farm is sent to Ilidže and Sarajevo, and sold there, as also the other farm produce, and goes a good way to defray an upkeep which cannot be very large. The staff consists of a farm superintendent and one or two overseers.

The Government here are doing better for the peasant than by giving him Mr. Jesse Collings' "three acres and a cow"; they are teaching him how to make the most of three

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acres and a cow when he has obtained them. Similar institutions, one would think, would not be amiss in our newly-acquired South African Colonies, where few of the farmers or settlers know how to get the best out of the soil.

The Bosna Quelle, or source of the Bosna, is within a short distance of Ilidže, and one of the sights of the place. Half-a-dozen or so of small but powerful springs issue close together from the foot of Mount Igman, and flowing through separate channels, meet a short way farther down and form the river of the Bosna. Though of good proportions, this river has too many shallows and rapids to render it navigable, at all events its upper course; and the same will be found of nearly all the other rivers of Bosnia, so many in number for so small a country, and so beautiful.

The scenery on either bank of the Bosna is charming. On the right bank there are bits that are quite English in character. In crossing over to this we passed a trout-breeding establishment, a Government institution, where the life-history of a trout can be studied from the egg stage to that when he becomes of interest in the eyes of the angler. A peculiar variety of trout, "The Rainbow," can be seen here.

In the autumn, on the occasion of our third and last visit to Sarajevo, we made still better acquaintance with the country round about Ilidže.

An extremely pretty little village called Butmir, which can be reached going to or returning from Ilidže racecourse, is worth stopping at for a few moments on account of its picturesqueness. Reljavo, to reach which an old wooden trestle bridge over the Bosna has to be crossed, formed the objective of another afternoon's outing. The Theological College of the Serbisch Orthodox Church is situated close by.

The road, which branches off from the Ilidže-Sarajevo road half-way between these two places, and follows close to the Bosna-Brod railway line until the lonely little station of Rajovac is passed, does not speak very well for the attention

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paid to it by the Orthodox, who presumably should be interested in its upkeep. We found it in a shocking condition, due largely to recent rains.

This road, we were told, was in former days a favourite one, and the infrequent coffee-houses along the route were then places of constant resort. To one of the first of these, people used to go to meet their friends entering Bosnia in the days when they had to travel by road. Now an air of decay marks all these little abodes, long since consigned to neglect. The scenery along the route, however, is remarkable for the beauty of its colouring and the constantly-changing contours of the hills, which follow one another in an unceasing succession, all of different shapes and sizes, backed by other ranges rolling away in the distance on either hand. Through a pass in the hills we could see where Kiseljak lay, where are more hot springs and baths, much resorted to by Spanish Jews and the poorer classes of the community. In all these rambles Trebević was an ever-present feature, growing more imposing and majestic the farther away we got.

In autumn the Bjelasnica range was already sprinkled with snow, and in the opposite direction, looking down the Bosna from the bridge by Reljavo, we discerned another cone-shaped peak also covered with snow. This was a delightfully pretty and secluded spot, a charming combination of river, mountain, and meadow scenery.

Along this road we noticed the orthodox graveyards had all got long strips of coloured rag tied to upright sticks driven into the ground beside the headstones. We had first observed this curious custom on the road to Montenegro. These festoons of coloured rags fluttering over the graves reminded us strongly of the Bhutia practice we had seen at Darjeeling of tying rags to the end of bamboo poles in order to scare away demons. It seems, however, that the rags hoisted over graves in this country are not due to any superstition of this sort. They are placed there by the relatives of the deceased as a sort of offering from the dead to whosoever should be poor enough

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or in need enough to require them. Any one who can make use of them is at liberty to take them.

These offerings vary in quality and size, according to the pocket of the deceased's relatives. Those, for instance, on the Reljava road were literally rags, the offerings of the very poorest of peasants.

The stud depôt is situated near the railway station, one and a half miles out of Sarajevo. It has a Colonel-Superintendent, and a Lieutenant as an assistant. We were very courteously shown over by the latter. We were first shown a stable containing thirty-one horses. About ten of these were well-shaped Arabs purchased in Syria, where an Austrian officer travels when required, to effect purchases. One of these, a handsome animal called "Hamdan," eight years old, especially attracted our attention.

The average height of these horses is 14·2 to a trifle over 15 hands. One or two of them measured more, about 15·2. The price paid for them in Syria was about eighty guineas apiece.

Most of the other horses came from the Government depôt at Babalna, near Budapest. These were serviceable animals, but rather thick-set. One or two showed traces of Arab blood.

In the corner of the stable was a fine specimen of Irish hunter, "Silver," only three years old and nearly 17 hands high. He had been bought at three hundred and twenty guineas. The non-commissioned officer, who also accompanied us, said he was a very good jumper and splendid trotter, but his broad and powerful quarters were sufficient evidence of this without any assurance.

There were also six or eight young stud-breds, bred at Goražda, the chief stud depôt of Bosnia, from Arab sires and dams. In the other stable were more Hungarians of a larger type, about 15 hands, as we should judge. These were chiefly draught horses, powerful-looking animals. Had either this class, or the smaller Hungarians we saw, been sent to South

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Africa instead of the shapely but rather weedy animals that were exported at the time of the Boer war, they would probably have given a very good account of themselves.

In the corner of this stable were two Russian Kirghiz ponies, which had been purchased in Russia, on the order of some Boers during the war, but did not get farther than Austria on their way to be shipped out to South Africa, as in the meantime the war had ended.

The assistant superintendent told us that his chief frequently drove these ponies all the way to Goražda in one day, and after one day's rest drove them all the way back again to Sarajevo, also in a day. The distance from Sarajevo to Goražda is about fifty-six miles, all up hill and down dale. Some of these ascents are very steep, as we knew from personal experience, involving excessively trying collar work. The Boers evidently knew better than we did what sort of animals were required for the war. Most of them were mounted on ponies, and we would probably have done better had we also made more use of ponies than horses during the war. Two officers did come to Bosnia in search of remounts at that time, but for some reason did not buy up any of the Bosnian ponies, though they are clever over bad ground and are wonderful pack animals, carrying the largest and heaviest loads we have ever seen placed on ponies anywhere. They are also very enduring and hardy, and thrive on indifferent food. The Italians have discovered the value of these animals, and import them in considerable numbers every year. It may have been, as we afterwards heard, that our officers were not able to obtain these ponies in sufficient numbers to make it worth while buying any.

The forage given is oats, except to the Syrian horses, which are at first fed on barley, to which an increasing ration of oats is gradually added till they are accustomed to this food. In the hot weather the horses are watered every two hours, which seems rather excessive. Not even in India have we heard of horses being watered as frequently. The native Bosnian, by

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the way, goes to the opposite extreme, and seldom waters his horse more than once in the day. The Syrian horses, we were informed, do not support the climate well. They get affection of the lungs, which generally necessitates their being got rid of after five years. In August and September the horses go out to the Government reserves to graze.

No mares are kept here, and no breeding is done in this establishment. At Goražda, in South Bosnia, the chief stud depôt, about one hundred horses are kept and a number of mares, Arabs obtained from Syria. We were rather surprised to hear this, for it is generally believed that Arab mares are not allowed to be exported. Foals are bred at Goražda. The young horses not sold are kept to increase establishment or fill up vacancies.

The Mahommedans, who are the land-holders of the country, are the chief purchasers of the young stud-breds sold. The price of these averages three hundred kronen, about £12, 10s.

The horses are distributed at forty-four different parts throughout the country between April and June, under the charge of a local military officer, or, where there are no military, under a civil officer. The Government have, of course, a lien or right of pre-emption on the young stock at the regulation price fixed, so that officers can always obtain mounts at a moderate price.

The expenses of the whole establishment come to about £20,000 a year. It is doubtful if any of our studs in India are run so cheaply. At present the farmers and peasants reap the only return in obtaining improved and more valuable ponies. Some day in the future the Austrian Administration, it is to be hoped, will reap a well-deserved reward for the generous helping hand they are extending to the country population.

CHAPTER XX

A RIDING TOUR IN BOSNIA—TRNOVO TO KALINOVIK

Requisites and equipment—Method of riding for ladies—A red-letter day for sportsmen—Modest Turkish women—Ibro the guide—Our ponies—Bosnian method of shoeing—First experience of a gendarmerie guard-house—A district official—Good fishing—Over the Treskovica range—Bad going—In a Bosnian forest—An extensive upland pasturage—Arrival at Kalinovik—Autumn manœuvres—"One hundred trout in two hours"—A bad night—More autumn manœuvres.

AS yet our peregrinations in Bosnia had been along railway lines, or tracks more or less well known, but we now resolved on doing some tours in those parts of Bosnia which are still *terra incognita* even to the continental tourist.

Bosnia has so much of beautiful scenery and so many interesting places to visit—an embarrassment of riches, in fact—that the difficulty lay in choosing which to see first. The chief glory of Bosnia is the exquisite woodland scenery of its magnificent forests and the number of beautiful rivers that water the land. We determined, therefore, to explore first the forest glories of the Zelengora range, and later to take a raft journey down the Drina when the water should have risen sufficiently.

To effect trips of this sort in this as yet somewhat undeveloped country, official assistance is a desideratum. The requisites are guides, ponies for transport with saddles and holsters, and shelter for the nights. In the matter of the last, official assistance is a *sine qua non*, unless one were to carry tents, for though in some places inns exist, in others the *Gendarmerie Posts*, or guard-houses, are the only habitable shelters, and to be allowed to put up at one of these a billeting order is required.

A RIDING TOUR IN BOSNIA

If a change of ponies or of guide is necessary, official assistance is also very useful. In our case we simplified matters by arranging to take on the same ponies and guide for the whole trip. As to the question of saddles, all difficulty was evaded by the feminine portion of the party determining to ride astride for the tour. This was her first experience of this method of riding, and as a result she found that for fatiguing work of this sort, in which long hours and much up and downhill riding has to be endured, it is greatly to be recommended to all of the sex who may undertake a similar journey. No special skirt is necessary. One of short walking length, rather full, with boots and leggings to the knee, was the garb adopted.

Besides carrying us, the ponies carried our baggage, namely, two pairs of holsters, one pair of Turkish saddle-bags, and a roll consisting of waterproof cape, overcoat, and a couple of umbrellas.

This may seem a small allowance for two, but in reality it carried more than we wanted. One pair of holsters was occupied completely by toilet necessities and night attire, one pocket to each of us. The two pockets of the Turkish saddle-bags carried a complete change of underlinen apiece, diaries, writing paper, a spirit lamp, kettle, and methyated spirit, a flask of whisky, tea, a small housewife, and a couple of knives, forks, and spoons. In the spare holsters we carried on the one side a few portable eatables to fall back on in case of necessity. In the other side were a number of spare spools and other necessities for the cameras, maps of the route, and plenty of spare string. Each of us in addition carried over the shoulder a camera in sling case.

We left Palé on the 17th August, and started from Sarajevo on the 18th, a great day there and everywhere in Austria, as it is the Emperor Franz Josef's birthday, and a day eagerly looked forward to by the sportsman, as on that date the close season ends, and the shooting of roebuck, chamois, and smaller game begins.

A RIDING TOUR IN BOSNIA

The English Consul-General and his daughter were to meet us the first march out on the following day, driving, while we rode.

The driving road goes round by Ilidže racecourse, and follows the course of the *Zeljeznica*. It is a prettier road to follow than the shorter bridle-path taken by us, and hard by the road, not far from Ilidže, is a picturesque-looking group of old Bogumilite gravestones.

Our bridle-path led us first through rather uninteresting country, past hill and ravine and one or two little villages. After riding for an hour or so, we came to a private branch line of the Sarajevo-Mostar railway, which runs to the works of an Italian coke and timber company located here.

Here there was a halt for water, not for the poor ponies, for, though the rough and sometimes steep path we had traversed must have tried the little animals a good deal on so hot a day, Ibro, their master, sternly refused to let us give them even a sip of water. During the halt, strings of pack ponies came past, laden with unwieldy and bulky loads of timber and planks. One had a young forest of complete trees bound on him, the leafy tops tailing on the ground behind him—an awkward cavalcade to meet on a narrow hill path, especially if riding a timorous pony.

A steep ascent, over an extremely rough, stony path, followed. This road was the old Turkish road, and evidently at one time an attempt had been made to pave it, cobble-stone fashion, but of this hardly anything remained, the earth had been washed away, and little but the naked rock was left, sharp and pointed in places, worn smooth and slippery in others, and difficult for the ponies to maintain their foothold on. It wound up and along the stony saddle of a small hill, covered with a kind of scrub.

Ibro, the guide, a tall, ragged old Mahommedan, possessed himself of our umbrellas, opened and offered them. As the sun was scorching, the attention was appreciated by us, but not so by one of the ponies, which never probably having seen

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such a thing as an open umbrella before, nearly stood upon his head with fright.

After the ascent came a descent. Dismounting and walking, at a corner near a village we came suddenly on three Turkish women. These ladies had apparently been allowing the winds of heaven to visit their damask cheeks, in fancied safety from the prying glance of man. Immediately they caught sight of us there was a great tugging of shawls, not only over faces, but right over heads. Yet even this did not suffice to advertise their ultra-particular modesty. The fair creatures presented their backs to us, most impolitely, and in this position waddled past us, going sideways, crab fashion!

A little farther on was a *han*, where Ibro, on refreshment bent, had halted with the ponies. Three-legged stools were brought out, and also excellent black coffee in little brass Turkish coffee-pots. The *han* proprietor, with an air of pride, also produced a spoon, his only one—perhaps a family heirloom, to stir the coffee with, and seemed much disappointed when Ibro, after careful inspection, rejected it with scorn, and broke off two twigs from the hedge to serve the purpose instead.

Whilst we thus regaled in the lane, a stalwart Bosniak passed by and gave us *dobar dan*, to which we duly replied. In the usual Bosnian fashion he followed this up by inquiring whence we came and whither we went, and perceiving the vacant stool placed to receive our coffee-cups, attempted in all friendliness to seat himself thereon. This was too much for Ibro, who, striding forward, the picture of outraged dignity, seized him and hustled him off, saying something to him in his native tongue that caused the Bosniak's eye to bulge and his jaw to drop. The startled fellow seemed half inclined to fall at our feet and demand pardon, but reassured by seeing we did not look offended, he backed slowly away and moved off. Ibro's impassive face told us nothing, but we rather suspected he must have given us out to be some very exalted personages travelling incog!



TITANIA'S RIDING ROW

A beautiful glade in a Bosnian forest, lined on each side with giant beeches.



A BOSNIAN HAN

These hans occur at frequent intervals on any Bosnian road, and the traveller can get served with excellent black coffee at any hour of the day.

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Soon after leaving the *han* the path led into one of the beautiful beech forests of Bosnia. Giant beeches stood sentinel on either side of the road and, where their serried ranks had not availed to shut the sunlight out, golden shafts of light filtered through the leaves and lay upon our path. It was a refreshing change to get into the cool shade of these beautiful trees after the heat we had experienced when passing over the bare and stony country left behind.

Leaving this, our narrow path dipped a little, running through rich grass land where cows and sheep were feeding; then mounting steeply, it was lost again in forest. By the time we emerged from this second forest the sun, which had sunk very low, was dropping to rest behind the hills in a haze of yellow light. We perceived that soon we should be in darkness.

Far, far below us in the bed of the valley was the main road following the course of the *Zeljeznica*. So far beneath us was it, and so steep the hillside, we began to wonder whether we should ever get down. Our path gave no sign of descending, but kept winding on ahead of us, always at the same level. Round corner after corner we went, but the exasperating path still maintained its high elevation. As the dying light vanished altogether our way grew worse and worse. The ponies slipped amongst boulders, rocks, and stones. They were shod Bosniak-fashion, with circular flat shoes—a foolish method of handicapping ponies destined to be used so much over hill-paths of rock worn to slipperiness and still more slippery dry grass.

One of our riding ponies, which we christened “Hero,” had plainly a touch of breeding in him. His qualities called forth our admiration even on this first march—an admiration that increased every day that passed. He was old, and had probably been overworked for years; he was often under-fed, as we subsequently discovered; and had been so villainously cared for that his wind was broken; yet his gameness was of a quality that required neither whip nor spur, that carried him

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far ahead of his stable companion, a sleek little chestnut, sound in wind and half his age, who, on account of his predilection for dallying, we dubbed "Philander."

Hero's sure-footedness was wonderful. He required neither holding up nor admiration, even over the worst of ground, as did his companion. The way he came down the stony and abrupt descent we presently had to negotiate in the darkness was evidence enough of the qualities these Bosniak ponies possess. At the foot of the hill we struck a bridge over the Zeljeznica and joined the main road on the other side. It was then eight o'clock, and a young moon having risen, we did the remainder of our journey in twenty minutes.

The room prepared for us at the *Gendarmerie Post* in Trnovo was a large, clean chamber intended for the accommodation of four men. The sleeping accommodation was a pleasant surprise. We had been warned not to expect luxury, yet so far from having to put up with discomfort, we found beds and bedding at this and other guard-houses far more suited to our English tastes than those provided in furnished rooms or hotels of the towns.

The guard-house mattresses were stuffed with the leaves of Indian corn, which form as comfortable a couch as a tired traveller could desire. The pillows, it is true, were of the usual formidable dimensions seen throughout Austria; but, at any rate, they were not the soft, squashy things filled with fluff provided in hotels and lodgings, into which the head sinks and which rise up on either side, half-smothering the sleeper. We also found, to our delight, two sheets on each bed, one to lie on, and one for cover, with a blanket, instead of the usual upper heavy, quilted pincushion, with a sheet buttoned or sewn on its under side.

The latter article is an abomination, calculated to drive the Briton to distraction. Unused to lying under several pounds' weight in the height of summer, he does not expect, when ridding himself of the incubus, to have to dispense also with the sheet.

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We obtained a light supper half-an-hour after arrival, slept well, and awoke early to a glorious day.

In the morning we made the acquaintance of the civil officer of the place, who exercises much the same functions as a sub-divisional officer in India. Here he is called by the lengthy title of *Bezirk's Expositur's Leiter*. He told us he had been in the war of 1878, and had received the gold medal (for bravery). He lamented his fate that had kept him so long stationed in this little out-of-the-way spot, separated from his wife and his children, who were in Sarajevo for the education of the latter. We essayed to comfort him by pointing out it was the fate of numbers of English officers and officials in India.

He was going out shooting that afternoon, he told us, after roebuck, with his only other associate and companion in the place, the lieutenant in command of the detachment of troops at Trnovo. There was, so he said, good fishing to be had in the waters of the *Zeljeznica* when it was high enough. In 1904 it was very low, owing to the exceptional dryness.

Our companions on the journey arrived at midday, and the worthy lady who cooked and "did for" this *Gendarmerie Post* excelled herself in the preparation of the midday meal.

We were amused to hear that the regulations provided that women cooks for these posts must be over forty years of age! We did not see the lady who officiated at Trnovo, but two or three whom we did subsequently see at later *Posts* struck us as being young and buxom forties, even if they might not actually have passed for giddy young things of thirty-five or so!

There is a high-road from Trnovo to Kalinovik, our next halting-place; but, for the sake of the scenery on the way, we were going by a route that would carry us over the *Treskovica* range.

A mounted guide had been added to the party by our companions in order that we should not be retarded by the

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slowness of a foot guide. But, for the sake of those who come after, we may record that this is a wholly unnecessary expense, since our ragged Mahomedan, old Ibro, on his flat feet, kept up a better pace than did the mounted man.

We started at two in the afternoon. Following the bed of the Zeljeznica for a few hundred yards, we crossed to the farther bank and, swinging abruptly to the right, began the ascent up the foothills of the range, plunging straight into shade and pressing up the face of a forest-clad hill. The trees on either hand grew so closely and thickly that we could see little even of the forest itself, and nothing else at all but the steep path up which our ponies clambered, strenuously and painfully picking their way amongst the ruts and stones and tree roots, and dodging about from side to side as the exigencies of the way demanded.

In very truth the path was abominable, serving the double purpose of path and watercourse. The rain torrents that had swept down it had so eaten into the centre that it was worn into a deep cleft a foot lower than the shelving sides. The bottom of the cleft was not wide enough for a pony to plant his foot in, and the sloping sides were so rounded and slippery that it was difficult to get any purchase on them. Moreover, the action of water had so washed away the earth that these shelving sides were studded with protruding points of rock and exposed roots of trees. Lastly, the path was exceedingly steep. It was trying for the ponies, the broken-winded one especially; but they toiled up gallantly.

The way up to the *Schützhaus*, or shelter house, of this peak is easily found, as the Tourist Club have marked every few yards of it with big splashes of red and blue paint on tree trunks and rocks all the way along. One going only to the Treskovica had therefore no need for a guide. For a space the incline became less steep, but the path speedily resumed its course straight up the hill again and became even steeper, so that we were obliged to sit leaning forward at somewhat acute angles.

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We emerged suddenly from the shade of the woods on to a little meadow so sunlit that it lay like a panel of cloth of gold against the dark velvety setting of the trees. The path leading across the meadow carried us round the other side of the hill, where we looked down on a forest-clad valley, on the far side of which rose the peaks of the Treskovica, outlined against the sky. We were not much more than half-way up.

Our guide pointed out the peak beneath which the *Schützhaus* for tourists is built, and the gap between that and the next peak, which was the *nek* or pass we were making for.

The path plunged into woods again, a forest of beeches large and scattered. Undergrowth there was none, here in the eternal shadows, nor a blade of grass nor a flower. Instead, dead leaves lay in piles everywhere, and fallen or rotting trees met us at every turn. Some had fallen across the path, and, too gigantic to be removed, had been sawn through instead to a width of several feet, leaving the rest of the dismembered giant lying untouched on either side.

Not a sound broke the stillness ; not the note of a bird, the stir of a leaf, nor the murmur of water ; not even the tinkle of a cow-bell here where there was no grass to graze upon. Silence brooded over everything, a strange silence that characterises the more majestic of the Bosnian forests, a silence heightened by the slight sound of the crackling of twigs and dead leaves as we passed, that died away instantly and left no echo.

Nature stood here revealed in solemn grandeur, the special grandeur associated with old age. The great trees, partially clothed in cerements of moss, reared themselves aloft, gaunt and bare of branch or leaf till near their summits. The very earth seemed to have worn away, leaving blanched points of rocks to protrude, like bones from which the flesh has shrunk. In the silent and sunless forest recesses, where no genial ray seemed ever to have penetrated, the scene was intensely grand but chilling.

When we emerged we were already at the foot of the pass or *nek*. The trees ceased abruptly, and so did the path, and

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we found ourselves forced to scramble over a jumble of rocks and stones on as barren, craggy, and sun-baked a mountain-side as Nature in a spirit of glaring contrast could devise.

We dismounted to negotiate this last two or three hundred yards that led finally up to the gap. We were now immediately under the precipitous rocky cliffs that form the crown of the Treskovica. Looking back above a fringe of ragged pines, we could distinguish our route, and even make out the white dots that represented far-away Trnovo. Crossing the *nek*, we looked down on an extended panorama of broken ground that stretched out beneath us, bounded on one side by the gaunt and rugged mountains of the Hercegovina. The descent was so abrupt, we did not at once remount our ponies. Woods sloped away to right and left of us, and our path lay over broken ground.

When we remounted, the guide took the lead and brought us at a fair pace on to a long grassy plain enclosed by low hills, perfectly level and of considerable length. This place is the grazing-ground for thousands of cattle and other flocks. But this year there was not a solitary animal on the whole stretch of plain. The grass was burnt short and dry owing to the fierceness of the sun and the unusually prolonged drought.

At the end of this shallow valley, across which we indulged in an inspiring canter, at the best pace our small ponies could muster, leaving our mounted guide plodding slowly along in the rear, we came on a group of Bogumilite graves. One of these was probably that of a man of importance, for the sculpturing on the stone portrayed the deceased with horse and dog. The Bogumilites apparently did not trouble to bury in cemeteries. Their graves are found scattered all over the country in small groups, probably families.

The rest of the way there was little to note. We descended with ever-increasing rapidity till we reached the plain again on the outskirts of Kalinovik just as the dusk was settling down on us. Here we saw more Bogumilite gravestones, picturesquely situated along the side of the hill near some huts.

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The approach to Kalinovik was distinctly pretty. We rode up a long winding *nullah*, at the far end of which appeared the town, lying in a small hollow, white and gleaming, framed in by the long low hills on either hand. A little squat, white church was set upon a rounded hillock in the centre, and the fort, upon a larger hillock, dominated the whole. Unfortunately, it was too late to photograph; but Kalinovik from any other point of view is an ugly little place.

A sergeant of gendarmes met us and informed us rooms were waiting for us at the inn. We were not in luck at Kalinovik. The inn was a very third-class affair, as inns throughout the small towns of Bosnia generally are. Ordinarily there is accommodation enough for the few travellers that come this way. But troops were out for the manoeuvres in the vicinity of Kalinovik, and the whole place swarmed with Austrian officers and their soldier servants.

To accommodate our party, the proprietress had given up her own room and an attic above, of which the attic really looked the more inviting. As for sanitary arrangements, since details are impossible, it must suffice to say we found these quite abnormally primitive. This and our previous Dalmatian experience led us to expect a troubled night, and in order to prepare for eventualities we plentifully bestrewed our couches with Keating.

The *salle à manger* we found full of officers discussing their supper; however, we managed to get a table at one end of the room. One of the officers was subsequently introduced to our party as an "Englishman." It appeared, however, that while his mother was English, his father was an Austrian. This young lieutenant's regiment had lately come from Prague to be quartered at Kalinovik. He bewailed to us their bad fortune in coming to such a station as Kalinovik, without society and nothing on earth to do—a terrible change from the gay Bohemian capital. His regiment was to remain there four years, but he did not anticipate completing this long exile. He was shortly due leave for a time, and had booked

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passage for America, where, he naïvely informed us, he hoped to fall in with and marry an American heiress—an ambition that seems to be pretty general all over the world!

As the Austrian officer is rarely a fisherman or a sportsman, life in a place like Kalinovik must be well-nigh insupportable. Our friend told us, however, the major of his regiment spent his spare time fishing in the Narenta, a few miles off, and assured us that trout were there so plentiful that a hundred fish could be caught in two hours!

We could quite sympathise with Mr. T——, our new acquaintance, in his aversion for Kalinovik, for it would compare unfavourably with the worst stations in India. It is situated in the hollow of a stony valley, the sides of which are bare and rocky hills. The reason for locating it in this depression is to afford protection from the bitter and violent Bora that sweeps the valley in winter. In summer, however, on account of its rocky and stony surroundings and its low situation, it is very hot and close. Even with the windows open we had a very stuffy night, made worse by the most comfortless form of Teutonic bed, soft feather pillows, soft bulging mattresses, and thick, heavy padded quilt, like an Indian *rezai*, with sheet buttoned on as before described. We adapted these to our needs, as far as possible, by unbuttoning the sheets and hurling the quilts upon the floor, preferring to be too cool rather than too hot. But still we were kept awake, for hordes of Kalinovik insects attacked us, storming over our defences of Keating with an ardour and tenacity quite Japanese.

Before light dawned we heard the steady tramp, tramp of troops going out for a field-day. Very empty and deserted was the inn in the morning, very different from the night before, when it presented the appearance of a bee-hive, with not only every available room, but the passages even filled with the recumbent forms of servants. No one would be back till the night-fall, as Austrian field-days are field-days, trying to both officers and men. Our acquaintance, Mr. T——, had

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told us that the country about here was very waterless, yet the provision of water taken with the troops only allowed for a pint of water per man, rather a short allowance for a long hot day in the sun.

For breakfast before leaving we had what passes as such abroad, namely, coffee and rolls, very indifferent at this inn, the coffee being brought ready mixed with milk and served in glasses.

In these small country towns, where there are no hotels or inns started by the Administration, travellers must be prepared for primitive arrangements, rough fare, and more or less discomfort. Where there are *Gendarmerie Posts*, travellers who have obtained a billeting order from the Administration are, in the absence of other accommodation, as already stated, very kindly allowed to put up at these *Posts*, really only intended for inspecting officers. The accommodation at these is always nice and clean.

CHAPTER XXI

TO THE ALPINE HEIGHTS OF THE ZELENGORA—FROM ZELENGORA TO FOCA ON THE DRINA

Encampment of Austrian artillery—Local racecourse—An Austrian *shikarri*—The fairy glades of the Osli Dol—A hermit baron—The Zelengora range—A forest hung with moss—The Zelengora blockhouse—A dairy farm—A little-visited district—Mountain battery ponies—A curious accident—Down a cañon—Wild scenery—A landslip—The fruit orchards of southern Bosnia—Jelec and its leather industry—Rataj—Abundance of springs—Foča on the Drina—A celebrated mosque—Story of its foundation—The inn.

NEXT morning, soon after seven o'clock, our ponies shook the dust of Kalinovik off their feet, up the valley, over a rough, undulating plateau, whose surface was pitted with awkward-looking hollows. In the middle lay the hillocks whereon stood Kalinovik church and fort, led up to by the *nullah* that ended in Kalinovik town.

The ground we passed over was bare and very stony. On our left we came at once upon more Bogumilite gravestones, one of which, larger than the rest, was rent across, having suffered, like so many other Bogumilite monuments, at the hands of the Turks, who freely employed gunpowder to blow them up in their search for treasure.

Within a couple of miles we came on the encampment of the artillery portion of the force out for manœuvres—a total of about eight regiments—pitched in a green hollow of the valley.

The turbulent population of this part of Bosnia, on the confines of Hercegovina, gave a good deal of trouble to the Austrians when the occupation began; it was necessary to keep a garrison in this vicinity. The spot where the artillery camp

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was pitched seemed to us more suitable for a military cantonment than the actual site of Kalinovik, with its hot, stony environs. In India our military cantonments are located some distance from the towns, but in Bosnia the Austrian cantonments adjoin the town itself.

The artillery camp did not present a very smart appearance. The Austrian longitudinal tents, all pent roof, with very low walls, do not lend themselves to this. But they are probably more comfortable than our bell tents, if not so well calculated to withstand wind. We did not proceed to the artillery camp, but struck off sharply to the right, mounting by a narrow stony path to higher ground, where we got glimpses of two more camps on the slopes above. At the top of our ascent we found a fine long stretch of turf. This was the racecourse. It was scattered over with small rocks, and the ground worked up into little ridges or waves, but that was a trifle in the opinion of the natives, who till the Austrian occupation used to hold all their races on the hardest and stoniest of high roads!

We trotted across it and came on the far side to another rock-strewn hill, down which we descended by a "cat's head" track, as they are hereabouts characteristically termed, owing to the resemblance of the rounded slippery rocks, of which they are composed, to cats' skulls.

We had already scrambled tediously up and down so many of these stony goat tracks that we were getting rather tired of them, but this was the last. We passed from the stony and inhospitable hillside straight to cultivation, crossed by a narrow path, hedged in by fences composed of young pine trees, whose branches, lopped off about six inches from the trunk and sharply pointed, formed a regular *chevaux de frise*—a mode of fencing often resorted to in Bosnia.

This path led us round the foot of a wooded hill, and headed straight up a long narrow valley scarcely thirty yards across. In a few hundred yards we entered woods that clothed both hillsides and stretched down into the narrow valley, leaving only the way between.

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This was the beginning of the Osli Dol. The whole of our remaining march was through beautiful woodland scenery. Indeed the next three to four hours were to us a succession of delights and surprises. Nothing we had seen before, even in Kashmir, or among the hills of India, or in some of the more beautiful parts of Europe, could compare in beauty with the woodland scenery we witnessed that day.

Penetrating into the pleasantly cool recesses of the wood, we found the path widened out, leading us into a splendid natural forest glade, a broad belt of verdure, walled in on either hand by the slopes of hills covered with splendid forest trees, chiefly stately pines, and here and there a beech.

In this first glade of the Osli Dol an Austrian officer was camping out, intent on roebuck-shooting, the season for which had commenced two days before. His only shelter was a small *tente d'abri*, into which a man could just crawl, a tent one would scarcely offer to one's servant in India. He had a man with him, and a couple of horses picketed close by.

Camping requisites are in the most primitive stage in Austria, and difficult to obtain, though the country is in every way well suited for camping life at certain seasons of the year. The many articles of camping paraphernalia that a self-respecting sportsman in India would think absolutely necessary, are not even known here.

We continued for miles through a succession of the most charming natural woodland glades carpeted with springy turf, and not a stone or a tree-stump to mar their emerald surface. These glades were really incomparable. One might well imagine them a fairy row laid out by Oberon himself, where, with Titania by his side, they might ride, screened by the greenwood walls from the prying of mortal eyes. At night, too, one could imagine them filled with myriad rings of fairy dancers tripping it in the moonlight. Their intense stillness, the utter absence of all sign of life, whether of animal, bird, or even insect, as if they were under a spell, supplied additional suggestion of the supernatural.

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The extraordinary regularity with which nature had laid out these glades, and the perfect line kept by the trees bounding them on either hand, gave the idea of magic avenues leading to some enchanted castle. No wonder Bosnian folklore is full of songs and legends about the *vilas*, the witch fairies, supposed to hunt their woods and glens. Looking at the scenery round us, we could well understand how such legends originated in the minds of an imaginative people.

To come down to sober fact, we were told that on the top of a ridge, in the thick of these woods, an eccentric Austrian baron had built himself a castle, where he lived in complete isolation. Robinson Crusoe on his island must have had a lively time compared with this man, immured on the top of a peak in the heart of a silent Bosnian forest!

It was only on emerging from these forest glades on to some rolling downs that we at last saw a bird, and then another, both birds of prey. These and the large number of foxes no doubt do great damage to small game and birds, and their depredations may account for the solitude and silence that are so remarkable in all the forests of this country. We were told by one who had known the country for a great many years, that when the Turks ruled there was much more game to be had than now, though there was no close season in those days; but the Turks destroyed more foxes and birds of prey, and so the game had a better chance.

The Gendarmerie are supposed to act as forest guards, but probably have not much time to do so in addition to their other duties, and it may be that a good deal of poaching goes on. Roebuck, bears, and foxes are the bigger game here; and of birds, blackcock.

From the downs we had come out on, we then descried the mountain range of the Liliya Planina, with the rhinoceros-horned peak of Stog towering on the right. Immediately in front of us, and across a broad and deep ravine, was another long range of pine-clothed mountains and numerous other

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peaks. This was our first glimpse of mountain peaks belonging to the Zelengora range, which rings round the little summer settlement stationed there. In another few minutes we saw on our right other mountains of this chain, brilliant grey peaks with purpling shadows that stood out gloriously against the bright green of the foreground and the grey green of the nearest peak with its indigo, pine-covered side. The view was really magnificent.

Our path carried us right to the edge of the ravine, then wound along the verge of the precipice, down which we looked into the blue-green softness of woods beneath us. Across the ravine, serried lines of trees literally clothed the face of the mountain opposite, whose jagged crest alone rose bare above its wealth of foliage. An unbroken semi-circle of mountain faced us, the two ends of which, the one blue-green, the other rock-grey, both culminated in lofty peaks. At this point, however, we were forced to make a steep descent into the valley, down the slippery sides of the hill, over short, treacherous grass.

In spite of the fact that we had dismounted, our progress was a series of slips, subsidences, and tobogganings, varied by struggles to regain our feet. Even old Ibro, who came to the rescue, armed with a pointed stick, found it advisable to discard his shoes, which he stowed in his capacious Turkish trouser pockets. We arrived at the bottom exceedingly hot and somewhat breathless.

The Zelengora loomed steeply above us, remote, and now to all appearance more inaccessible, its rhinoceros-horn of a peak far away in the blue, whilst we were at the bottom of a deep valley from which it looked as if we would never be able to struggle.

Still the scenery was beautiful. A little mountain stream flowed along the middle of the valley; a forest of pines and beech lay ahead, into whose cool depths we plunged. Our path wound alongside the course of the stream, crossing and re-crossing it constantly. It is desirable to avoid the bridges,

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which are traps for the unwary, intended for appearance, but not for use. For this and for other evident reasons this is not a journey to be undertaken in uncertain weather.

The path mounted somewhat rapidly. The steep banks of the stream on both sides showed a tendency to subside; miniature landslips had occurred, each carrying down one or two giants of the forest, which lay with naked roots upturned, helpless logs in the stream. In one place we counted eleven in as many yards.

Above everything was the glorious blue of the sky. The sunlight which we saw, though we were not in it, poured down on the trees on the farther bank and filtered through our greenwood arcade overhead, glinting and gleaming on leaf and branch.

The feature of this forest was its magnificent mossy decoration. Where rocks protruded through the carpet of soil and dried leaves, they were flecked over with patches of bright green moss; thick flakes of moss were on all the tree trunks, and trails of whitish green lichen, intermingled with moss, hung in long strands from the pine needles. The most beautiful effect was produced by the branches of the older trees, large numbers of which were completely enveloped in wrappings of moss many inches thick. Against a delicate background of light green leaves these boughs stood outlined as if folded in dark velvet.

A steep and lengthy ascent brought us out of the forest at a spot where the dry stony bed of a river crossed our path almost at right angles. After two other ascents, short but steep, we found ourselves on more open ground, with the forest rolling away on either hand, and Stog, the rhinoceros-horned, suddenly visible again, quite astonishingly near.

Through a break in the woods on our right rose a sheer wall of blue-grey rock, brilliant in the sunshine, with orange shadows and sharp, serrated points, along the sheltered sides of which ran an edging of green, showing where pastures flourished. On the face of the rock, along every narrow sloping ledge or earth-retaining crevice, ran thin lines of ragged pines.

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A little higher we gained a basin-like depression, covered with rich grass and hemmed in on three sides by a semi-circle of mountains with three prominent peaks. In front of us was Stog, which Bosniaks, unwitting of rhinoceros, have called the haystack-shaped; on our near left, Orlavac, on the green pastures of whose summit a flock of feeding sheep was visible; on our far right Toda, the granite-walled, between which and us rolled the continuation of the forest we had traversed. At the foot of Orlavac lies a little mountain tarn, but it was cut off from our view by rising ground.

Surmounting the gentle rise that lay in front of us, we passed through a belt of trees and came straight on the block-house, the *Gendarmerie Post* of the Zelengora, invisible from below. We arrived just about midday. This blockhouse with its outbuildings attached, was built round the quadrangle formed by its stockaded yard, on to which the doors of the living-rooms all gave. Two nice clean and fairly furnished rooms were provided for our party, a welcome contrast to our recent experience at the Kalinovik inn.

Outside the stockade was a shed for dairy work and cheese-making, started originally by the Government to give the natives of Bosnia practical instruction in this industry, and still kept up. Some forty or fifty cows are kept here. The space is rather confined in the very modest dairy building, but it possesses a separator and other modern appliances.

Two kinds of cheese are made, one a local cheese, for which there is a very good sale, and Liptaner, a well-known Austrian cheese. Both these are a sort of cream cheese, as we would call them in England, not bad, but hardly tasty enough for the English palate.

The expenses of upkeep should be small, as the cows, which are of the Styrian Mollthal breed, graze free on the Government reserved lands.

We got a very fair lunch, or rather dinner, as one should properly call it in this country, where the midday dinner prevails, three-quarters of an hour after our arrival, served

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up in a sort of pavilion outside. The fare consisted of soup, mutton, fowl, salad, and a sweet. The mutton more resembled indiarubber than anything calling itself meat that we had eaten anywhere. The toughest trek ox of the Transvaal, or the stringiest *dak bungalow moorghie* of India, were not in the same street with it. This seemed remarkable, as with all these rich mountain pastures to feed on, the mutton should have been perfection. But the fact is that mutton is regarded as poor man's meat in Bosnia and throughout South Austria; it is never seen on the table either in hotels or private houses. Probably, therefore, the sheep here are of an inferior kind, and no attempt has been made to improve the breed for table purposes.

After lunch we walked down to the mountain tarn at the foot of Orlavac, a sheet of water about a hundred and fifty yards long and fifty broad. Under the clear water we could see masses of long weeds growing all about the centre. It is said to be very deep, and, like so many other of the physical features of Bosnia, Dalmatia, and the Hercegovina, has its own particular touch of mystery. The *Wachtmeister*, or sergeant commanding the post, told us that one of his men, who had swum out one day too near the centre of the lake, very narrowly escaped drowning. As he approached the middle he felt himself being pulled down by a kind of suction of the water, and saved himself with difficulty. To look at, nothing would seem more harmless and peaceful than the waters of this still-looking but dangerous tarn. Nevertheless it has a touch of uncanniness about it. It never rises or floods in heavy rains, or decreases in times of drought. Whence the water comes, or whither it goes, is as yet not known, but the probability is, that it is the spring-fed source of one of the mysterious subterranean rivers of the country.

“Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless by man,
Down to a sunless sea.”

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There are no fish in this lake, but there are two larger lakes, only two hours distant from the blockhouse, where good fishing is to be obtained. The sergeant told us there was good roebuck-shooting in the Government preserves in the vicinity, and bears in the higher part of the mountains. If the Government were to stock such preserves with red deer, and other game which might be expected to do well, they would probably make a very good thing out of letting them to sporting tenants; but considering the very indifferent shooting at present to be obtained, the terms asked are far too high.

The natives send their cattle to these pastures, paying a nominal fee. In 1904 there was comparatively little grazing, such a dry summer not having been known for years.

The Zelengora district is not only a very beautiful mountain tract, and well worth a visit for the scenery alone, but it has this additional charm that it is entirely off the beaten track, and has seldom been visited even by Austrian tourists. As to English visitors, we believe we were the first. This condition of affairs is likely to continue so long as the only roads to it are mere riding tracks, and the only habitable accommodation the *Gendarmerie Post*, in which the shelter, when granted, is understood to be only for a day or two.

The best time to visit it is from May to the middle of August, when only the normal rain falls. Heavy rain falls about the beginning of September, and at the altitude of the Zelengora this would probably descend in snow, for the summits of this range are about six thousand feet high.

There were two fine ponies, ex-mountain battery animals, attached to the post for transport purposes, and for obtaining supplies other than milk or meat, which were to be had on the premises. These two ponies were a sample of the excellent ponies which are to be had in Bosnia, and what they can develop into if well cared for and fed. Whereas we use mules for our mountain batteries in India, the Austrians use ponies in Bosnia, which they say are quite as sure-footed, and go over almost impossible goat tracks when out for manœuvres. Acci-

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dents rarely happen, but one had occurred a short time before our arrival. A pony carrying a mountain battery gun fell over the precipice, and was dashed to pieces. This, however, was owing to no mistake on the poor pony's part, but to a sudden subsidence of the narrow footpath along which the unfortunate animal was proceeding. The gun he carried was very little injured.

Next morning our party separated—our friends to ride through Suka and the Sutjeska valley onwards past the border of the Administered Provinces to Plevlje in the Sandjak of Novi Bazar. This Sandjak or district is under Turkish Administration, though jointly garrisoned by Turkish and Austrian troops.

Our destination was the formerly important town of Foča, on the beautiful Drina, one of the first towns in Bosnia to fall into the hands of the Turks.

It was not very early when we set out, so unwilling were we to tear ourselves away from this charming sheltered nook among the uplands, forests, and rocks of the beauteous Green Mountain, with its Alpine scenery and splendid air.

It had been suggested to us to ride by Ljubino, another *Gendarmerie Post*, two hours distant, a short cut to Foča. But old Ibro, our pony man and guide, did not know the way, so we went by the longer route that goes by Jelec, from which there is a good high road to Foča.

The first part of our route was by the track we had traversed the day before. It was half-past eight when we started. Much as we had enjoyed the march up the course of the stream the day before at midday, still more did we appreciate it on this occasion at the earlier hour. The fresh morning air, laden with delicious woodland fragrances, endowed it with additional charm. Descending as we were now in the opposite direction to our yesterday's ascent, view after view of mountains, wood, and stream were revealed to us from entirely different but equally fascinating standpoints. The lights and shadows also lay somewhat differently.

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On reaching that part of the ravine into which we had descended the day before down the steep grassy slopes, where it had been so difficult to keep foothold, we found to our relief that, instead of climbing these slopes, our guide held on his way down the ravine. As we proceeded, the ravine got ever deeper and the sides more precipitous, becoming, in fact, what we believe in America would be called a canyon, down the deep bed of which a mountain torrent roared.

On our side of the gorge the track climbed into a tree-belt, where immense pines grew so closely on either hand that it was only an occasional break that disclosed to us we were riding along the side of an almost sheer *khud*. As we advanced, the cliffs on the farther side grew ever more naked and rugged, descending sheer to the stream. These precipitous hillsides, gaunt and naked, save where a great wind-riven pine sprang out of the grey rock, against which it showed in black relief, lent a certain savagery to the landscape quite different from the upper stretches of the well-wooded and green mountain range we were leaving. The woods were so cool, we thought it prudent to walk and save the ponies, since there were several hours of journeying before us.

Rounding a bend, we came on the scene of a big landslip. A long wooden bridge had been laid across it. Immense pines, torn up by their roots, had been hurtled along in the wreckage and strewed the lower course of the landslip. Through the gap in the trees a vast mass of crumbling rubble, stones, and rocks could be seen. Huge boulders, toppled over on their sides, lay stranded, and near the road, two which had fallen on their original bases stood upright, one on either side, like twin sentinels mounting guard over the scene of the disaster. Just beyond this we came on the only people we saw on the route, a Hercegovinian woman and boy mounted on ponies, man fashion.

Our path then descended and the trees thinned. Looking through them, we saw we were nearly at the end of the long gorge. A huge precipitous shoulder of rock, shooting abruptly

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into the bed of the stream, marked the mouth of the defile. Here the forest on our side ceased, and was succeeded by rolling downs backed by a chain of low hills. Our descent became more and more rapid, and at last we were riding alongside and almost at the same level as the river. Cultivation was going on on both sides, and we passed through a succession of orchards rich with purple plums, and farther on with apples, succeeded by pears and even cherries. But none of the fruit was in season; the cherries were over, and the rest were not yet ripe.

We were then approaching Jelec. We passed from the orchards straight into the central and only street, at the extreme end of which a curiously shaped isolated pinnacle of rock rears its pointed head, throwing up the solitary minaret on the right into high relief, and giving the village a very picturesque appearance.

In Turkish times Jelec was a place of some importance, and celebrated for its leather handiwork. A few years ago a leather manufactory was started here, which spoilt the old handiwork and finally came to grief itself. It very evidently succeeded in putting an end to the hand-working of leather, for as we passed through we could detect no traces of the once thriving industry.

Jelec, as we looked back on it, presented a fine appearance. The river, making a bend, sweeps under the base of the conical peak, beneath which Jelec crouches, and the road crossing it by a bridge passes over the side of the peak. The village, quaint and small, appeared nestling in a little hollow at the junction of two valleys, encompassed by hills. The conical peak towered up sharply on our right, and ahead lay the tapering valley, ending in the long narrow gorge from which we had just emerged. At its far end, pale blue in the distance, we still saw Stog, whilst at our feet rippled the little river as it entered the second valley.

But if Jelec made a pretty picture, the road ahead of us did not. From a luxuriant forest and rich cultivation we

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stepped straight into a stony and barren land along a rough, unsheltered high-road. From little-known regions we were, in fact, returning gradually to the beaten track. It was then half-past eleven, and we found it exceedingly hot under a sweltering sun. The road was visible far ahead of us, winding down the valley, disappearing round the shoulders of hills, to reappear farther along. There was nothing of interest on our side of the valley, but some way ahead on the opposite side, at the entrance of a small *nek* or pass in the chain of hills, lay a small town clustered round a commanding watch-tower. The houses were of good size, and looked as if they belonged to well-to-do people.

This was Rataj, formerly the seat of the famous renegade family of Cengic, which gave several Turkish governors to Foča. Formerly a much-used trade route to Hercegovina passed by Rataj, where the customs dues were levied.

Rataj was the only point of interest along this part of our route, and formed the only landmark of any note all down this valley.

About half-past twelve we called a halt for lunch in the shade of a bridge across which our road led us to the farther side of a river, one of the feeders of the Drina. As we carried our flasks to the river to fill them, a passing Bosniak called to us and showed us a tiny spring on the banks, enclosed between three heavy slabs of stone, where the water was ice-cold and crystal clear.

There is one point about travelling in Bosnia—everywhere there is water. It is a land of springs, and along every riding path the thirsty wayfarer has been provided for. The springs have all been protected from contamination, and little fountains greet one at every second turn, with a spout for man and a trough for his animal. But this only applies to Bosnia; the Hercegovina has fewer springs and the water supply is limited.

Another thing travellers can be sure of finding at pretty frequent intervals on any Bosnian road, is one of the little Turkish *hans*, where one can get excellent and refreshing black

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coffee at any hour of the day, served in little Turkish brass coffee-pots holding three or four minute cupfuls. The whole costs one penny, sugar included. It was one of these places we hoped to meet with, on resuming our way after a light lunch, as the heat and the slow pace were making us drowsy. Sure enough, within twenty minutes we came upon one. Our faithful attendant disappeared within and had a hearty meal, whilst we sipped our coffee outside.

We had now reached the lowest point of the valley, and from here began another long pull up, zigzagging backwards and forwards until we surmounted the crest of the first hill and, dropping down it, took our way up another long valley, very similar to that just left. The same thing happened several times in succession, till at last we seemed to have mounted to the very roof of Bosnia, and looked down all round us on a tumbled sea of hills, intersected by shallow valleys. We continued along the heights some way, and then, turning into a fresh valley, began a long descent that ended at the banks of the Drina. Here our road joined on to the Goražda—Foča high-road—which led directly to the big iron bridge which spans the Drina half-a-mile below Foča, and from which a charming view—the best, in fact, of Foča—is to be had, with exquisite reflections from the clear, swift-running, green waters.

Foča, which we reached at 4.30, is rather peculiarly situated on a peninsula between the Drina and the Cehotina, which here unites with it. The famous Aladza mosque and some picturesque old Turkish buildings on the right bank of the tributary river are not visible from the bridge. But the whole of the old town, essentially Turkish in its structure, its walls, and its houses, can be seen lying at the point of the peninsula at the foot of the hills.

We made straight for the Aladza mosque, which is reckoned one of the finest specimens of Turkish architecture in Bosnia, and struck us as one of the most gracefully symmetrical mosques we had yet seen. It was built of red stone,

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presenting a handsome appearance, instead of the whitewashed and stuccoed appearance prevalent amongst Turkish mosques. The interior was rendered attractive by the old painted decorations on the walls, well designed and executed. From the colouring of the walls, though much more worn and dimmed by age, the mosque is known as the Aladza Dzamia, or *Bunter Moschee*, the variegated or many-coloured. It dates back to 1549, this part of Bosnia having fallen into the hands of the Turks some time earlier. If this was not the first mosque erected in the conquered territory, it was one of the most important.

A romantic story is connected with its foundation. It runs that a son of a poor peasant of Foča went off to Turkey proper to seek his fortune (though it is more probable that he had been sold off as a slave by his Bosnian feudal lord, a common custom in those times). In Turkey he in time rose high in the favour of the Sultan, who made him a great officer of his court. After many years he begged for and obtained leave to return to his native place. Arriving on the spot where the Aladza now stands, he met by chance his aged mother, who did not recognise him, but recounted to him the story of her son's migration to Turkey. On his discovering himself as the long-lost son, the shock caused by the great joy was too much for the aged dame, and she dropped dead. On the spot where she fell the pious Hussein Nazir built the beautiful mosque, devoting the whole of the fortune he had acquired in Turkey to its erection. The unpretentious tomb of the founder is in the grounds.

Leaving the mosque, we crossed over the Cehotina into Foča proper and made for our inn, which we found a very queer little old-fashioned place. The part on the street, which was one-storied, was taken up by a winter dining-room with a kitchen behind. On the other side of the passage was a billiard-room. Behind was a courtyard, the far end of which was taken up by fowl-houses, stables, &c. In the corner of the courtyard, built rather as an afterthought, was the one double-bedded room of the establishment. Alongside it and above were a few single

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rooms permanently let to officers of the garrison and officials. The double room was low and dark. Its two windows, opening on to a lane, were so perfunctorily draped with curtains that any passer-by could inspect its interior. Some of the single bedrooms above were situated over the poultry sheds, the strong effluvium from which smote one's nostrils on entering the yard. Things did not look very promising, but, after all, turned out better than we anticipated.

Whilst we were having five o'clock coffee a young man presented himself, sent by the *Kreisvorsteher* to do the honours of the town. He proposed we should at once accompany him to the tennis courts to be introduced to Foča society and indulge in a game. We pointed out our travel-stained condition, mentioning that we had been riding eight hours that day, and politely declined. We were rather amused at the idea that seemed to prevail, that English people are so addicted to playing tennis that this craze of theirs required to be pandered to the moment they put in an appearance.

The district officer turned up later, and he and his assistants very politely showed us about the town. Foča, we learnt was at one time the abode of some of the richest Turks in Bosnia, and had a most flourishing trade in arms, leather, metals, and transport animals, which it carried on with the Hercegovina and other parts of Turkey.

To-day it had no commerce to speak of, and its people, nearly all Mahomedans, are very poor. But evidences of the old time still remain, as, for instance, in the walls of the Turkish courtyards abutting on the road that leads round the town along the Drina embankment. Elsewhere in Bosnia such fences are constructed of wooden paling or whitewashed mud, but here they are of solid stone. The Čaršija is, too, rather unusually fine. The streets running through it are wide. Each shop is solidly built a good two feet off the ground and well roofed over with red tiles.

That evening we found dinner laid in the long verandah that ran down the side of the inn and overlooked a bowling-

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alley. There was only one long table, at which a number of officers, officials, and ladies were seated. Each officer introduced himself. They were all very pleasant people, and the general's wife, who talked English well, was a very nice-looking and particularly agreeable lady.

Our dinner, previously ordered, was quite excellent. Indeed, wherever throughout Bosnia officers and their wives are found dining at any restaurant or inn as a regular custom, there the cuisine is sure to be more or less good.

Contrary to our expectations, we also passed a good night, free from any Bosnian chamois-hunting *à la* Mark Twain!

CHAPTER XXII

UP THE DRINA VALLEY AND OVER THE HILLS TO PALÉ

The landlord's "short cut"—A masked *equestrienne*—The beautiful Drina—Ustikolina—Its rise and fall—Trying ascent to Privjila—The *Gendarmerie Post*—"Mitzi"—Alarming reports about the road—A "Flight into Egypt"—Scene for a painter—Rackety Rakite—Ibro anxious—Over-taken by darkness—A wayside hotel—A night march—Caught in a storm—Drenched and chilled—Ibro the indefatigable.

WE intended next morning to go to Goražda, but our landlord informed us of a path off the beaten track over the hills that led direct back to Palé, which, he said, would take us through country worth seeing. A short cut, he called it, stating it would take us seven hours. It took us thirteen and a half!

For the first two hours our route lay along the main road between Foča and Goražda, on the left bank of the Drina.

The Drina has the reputation of being one of the most beautiful of all the beautiful rivers of Bosnia, but though pretty enough by Foča, the really beautiful part commences between Goražda and Visegrad, lower down, where the scenery is wilder, and the deep green waters sweep along in boiling rapids between rocky banks of most romantic beauty. This was the portion of the river that we intended to shoot later by raft, a project we were prevented from carrying out owing to the continued lowness of the water.

By Foča the river runs smoothly through a smiling and cultivated valley. At this time of the year, late August, the water was still so low that a large part of the bed was in places left high and dry. Yet with all its shallowness, some

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of the reaches of the river that we passed by made a pleasant enough picture to the eye.

We observed no boats or canoes of any description, or even any dug-outs, though subsequently, on some of the reaches of the Bosna which looked even more shallow, we saw several of these.

Although it was the high-road we were travelling along, there was little enough traffic. But we had the luck to meet a Turk and his wife travelling pony-back, and to get a snapshot. The man led the way, with all the family baggage tied on either side, behind his legs, and the prayer rug strapped fast at the back. His wife followed, also riding astride, her feet encased in the big yellow boots affected by Turkish women, stuck well into the stirrups either side. She wore a travelling wire mask of black and gold over her face, and the usual Bosnian white covering shawl over her head, falling below her waist in front and behind.

We were now nearing Ustikolina, which little place, insignificant though it looks, has its history. When Foča, now six times its size, was a village, Ustikolina was already styled a town. The Turks made the change. It was at this bend of the river by Ustikolina that the Turkish invading army, led by a Sultan, crossed the Drina. History relates that three men of Ustikolina traitorously showed the Turks where the ford over the river lay. Instead of meeting with the poetic fate of traitors, they were richly rewarded and subsequently flourished exceedingly. The Turks, after taking this part of the country, neglected Ustikolina for Foča, the importance of whose position they were prompt to recognise.

From this point our route led along a bridle-path that branched off from the main road, and led through the village. A gendarme set us on the way, and told us it would take two hours to reach our next point, Privjila, at which was the *Gendarmerie Post* where we meant to stop and lunch. This proved the hardest two hours' work we had yet faced. Not that the path was stony or bad, but on account of its hilly

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character, its exceeding steepness, and the sweltering heat of the sun. We rode between hedges most of the way, up and down pretty country. The hedges often rose very high, but gave no shade, and only scrub or dwarf oak grew upon the hillside. The flies, too, were exceedingly troublesome. Altogether the march was so trying that we began to wonder whether either the ponies or old Ibro, all of whom showed signs of flagging, would hold out.

The road wound on and on steeply up the face of hill after hill. As soon as the crest of some considerable height was gained, from which we commanded views over miles of country on either hand, we found ourselves obliged to throw away all the advantage so hardly won, and to plunge down abruptly into a valley we could not gauge the depth of, there to commence straightway another toilsome and arduous ascent.

There was something very original both in the configuration and grouping of the hills towards the latter end of this march. These hills were tall and steep, and narrow at the base, and so closely set together that they jostled one upon the other, resembling a serried rank of gigantic pine cones set on end for poor toiling ants like us to clamber round and over. On these steep hillsides the hayricks were sugar-loaf shape, built up on a platform of boughs supported on four legs, probably to prevent being swept away by heavy rains.

The last glen before arrival at Privjila was really picturesque, with here and there, on our side of it, clumps of willow and silver birch. We had come across little of the graceful willow in our wanderings hitherto in this country, and the sight of it brought back to us the Transvaal, where it grows everywhere, by farm and fontein, kloof and stream.

At half-past one we reached the *Gendarmerie Post*, built by the roadside at Privjila. We dismounted, and leaving Ibro to seek a *han*, went inside. Our lunch we had brought with us from the hotel at Foča. Wine we procured at the post. This post maintained the character of its fellows, being kept spick and span and spotlessly clean. The gendarmes had as

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pet a young fawn, christened "Mitzi," the Austrian appellation that answers to our "Pussy." We wanted Mitzi to stand for her photo, but she much objected to being held, and bounced about like an indiarubber ball in the sergeant's hands, till in a moment of exhaustion we snapped her, just as she was preparing for fresh struggles.

We learnt to our dismay that the next point in our journey, Nikolic, was a good five hours' march over a bad road; to Rakite would take us six hours, to Palé about nine or ten! Though we had mistrusted the landlord's seven hours for the whole route, we certainly never dreamt it spelt thirteen! Gendarmes we always found gave absolutely accurate time measurement of a march.

One of them at Privjila added that the road before us was too bad to pass over, but the other tempered it by substituting "too bad to ride over."

From Privjila the road descended for a good hour, to the satisfaction of old Ibro, who tramped along gamely. Turning a corner in this descent, we came suddenly on a representation in the flesh of a second "Flight into Egypt." The woman, garbed as was the one met earlier in the day, also wearing a black-and-gold travelling mask of wire, sat astride on her pony, supporting in her arms a babe, half-naked, sprawling on the saddle before her. Her husband, like another Joseph, led the pony, himself on foot.

Our chief trouble on this next piece of the march was uncertainty as to the route, but instinct, helped out by occasional Bosniaks travelling in the opposite direction, kept us right.

Some very wild scenery followed. A big over-hanging rock suddenly sprang up in our path, so large it dwarfed the adjacent rocky boulders to veritable pigmies. On the far side of this isolated giant the hills receded suddenly; a great range of stony, grey hills, with bare, jagged tops and a belt of trees sweeping half-way up to right and left, leaving a broad path between.

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Our own path left the hills and plunged down into the valley below, and we continued descending and ascending down dale and up hill. Only at one point did our path remain any time at the level; this was through a splendid forest on a *nek* between two hills.

Just before reaching this we came on a strikingly beautiful wooded valley. On a clearing below us we espied a number of Hercegovinian peasants at work, mowing a large crop of oats. In their attractive dress, and with their well-knit figures, they would have made up a foreground to the setting of the valley that would have delighted a painter. As we entered the forest the Hercegovinians broke into a song, singing in chorus as they worked, the sounds of which floated down after us for some way.

This forest was perfectly charming. The sun had no difficulty in finding entrance here. Patches of sunlight alternated with patches of shade. Our path was no path on which the trees pressed jealously on either side, but a stately avenue of noble proportions. Glades of grass led away right and left. Where the trees had left bigger oases a carpet of bracken had sprung up. Beeches and pines shared the honours here, but on the lower slopes walnut and oak were added to their ranks. The sense of space and the rich turf and bracken made of the whole an ideal deer park.

Leaving the forest, we began a long and very steep descent down to the bed of a stream. This was the "bad bit" of the gendarmes. We had to dismount, for the side of the hill was cut up by seams and ridges, the action of spring torrents, and it was rapidly growing dark. We passed above a village, of which the roofs alone were visible, glued against the steep hill-side, the valley beneath so filled with mist we could not see down into it.

In the gathering gloom, at the foot of the descent, we remounted and rode along the bed of a stream which led into a pretty little valley where lay the village of Nikolic.

Here we made a sharp turn, and twenty minutes later joined

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the high-road between Praca and Rakite. All along the sides of this road were hamlets, tenanted by the many hundreds of navvies and workpeople engaged on the construction of the Plevlje railway, parts of which line we now continually passed. It was a sudden transition from the idyllic and rural to the prosaic and commonplace. The workpeople, imported chiefly from Bohemia and Italy, wore the desperately ugly garb of modern town civilisation, such a contrast to the peasant of the country with his fascinating semi-bandit costume. All these hamlets rejoice in the one name of Rakite—a rather fitting one, considering the noise that prevailed.

It was now between seven and eight, and had become quite dark. On looking at the milestones, we were rather flabbergasted at discovering that there were still twelve miles to do. Our ponies had now been going for ten hours, probably without being fed at the midday halt; for old Ibro, though a very good sort in his way, was very neglectful of his poor animals, as most Bosniaks are.

At this point, whilst we were still rather perturbed in our own minds, old Ibro suddenly became very uneasy in his, as to our intentions. "Where are we going to sleep?" he inquired; "at Rakite?"

But we did not care to commit ourselves, in case quarters there should be altogether impossible, so shook our heads and said "Palé."

This did not agree with the old gentleman's views at all. He became exceedingly voluble, and persistently repeated, "*Yok*," the Turkish "no."

Finding we paid no heed, he fell behind and stopped to drown his sorrows in black coffee. Meanwhile we pressed on, and kept a sharp look-out for the "hotel" said to exist at Rakite, half meaning, if it turned out passably decent, to stop there the night and finish the march next morning. At the further end of Rakite, which extended in scattered formation for two miles, we came at last to the hotel, a great barn beside the road, evidently established for the sake of the

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tap-room, which was doing a roaring business. A constant stream of carters, peasants, railway contractors, labourers, sawmill hands, were passing into it. It was certainly not a place to stop at, but out of curiosity we asked if they had a room, and were told it was completely full.

We determined to give the ponies a rest and a feed, and so ordered hay and oats. Old Ibro now turned up, a good deal refreshed by his coffee. We explained our plans to him, and he showed himself a reasonable enough old fellow, and replied at once, "*Dobro, dobro*" (good), which was better, after all, than most Christians would have behaved after ten hours' solid tramping up hill and down dale.

Some of these Mohammedan Slavs make most faithful and dependable servants (as also, by the way, do the Albanians, we have been told), and they are also as hardy and enduring as the ponies of the country.

Whilst the ponies and Ibro were resting and refreshing, we were shown into an inner room of the "hotel," where, having had only a very light lunch and no dinner, we also called for refreshments. Bread, beer, and cheese, however, were all that we could obtain.

At half-past eight or nine we resumed our journey. The moon was shining when we started, and the broad high-road spreading before us was easy to find. Everything bid fair, and we congratulated ourselves that another two hours or so of pleasant riding in the moonlight would see us safely to our journey's end. The first hint that these bright anticipations were not likely to be realised came with the sudden obscuring of the moon, making the night so dark that we dared not attempt any of the numerous short cuts which would have helped very considerably to reduce the distance before us. Shortly afterwards drops of rain began to fall, but in such a dilettante fashion that to avoid delays we did not even stop to unfasten and don waterproofs.

In another two minutes it was too late to do so. On rounding a corner we were met by a furious gale of wind,

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accompanied by a deluge of rain that completely drenched us. The night had become pitch dark. We were already so wet, and the waterproofs also, under the merciless torrent descending, that to don them now was of no avail. We had recourse to our umbrellas. One of these was at once turned inside out by the wind, and snapped. The other was successfully unfurled, but Philander, the chestnut pony, plunged so wildly and became so unmanageable, either at the sight of it or at the sound of the rain beating upon it, that it had to be abandoned.

Crashes of thunder now pealed out, and forked flashes of lightning flamed across the inky pall. The rain continued to descend with the utmost fury. The wind became icy cold and, blowing upon our drenched and sodden garments, chilled us to the bone.

In addition to this our progress was slow and painful. The road seemed absolutely interminable. It had quickly become studded with muddy lakes between which coursed miniature rapids, in the midst of which we splashed along desperately, ice-cold, teeth chattering, limbs stiffened, and literally dripping water as we went.

For two hours this continued, whilst we plodded on and on, not knowing where we were, our hopes constantly rising at sight of a light or a hut and as constantly dashed when these proved no indication of our goal. When at last we did arrive, drenched to the skin, soon after eleven o'clock, we found that, in spite of a telegram of warning, no one had expected us that night.

Ibro fetched in our belongings, and then announced his intention of going on to Sarajevo that night, as soon as the ponies had had a feed! An amazing proof this of the endurance of these Bosniaks, for the old man, who had had twelve hours' marching up hill and down dale and a drenching in the bargain, was so little done up that he was about calmly to set off on eleven miles more of it!

As we paid him up, adding a little *backsheesh* to the

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amount, the poor fellow, beaming with delight, would not be satisfied till he had kissed the hands of both of us. Then with a reiterated "*S'bogum Gospodija, S'bogum Gospodine*," he vanished into the darkness a temporary capitalist, whilst we went supperless to bed, our landlady declaring there was nothing in the house.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE DANCING DERVISHES—THE BOGUMILITES AND THEIR GRAVESTONES

Mahomet's convenient birthdays—Wandering dervishes from the south—A wild performance—Its votaries—Exhaustion—The finish—The largest unsculptured stone in Bosnia—Slav school children—A vanished sect—Turkish coffee.

WE returned to Sarajevo in September, driven from Palé by the prevalence of heavy rain, to which may be added uncomfortable quarters and indifferent food.

Soon after this last return we had the luck to be given an opportunity of seeing the dancing dervishes, who had not been in evidence on the occasions of our previous visits, and whose performances are infrequent.

It seems that Mahomet dead has accomplished in Bosnia what no one else has yet achieved, either dead or living, namely, two birthdays in the year, that somehow contrive to fall invariably on a Thursday!

We were solemnly told that it was Mahomet's birthday on the first Thursday after our arrival at Sarajevo, and it was again Mahomet's birthday, we were informed, on a certain Thursday in October, when it was rumoured the dancing dervishes would perform at the Sinan Tekhija. Whatever the occasion, we decided to go. Wandering dervishes had come from far Visegrad to be present, and a goodly company of local dervishes could be depended on to meet them and do them honour.

The performance was to have begun at a quarter-past seven, but when we arrived prayers were already over—if, indeed, they had taken place—and the chanting and wailing was in full swing, and nearing its finish.

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The iron chandeliers in the centre were dotted with the little oil lamplets of the East and lighted up. The circle of seated figures was stretched to the utmost limit, and must have numbered some sixty performers. Perhaps it was because of the much increased numbers, or perhaps it may have been that many were strangers, but the curious chanting, though impressive, was not in such perfect unison as on our previous visit.

The chief feature, however, was to follow. As soon as the last chorus of wails had died away the figure of the chief dervish, easily distinguishable from the rest by reason of his long hair and wilder and "holier" appearance, as well as by the added fervour with which he and one other confrère had conducted themselves during the chanting, rose up and stepped into the centre under the lights. Here he was joined by the second most notable dervish, an even wilder-looking figure.

The pair saluted, somewhat after the manner of fencers before they engage in a bout, and standing face to face they clasped hands and began a slow weird measure to an even more weird tune, which they chanted themselves.

A third figure rose up from the silent, seated circle, and, approaching the two in the centre, bowed profoundly, parted one hand of each dervish, clasped them in his own, and joined in the slow dance and chant. A minute or two later a fourth figure, that of a boy about sixteen, in loose white trousers baggy to the ankle, got up and added himself to the trio in the centre.

The measure appeared to consist simply of two steps to the right, full stop and a profound bow to the right; two steps to the left, halt, and a profound bow to the left.

The tune the dancers sang to this was a queer little melancholy lilt with a number of different verses. Two or three melodies of the same sort followed each other, neither chant nor tune, somewhat plaintive, a little drowsy, and the steps that accompanied them were scarcely more complicated than the first.

The chief dervish it was who broke off and commenced

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new tunes and dances as he listed. But there was never any pause. Each began slowly, and each worked up quicker towards the end. The third or fourth became a kind of excited *Nautch* dance, and worked up to great speed with much violence of motion. At the end of this the performer who joined third was taken with a kind of seizure, and would have fallen but for assistance. He gasped and shivered, and his feet beat a violent tattoo upon the ground.

After a short interval he was supported back to the centre and rejoined the dancers, in whose performances he again took part, though rather unsteadily at first.

During the last melody the chief dervish had signed to a boy in the seated ring around him who brought him a large tambourine. Taking this, he began an entirely fresh measure of six to eight steps. Hands were no longer clasped, but each preserved his place in the quartette. This was a very wild sort of dance. Two steps to one side, and one forward into the circle, then body and hands flung forward. Two steps to the other side, with head erect and hands joined as if begging, one step back, and the body jerked backwards like a bow, with the arms swung well behind. The tambourine thrummed loudly. The pace grew ever quicker. The bare feet shuffled over the floor. Bodies were flung forward so violently that fez-covered heads nearly swept the ground. The quick retrograde movement and the fierce jerk backwards was as the feat of athletes.

As the monotonous melody buzzed on the laboured breathing of the chanting dancers showed how the exertion was telling on them. We grew dizzy watching them, yet it seemed as if they would never tire.

Of a sudden the dance ceased. The second dervish was taken with a fit. His cap had long before flown from his head, thrown off by the wild jerkings of the man's fierce movements. His bald crown glistened, his long scanty fringe of locks swung wildly backwards and forwards like pendulums. He still mechanically kept up the three steps to each side that made up

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the measure, but his voice had risen to a shriek—"Allah, Allah!" And suddenly, with clasped hands flung high above his head, he made a leap upwards and fell, rolling over on the ground. His tight-locked hands remained joined above his head, his body was rigid and curved like a bow, his toes drawn back and pointed. The two on either side sprang to his assistance, but were too late.

The head dervish continued drumming softly on his tambourine for a minute, then crossed over and looked at the fallen man, who was breathing heavily. At a sign the other two raised the prostrate dervish, whose stiff curved attitude made this a work of difficulty. The head dervish made several passes over the man's face and chest, breathing upon him as he did so. Of a sudden the stiffness relaxed, but the fit was not yet ended. With frantic howls the excited dervish hurled himself furiously backwards and forwards between the restraining hands, leaping and plunging like a madman, with his long hair flying. Then in a moment the madness passed, and he was once more ceremoniously inclining himself and chanting quietly.

He stepped back into the circle. The head dervish laid aside the tambourine, and the strangest performance of the evening began to the strangest of accompaniments. This was a sound low down in the throat like the growl, half-fearful, half-threatening, that might be uttered by some beast of the jungles or a man-wolf; alternated by a curious sound resembling the startled expulsion of a breath from an open mouth.

These sounds were brought out with an effort, accompanied by the stamping of the performers' bare feet on the wooden floor as they swung to the right and then to the left. This effect, so great a variation on all that had gone before, the weird noises, quick movements, and the thudding of the feet, gave us quite an uncanny feeling. The second dervish and the boy presently dropped out exhausted. The two that remained finished this strange dance of incantation alone.

Throwing off their sleeveless bolero jackets the pair locked arms and swung round in a novel kind of Scotch reel, chanting

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a broken melody that came in deep gasps. They fell apart, rejoined, danced separately with an incessant shuffling movement of feet and thighs, rather like the *Nautch* dancers of India, and dancing thus ended suddenly, and walked quietly away.

The entertainment was over. When we and the little group of interested spectators in the gallery left the dervishes and their followers still remained, standing silently in clusters waiting for the unbelievers to depart.

In the Lukavica valley, seven miles from Sarajevo, is to be found the largest unsculptured Bogumilite stone in Bosnia.

The road to it leads out of the town by the last bridge just beyond the cattle market, and mounts at once over a small pass, leaving the Spanish Jews' cemetery on the left.

The land about here looked fertile, and small farms were scattered along the valley. Three little hamlets were passed. The second had evidently just suffered by fire. The village children from the third hamlet were here collected in the roadway under the supervision of a master and mistress, and were apparently receiving some object-lesson, perhaps on the evils of fire!

On our way back we met them marching to their homes marshalled in twos, singing lustily. The girls came first, a Western innovation we had not looked to see amongst the semi-Oriental southern Slavs.

The Bogumilite stone we had set out to find, one of several grouped about the same spot, is on the top of rising ground exactly above the third village. Like most of these monuments in Bosnia, they were quite invisible from the roadway and difficult to locate. The path to the graves turned off the main road and started straight up the hill, but further on lost itself in several tracks. The graves can only be reached by keeping straight on till the crest of the rising ground is attained. A Bosnian fence had to be scrambled over on the way.

Even on gaining the crest the stones were not at once visible, as they were veiled by a thick group of bushes.

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The largest stone stands by itself a little apart, and seems little damaged by time or man. It is, in fact, the most perfect large specimen of an unsculptured gravestone of the Bogumilites in Bosnia. The rest of the stones, all of fair size, are huddled together in a disordered group among the bushes. Some have fallen on their sides and others are riven asunder or otherwise damaged. All these gravestones were composed of huge solid blocks, the chief one of such size and weight the wonder was how it could have been got to its place.

There is neither carving nor inscription to be observed on any of them, and apparently no one knows anything of the history of these particular tombstones.

Indeed, very little is known or to be gathered about the curious sect whose tombs lie scattered about in many an out-of-the-way corner of Bosnia and Hercegovina. This is all the more extraordinary as this religious confraternity is not one whose history lay in remote times. At one time, too, the Bogumilite creed was the one professed by a large majority of the Bosnian population. In spite of this all direct record about them, their tenets or their customs, seems to have disappeared.

The locality where this doctrine originated was that great common birthplace of all religions, Asia, in that portion of it somewhere between Persia and Armenia. As far as can be gathered from the different accounts extant, the sect were originally known under the name of Paulichæans, their doctrine being an offshoot of the Manichæan.

Their tenets were apparently a curious medley of old Jewish tradition with the added Persian doctrine of the dual principle of good and evil mixed up with some of the teachings of a reformed Christian church. The very lofty moral principles inculcated on the elect, the existence of a kind of demonology and the whole organisation of the sect had again a considerable resemblance to Buddhism. The heads of this priest-ruled community were called djetts or bishops, who seem to have answered to the grand and other high lamas of Thibet.

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Below these the people seem to have been divided into three classes, Krist (Christian?), Strenovic, and Gost. The Krists appear to have been the ordinary peasantry of the country, whilst the castes of Strenovic and Gost occupied the same proportion to them as the lamas do to the ordinary peasants of Thibet. The Strenovic would appear to have been a more militant type than the Gost, which latter was apparently the highest priestly class from whom the djetts were chosen.

The religion required no churches, no baptism, no ceremony of marriage, which appears to have been a kind of contract the Bogumilite husband could repudiate at will. The priesthood was supposed generally to practise abstinence, to abjure marriage, and to eschew wine and flesh, but for the rank and file of the Bogumilites the doctrine was a convenient and easy one to follow. This curious religion, in fact, seems to have catered to meet the requirements of every kind of possible convert, beginning with demonology and absolution from all moral responsibilities, for its ordinary followers, rising up to the most lofty asceticism and the strict observance of the principles advocated in the Sermon on the Mount for those who stood on the higher plane. In its lower phase it appealed to the crude fancies and ignorance of the peasant and the shepherd, and, in its higher, the lofty morality inculcated on the "perfected" or elect followers of the religion was sufficient to satisfy the most high-minded theologians.

The early Paulichæans suffered persecution and the religion was transplanted to Bulgaria, where the reformer "Bogumil" (God's beloved) gave it a new life and a new name. In the eleventh century it became introduced into Bosnia. Here the mystical and legendary side of the doctrine accorded so nearly with the ideas on the subject of religion then held by the little instructed Bosnian highlanders that the new faith spread rapidly. In time it was also adopted by the upper class, who probably found it a very convenient religion indeed.

A century later, when the Hungarians became virtually

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masters of the country, and the influence of the Hungarian Catholic priesthood began to permeate the land, the Bosnian population were found to be almost all followers of Bogumil. A great struggle then went on between the two religions. The popes used all their influence to suppress the heretics, first with the Hungarian rulers of the country, and then with the local bans and kings of Bosnia, who appear mostly to have been Bogumilites themselves.

In the fifteenth century King Stjepan Tomas was induced to forswear the Bogumilite faith, to put away his Bogumilite wife and become Catholic, together with his second wife Catherine, the daughter of the Duke of St. Sava, ruler of the Hercegovina. It was this king, too, who, about 1446, held the great convocation of nobles at Konjica, already referred to, and issued the fatal edict against the Bogumilites, in consequence of which forty thousand of them are said to have migrated to the Hercegovina, while many others fled to the dominions of the Sultan.

It was this foolish persecution of the Bogumilites that finally ruined Bosnia's chance of standing as a Christian kingdom, for while those who emigrated fought openly in the ranks of the invading Turks, those who remained in the country secretly assisted them by treachery. After the Turks had established their rule in Bosnia, no more is heard of Bogumilism, and it is believed that the followers of this creed went over wholesale to the faith of Islam.

It is this fact, that the whole current of history in Bosnia and the Hercegovina—not to mention that of the adjoining states of Croatia and Hungary—was altered by the disaffection of this once powerful sect, which lends a special interest to these old gravestones, the sole visible monuments its followers have left behind to posterity. For Englishmen, indeed, and for Protestants generally, this sect and its monuments are endowed with a peculiar interest, for it is said that some of these Bogumilites spread their tenets, by way of Ragusa and Genoa, to Western Europe, and that these doctrines laid

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the seed of the Reformation for which John Huss was martyred, and the unfortunate Albigenses and Waldenses were wiped out by the ferocious Church of Rome.

On our way back from seeing these monuments of the followers of a faith that flourished so recently as four and a half centuries ago, yet now is as extinct as the dodo, we stopped at the burnt-down village before mentioned to get black coffee from a Bosniak peasant woman with a roadside stall.

Turkish coffee seems delightfully easy to make. A little fire of hot embers built in between a couple of bricks, a pot of boiling water, a lidless Turkish coffee-pot, with some spoonfuls of ground coffee, are all that is required. The boiling water is poured on to the coffee in the coffee-pot, which is then set amongst the outside edges of the red embers. In a few seconds the coffee froths up and it is ready. The whole operation occupies scarcely a couple of minutes.

CHAPTER XXIV

ENVIRONS OF SARAJEVO AND ALL SOULS' DAY— THE GREEK ORTHODOX AND OTHERS

Kosevo Valley—Gajtan factory—Catholic observances in remembrance of the dead—Cemeteries as a rendezvous—The Valley of Golgotha—Old Turkish gravestones—The water-works—Bosnian hedges—An officer's misadventure—The *Eichen Waldchen*—New Serb church—The ancient church—Its foundation—Easter marriage mart—Gala dresses—Greek *papas*—A remarkable woman—An English benefactress—Her school and orphanage—The burning question in Bosnia—The Spanish Jews—Their dress and peculiarities—The Feast of Tabernacles.

WITHIN half-an-hour of Sarajevo lies the pretty Kosevo valley, at the extremity of which, ringed in by hills, there stands a *Gajtana* factory for the manufacture of the braid used in the ornamentation of Bosniak jackets and trousers.

This factory has changed hands several times, and is said not to pay very well, though, judging from the fact that a Bosniak's clothes are invariably braided, there must be a good demand for this article.

We went over the factory and saw the process of braid-making from start to finish, and the finishing one seemed to us the most novel. It was conducted in a little compartment outside the factory, and the operation was superintended by one small Turk. The compartment contained nothing but a table on which was a machine all revolving iron wheels, plates, and ribbons. The surface was dotted over with tiny tapers. The braid, unrolling from the wheels, skimmed over the heads of the lighted tapers, which were designed to singe off the rough wholly hairs that give the braid a coarse appearance, leaving it smooth and fine.

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In an upstairs room of the factory where silk braid was being made from the raw material, which has to be imported from Italy, we took a photo of a Turk seated solemnly on the floor winding the stuff on to a spindle.

Just before getting to the factory we saw a good specimen of an old Bosnian water-mill.

Near the beginning of the road to this valley, which leads out of the town past the *Stadt* Park, lie all the new cemeteries one after another. This collection of burial-grounds of all the different creeds situated side by side presents rather a curious spectacle, on no day more so than on All Souls' Day. On this occasion the whole Roman Catholic population of the town streams up this road *en masse*, to visit their cemeteries and decorate the graves of their dead with flowers, wreaths, ribbons, and candles.

The time we saw this ceremony the road outside the gates of the cemeteries was lined on either side by little stalls belonging to the vendors of sweets, candles, fancy breads, and artificial flowers. Of these the sweetmeat-sellers seemed the busiest. In fact this collection of stalls, together with the throng in the roadway, presented the appearance of a small fair.

Inside the gates, round the grave of each deceased, were collected all the relatives down to the third and fourth generation, including the last baby. These, having attended to the business of decorating the graves of their relatives, then proceeded to hold a kind of domestic "At Home," and also promenaded about the graves to admire and criticise the efforts of the rest.

Just alongside was the cemetery of the Greek orthodox or Serbian Church, silent and deserted, as was also the resting-place of the Hebrews—other than Spanish—which was just across the road. One has only to ascend the rising ground between the Hebrew and the military cemetery—for in Bosnia officers and soldiers have their own particular burial-ground set apart—to come on an old Turkish graveyard. Still another

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cemetery is there, a side of which is devoted to patients who have died in the extensive State hospital buildings hard by. This completes the list. A veritable valley of the dead, but the environment is so pleasing there is nothing forbidding about the scene. Least of all does it wear a grim aspect on this day of All Souls.

As for Turkish burial-grounds, Sarajevo is simply studded with them. The present *Stadt* Park was the most important of them all. But now only a few gravestones here and there remain to indicate its former character. All the others have disappeared. Where they go and what becomes of them is shrouded in mystery, unless, indeed, they are used as building material.

À propos of this, up a little steep street in the Čaršija is a tiny shop, which nobody seems to enter and that nobody seems to own, filled to overflowing with crumbling gravestones, brought no one knows whence for no one knows what.

The source of the water-supply of the capital lies at the head of a deep and narrow valley behind the town, on the north-east. This valley debouches into the valley of the Miljacka about two or three miles out on the Palé road, and although there is little worth seeing at the actual water-works—unlike Mostar—yet the road there is a pretty one and makes a pleasant ride. We rode there one day in June between hedgerows that might have been transplanted direct from an English country lane, and trotted over meadows knee-deep in grass and starred with marguerites.

The hedges in Bosnia are of two kinds, of which one resembles the English hedge. When the stakes of these Bosnian hedges are new they are extremely tough, and an Austrian officer who was taking part in a little local hunt had his horse staked over one of these only the previous year and was obliged to destroy it.

Sarajevo is peculiarly favoured in the matter of its environment. Day after day one may take a different direction and find something new to interest. For a short walk the

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Eichen Waldchen (little oak wood), on a lower spur of the Trebević above the Turkish quarter of Alifakoc, is a good selection.

From one side of these woods one gets an excellent view of the town laid out at one's feet, with the silver line of the Miljacka curving away into the distance. Farther on one gets a good view of the Fort, with the line of the old walls, within which lies the former principal Turkish residential quarter. Turning in a third direction, a charming view of the ravine unfolds itself with scarcely the sign of a house and not a hint of the near proximity of a town.

There are two Serb churches in Sarajevo, the new a big structure in the Franz Josef Street, built much after the same design as that at Mostar, much handsomer in its interior decoration, however, and without the bare "swept and garnished" appearance of the latter.

There is a story about this church that the Serbian community of the period when it was built, to whom the Czar of Russia had presented all the furnishings and ikons for the church interior, forwarding these to Bosna-Brod, were so very parsimonious that they actually grumbled at paying the carriage on this generous gift from there to Sarajevo!

The old, and far more interesting, building is the church built about four hundred years ago in the early days of Turkish rule. In connection with the foundation of this edifice it is related that the pasha from whom permission was obtained to build it gave leave only for the erection of a building that should not take up more ground than could be covered by an ox hide. The wily Serb who obtained this concession cut up the ox hide into the thinnest of strips, which being placed end to end secured him a site of quite respectable dimensions.

This church, in accordance with Turkish requirements that no Christian place of worship must be seen, is built behind a high blank wall. It is in the street leading from the back of the Roman Catholic cathedral to the Čaršija, and so well

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hidden is it behind these high walls that no one passing by would dream that they conceal a place of worship.

A square-cut doorway in the wall, provided with the sort of door one associates with a cellar, gives on to the paved court, in the centre of which is the lovely little edifice where alone for three and a half centuries the down-trodden Orthodox *rayah* of this district was permitted by the lordly Osmanli to worship his God.

Evidently to attain a decent height, and yet not attract notice, the builders were obliged to lay the foundations deep in the ground, and to enter the church one has to go down several steps. The interior is therefore so dark, even on a bright summer's day, that it is difficult to examine the decorations and fittings, such as they are, or to see the ikons; but we noticed that St. George, the patron saint of England, was much in evidence, and we learnt afterwards that he is a saint by whom the Serbs set great store.

The great interest attaching to this modest little, half-underground church at the present day is derived from the fact that it is the church favoured by the Serb peasantry. At the Easter festival all the young marriageable Serb maidens from the country round assemble here dressed in gala costume to attend a kind of semi-religious parade, with the view of attracting a husband.

In the inner wall of the courtyard is a kind of cave or recess where some old church relics and treasures are stowed. These are apparently only to be seen on Sundays and Feast days before ten. On any other day it is difficult even to get entrance to the church enclosure itself, as the doors in the wall are locked and the keys kept in the custody of a shopkeeper, presumably a churchwarden.

This Easter festival and one or two others out of the numerous list of Saint's days in the Greek calendar afford good opportunities of studying the gala dresses of the Serbish Greek Orthodox peasants, which are different from those of the Roman Catholic, though at first sight it is not easy for a stranger to distinguish between the two.

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In the capital the Greek Orthodox peasant did not seem to us to be so much in evidence as the Roman Catholic, though the Greek priests, or *pops*, as they are called, seemed pretty numerous in their long black dressing-gown tunics reaching to the heels, severely plain and slightly open in front to show a purple sash wound round the middle of the black suit of ordinary clothes beneath. They wear their hair about six inches long at the top of the collar, and the headdress consists of a high, stiff, round black cap, in shape like a chimney-pot shorn of its brim. We made acquaintance with one or two, who seemed good fellows, among others, the *pop* of Palé, who was constantly riding about the country attending to the spiritual wants of his flock.

These *pops* seem much liked and respected by the people. It is no uncommon sight to see Serb school children rush up to one of them as he passes along the street and kiss his hand, addressing him the while as "*papa*"—a custom which, if adopted by children in England towards their pastors in the streets, might be productive of not a little embarrassment and lead to misunderstandings.

Formerly under the Turks the higher ecclesiastics of the Orthodox Church in Bosnia, recruited from the Fanariote Greek priesthood of Constantinople, were an unworthy set, not only neglecting their flock but plundering them as well.

Our countrywoman, Miss Irby, when she travelled in Bosnia first in 1862, found only one girls' school in the whole of the country. This was started by a person who must have been a remarkable character, one Hadjia Staka, daughter of a Greek Orthodox merchant in Hercegovina. This exceptional woman, taught by her father, had, contrary to her usual practice, been set to read the gospel in churches. Her father also allowed her to help him in business. Her title of *Hadjia* was conferred on her because when a girl she made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, whence she brought back some sacred pictures and the black dress of a nun, which she always wore. Staka taught reading, writing, and embroidery at her school, and travelled in its

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interests to Belgrade to get a competent teacher from there to assist her. Her school evidently fell into disrepute owing to the Russian traveller Hilferding indiscreetly acting the part of tale-bearer, and printing in his book of travel certain stories told him by her anent the parsimony and selfish want of patriotism among the richer Serbish Greek Orthodox merchants of Bosnia of that time—in regard to whose close-fistedness the story of the cathedral equipments sent by the czar, previously related, is a proof.

Staka's friendship with pashas and leading Turks who seem to have supported her, and to have been much more estimable characters than her own co-religionists, aroused suspicion and enmity, and her house was twice burnt down. After the last fire, on which occasion she saved her sacred pictures and her pet cats at the risk of her own life, she did not rebuild her school again, but lived with her relatives in a Turkish house bought by Miss Irby. She made a little money by acting as intermediary between buyer and seller, and also conducted cases as pleader for the poor in courts of justice. Her end was a tragic one. She was run over by a carriage when she was returning from a fête organised for charitable purposes by the *Frauen Verein* (Ladies' Society) of Sarajevo.

In the meantime, Miss Irby, who, with Miss Mackenzie, another English lady, had made extended travels in the early sixties, arduous, and at considerable peril to themselves in the northern and western parts of Turkey, including Bosnia and Albania, turned these travels to account on their return to England, and in 1865 an association for promoting education among Slavonic children was started in England, owing to their efforts. Lord Shaftesbury, Norman Macleod, and the Archbishop of Canterbury gave it their patronage and assistance, and Dean Stanley was a member of the committee.

The funds collected were first entrusted to a German Protestant Association till 1871, when Miss Irby took over their administration. The original fund collected was by this time exhausted, and the school was from now on supported by

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annual subscriptions obtained from England, which, however, were so inadequate that about one-third of the expenses had to be provided by Miss Irby and Miss Mackenzie themselves. The actual number of girls lodged, boarded, clothed, and taught varied from twenty-six to thirty-eight during these years. There was no opposition from Turkish officials, but the Serb community of Sarajevo evinced a good deal of suspicion, looking upon the undertaking as one in the interests of German ascendancy, and at length they started their own school for girls, aided by funds from Russia, and the protection of the Russian consul. The French and Italian consuls, following this lead, started Catholic schools under the supervision of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul.

The founding of all these schools may therefore directly be attributed to the philanthropy and initiative of our energetic countrywoman.

During the Bosnian insurrection, from 1875 to 1877, Miss Irby had the school removed to Prague. About this time she went over to England and got up a relief fund for the Bosnian and Hercegovinian fugitives, of whom it is said 200,000 crossed over the border into parts of Austria (chiefly Dalmatia), fleeing before the excesses of the Turkish soldiery, which, according to some accounts, seem to have rivalled the Bulgarian atrocities shown up by Mr. Gladstone. From 1875 till the return of the fugitives Miss Irby and her assistants applied the relief fund raised in England for the benefit of the unfortunate refugees, who suffered so terribly from exposure, starvation, and sickness at that time that only about 100,000 of the original 200,000 of the exodus lived to return when Austria had occupied the country.

Though there are now several schools at Sarajevo for all denominations, including the Greek Orthodox, Miss Irby still keeps up an orphanage where some thirty Serb girls are lodged, clothed, fed, and taught, chiefly, if not entirely, at her own expense.

In connection with the term "Serb" it should be explained

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that religion is so much the chief question in Bosnia, and the adjacent countries peopled by the Slav race, that these are called and call themselves according to the faith they profess: "Serbs" if they are of the Orthodox Greek Church, "Croats" when they profess Roman Catholicism, "Turks" if they are Moslems. The people are all of one nationality, but difference of creed has effected divisions among them which will keep them asunder far more effectually than any mere difference of race could ever have done.

There is another race in Bosnia, which has its own particular form of worship—the Spanish Jews before alluded to. These are quite distinct from the common or garden Jew, between whom and themselves there is really more difference than between Catholic and Protestant. These Spanish Jews are a most peculiar race, in that, though only numbering now some 8000, they have retained their own language (Spanish) and their old Jewish customs and dress after a lapse of three and a half centuries lived in exile in an alien land. Some of the men wear a dress similar to that of the Turks, over which a gaberdine is worn on occasions, the head covering being the fez. The rest wear the slop suit of Europe, also generally accompanied by the fez. They are a decadent lot, puny and undersized, noticeably the women, who do not appear to average much more than five feet in height.

The characteristic feature of the women's dress is the head-dress. This is intended to be symbolic of a boat in allusion to the fact that they had to take ship when driven from their homes in Spain, and, indeed, it has some resemblance to an inverted boat, of the sort that one folds up out of paper to amuse children. The rim of it is fashioned of small gold coins so closely strung that this ornamentation more resembles a piece of twisted gold wire. The rest of the "boat" is made of brocaded silk. In winter they envelop themselves in a heavy shawl, worn like a Paisley shawl, and disposed half over the headress.

These Spaniards are a thriving community and law-abiding

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citizens, but they are dirty, ignorant, and hopelessly conservative. As already mentioned, their cemetery is a strange spectacle, lying far apart from any others on the slopes of Trebević mountain. They worship in a couple of small synagogues hidden away in a courtyard of the Čaršija. The synagogue of the other Hebrews is a really beautiful erection, cream white, picked out in gold Hebraic designs and characters, and bearing four ribbed white metal cupolas, one at each corner, that shine like silver in the sun, one of the most beautiful modern buildings of Sarajevo.

On the Feast of Tabernacles we visited the Synagogue of the Spanish Jews. At the end of the service the laws of Moses, each inscribed in golden characters on a red velvet background, and surmounted by jingling decorations resembling monster baby-rattles, were carried round the temple in procession, preceded by a couple of the congregation going backwards, banging tambourines and dancing. Those participating yelled at the pitch of their lungs a kind of hymn or song as they passed slowly by. As they went past, making the circuit seven times, such as were near enough stretched out hands, and, touching each of the laws in turn, kissed the fingers that had touched them. No women were allowed to be present.

The strangest part of the ceremony seemed to us that before the proceedings began the privilege of carrying the laws and rattles was put up to auction and sold to the highest bidders.

CHAPTER XXV

A TRIP UP THE ZOGOSCA AND SUTJESKA VALLEYS IN WINTER—TO THE SUTJESKA MONASTERY

Severe cold—The language question—Crowded station—"Dug-outs"—A quest after the finest sculptured monument in Bosnia—Government colliery—Comfortable quarters—Kakanj Doboj—Catici—A Bosniak funeral—A deserted high-road—Graves of Crusaders—Frozen water-mills—The oldest monastery in Bosnia—Old portrait of one of Bosnia's last kings—His sepulchre—Quaint drawing of Queen Catherine—Bobovac, the king's stronghold.

OUR last tour in Bosnia was taken in very cold weather, when the thermometer recorded twenty degrees below zero, Centigrade.

Just before this there had been some heavy falls of snow, and the country had taken on the appearance of a well-iced wedding-cake. But this did not last. The snow remained upon the hill-sides, but the sun thawed it in the valleys and along the roadways where, under the grip of Jack Frost, it was converted to a coating of ice.

A quite unusually wet October and the early and severe winter that set in in November had frustrated most of our planned excursions. Yet we determined not to leave Bosnia without first seeing the oldest of the monasteries, that contained an authentic painting of her last king but one and other relics, preserved, at Heaven knows what risk and with what devotion and care, by the poor monks, whose monastery was destroyed again and again, and again and again rebuilt.

We further meant to kill two birds with one stone, and, by taking a day longer and penetrating first an adjacent valley, to see the finest and most noted specimen of a sculptured Bogumilite gravestone in the country. For this latter, which

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we arranged to do first, our nearest starting-point was from Kakanj Doboj, on the down line to Bosna Brod. Through the ever-courteous Austrian officials we obtained an order on the *Gendarmerie Post* at Kakanj Doboj for assistance and shelter, and were also very kindly furnished with a map of the localities in question.

On account of the extreme coldness of the weather we determined to make this tour on foot, and, in order not to be delayed searching for a guide and carrier, we took a *hamal* (Turkish porter) out with us from Sarajevo, to serve the double purpose of carrying our impedimenta and showing the way. Our former guide, philosopher, and friend, Ibro, was invited to undertake this job, but he begged to substitute his son, as he was otherwise employed, and finally turned up with a young Mahomedan, whom he introduced as his nephew.

On inquiring if the latter spoke German, "Nixt," said Ibro, smiling broadly.

We waived the point. After all, it made little difference. Ibro's own vocabulary of German consisted at the outside of eight words; but these, eked out with the small amount of Slav we had ourselves picked up, had previously sufficed to help us over all difficulties.

The language question is rather a difficulty all over Bosnia and the Hercegovina. A slight knowledge of Slav, as we call it in England, is very desirable, if not indispensable, to those who wish to travel *in the interior*. With the exception of a handful of Austrian officials and shopkeepers, Slav—or rather Serb, to give it its correct name—is the only medium of intercourse understood of the people. It might be mentioned here that in Dalmatia and Montenegro we found a little bad Italian carried us a long way.

We selected the midday train, and turned up nearly an hour beforehand, meaning to get lunch at the station. On arrival the small station was a seething mass of struggling peasants, and as there is but one ticket-office for four classes, every avenue of approach to this was blocked. We waited

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half-an-hour without having obtained the tickets, and on going to the restaurant found an equal difficulty in getting served there. When at last we obtained something the guard immediately appeared and clanged a warning bell. We disregarded this and bolted an inadequate lunch, then retiring to a railway carriage, tipped a porter to force his way through the still struggling crowd and obtain our tickets. This midday train is a slow one, and takes two hours to go to Kakanj Doboï. But the two hours passed very quickly. It was fine winter weather, brilliant sunshine, as well as hard frost. The carriages were well heated.

The scenery passed through looked especially fine on account of the snow that lay on all the taller peaks, for nothing can beat snow-capped mountains as an effective background.

From Raljovac the line runs alongside the Bosna. On some of the reaches of this river were native boats exactly resembling the Indian "dug-out"; in fact, nothing but the shallowest of craft could be used upon this part of the river. At points where the stream deepened there were even boat ferries, and these, filled with their gaily garbed passengers, made bright splashes of colour upon the water.

Arrived at Kakanj Doboï, we found we had to go back along the railway line for about a mile to reach the *Gendarmerie Post* at the far end of the village. A bitter wind sweeping down the valley cut face and ears like a knife as we plodded along. The *Wachtmeister* at the *Gendarmerie Post* was exceedingly obliging, and sent one of his gendarmes with us to show the most direct route down the Zogosca valley to the sculptured stones we wanted to see, for we had no time to spare if we wished to arrive there before sundown.

On the maps very kindly supplied us the distance down the Zogosca valley to the monuments was marked eight kilometres from Kakanj Doboï. This we discovered was an error. The distance proved scarcely more than three.

Making a short cut through the village, we picked up and

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followed a branch railway line which ran to some collieries in the village of Zogosca. Here, as elsewhere, every one proved very willing to help. The manager sent one of his assistants to accompany us to the exact spot, which, he said, was not easy to find. This made the third guide now accompanying us!

The stones were within ten or fifteen minutes' walk up the valley. They were not visible from the roadway, and we should have passed them but for our friend the engineer from the colliery, who scrambled up a grassy knoll to the left, directing us to follow him.

The stones were situated in a slight depression on the slopes of the hill-side. The largest stone is an oblong block about nine or ten feet long, four and a half feet broad, and five feet high. The stone of which it is composed is not found anywhere in the neighbourhood. A rent clean across the solid block of stone from one side to the other showed that Turkish marauders in search of treasure had been at work upon it. The pent roof top is plain, but all four sides are elaborately carved. The upper end is divided into panels, the design in each panel being a star or rosette inside a circle. On one of the longer sides of the block almost the whole space is occupied by figures on horseback, the leading figure evidently intended to represent a man of high station. Below these figures is a crude representation of a wood. On the near side figures on horseback again appear, half the size of those on the farther side. Above these again are panels similar to those on the upper end. The lower end of the monument roughly depicts a castle or palace, a hall in which is exposed to view.

In the centre of this hall stands a commanding figure, probably meant to represent the personage in whose honour the stone was erected. Behind him is a smaller female figure, perhaps his wife. Before them a little figure, possibly meant to represent a child. Above the representation of the castle is an inscription in fairly well preserved and clear letters, but we were surprised to find, on reference to the best authority on

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Bosnian archæology in the country, that this had not yet been deciphered. It is surmised this monument was the tombstone of a Djett or Bogumilite bishop, that the castle depicted on the tombstone represents his palace, believed to be traceable in the ruins found on the summit of a needle-pointed crag standing at the head of the valley.

A few yards from this stone was a second, an octagonal pillar, the head of which was four-sided. It was about four feet in height and one foot across. Owing probably to the digging for treasure that had gone on around the foundation, it had canted very much backwards. This stone was also richly sculptured with panels containing a series of ornamental designs, stars, rosettes, leaves, &c. It is conjectured to be the tombstone of the Djett's wife, for perhaps, in accordance with the precepts of St. Paul, Bogumilite bishops were privileged to take unto themselves a better-half, a practice interdicted to the rest of the priesthood.

However, we had no time for speculations over the origin of these curious old tombs, for the sinking sun warned us to get on our homeward path. In a few minutes we were back again at the coal mines. Our engineer friend told us that the colliery had been started within the last three years by the Austrian Administration. It produced about sixty thousand tons of coal annually, and was doing very well indeed, considering that machinery had up till then not been made use of.

The coal is extracted from two low hills on either side of the works. These hills are pierced by tunnels and galleries. No shafts have yet been required to be sunk. The worksheds in the centre of the shallow valley connect with the tunnels by overhead tramways along which trucks were constantly speeding to and fro. The coal is of good burning capacity, and of the production one-third is annually exported to Italy. Four hundred and twenty workmen are employed.

This juxtaposition of a modern industrial enterprise within a few hundred yards of old relics eight hundred years or more old is just one of those strange contrasts one is constantly

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coming across in Bosnia and which made travelling in the interior of the country so interesting.

It was dark when we got back to the *Gendarmerie Post*, where we found a room prepared and a stove burning. With the curtains drawn and the lamp lighted it looked quite snug, and we were glad enough of so good a shelter in such bitter weather. For supper we were regaled with an excellent roast fowl, and the bill for entertainment presented the next morning was delightfully modest. That night we slept soundly on the usual sort of beds already described as in use at these *Posts*.

The next morning was a bitterly cold one, but by the time we left Kakanj Doboj the sun was beginning to warm the atmosphere a little.

A most beautiful view unfolded itself immediately on starting. To photograph it it was necessary to go to a point in the centre of the railway bridge that spans the river just above Kakanj Doboj. Just as we were setting up the apparatus a train was signalled, and we had to decamp in great haste and return again after it had gone by, for the scenery was too charming to be passed over. The intense white of the snow hills, the grassy banks, a long line of naked trees, on the near side of which was the little *Gendarmerie Post*, all were reduplicated in the clear smooth waters of the Bosna.

There was apparently no high-road between Kakanj Doboj and Catici, the next station on the right bank of the river, so we followed the railway line. From Catici station, which cannot be more than three or four kilometres from the Kakanj Doboj *Gendarmerie Post*, the road turns off at a right angle, and, passing through the village of Catici, goes up a long side valley which here debouches into the valley of the Bosna.

At the little village of Catici the people are nearly all Roman Catholic, as can be gathered from the crosses that adorn the majority of the cottages. Before we arrived we met a peasant's funeral *cortège* on its way to the burial-ground, preceded by a priest chanting in a loud voice and followed by

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a number of poor peasants whose heads were bound up in cloths or shawls to keep the cold out. There was no coffin. The body was simply tied up in a blanket and carried on a rude wooden stretcher by four men of the party.

Just beyond the village inhabited by the Christian peasants is a small Mahommedan hamlet higher up on the hill-side. On the slopes at its foot a large Turkish burial-ground gave evidence that at one time the population here must have been chiefly Mahommedan. One of the tombstones, instead of having the usual turban crowning it, had a fez, whilst a sword was roughly sculptured on the side of the pillar. Our *hamal*, on being asked if this denoted the grave of a soldier, gave vent to an emphatic negative, explaining it was merely "old." Another tombstone showed as plainly as possible, by the cut of the stone turban and the rounded "dressing-gown" appearance of the supporting pillar, that it was erected to a *hodja*. Our guess in this instance was confirmed by Hussein.

The high-roads of Bosnia are generally rather deserted. But for the funeral procession we passed no one till nearly at Sutjeska, except for a peasant driving a primitive ox-cart, a regular Noah's Ark conception of a cart; the body hung very low, but a few inches above the ground, with four straight rough wooden sides like a box, and small ridiculous spokeless wheels of solid wood.

As we approached nearer our destination the road, iron-bound with frost, made a bend round the foot of a tall rock and ran in a more northerly direction up a gradually narrowing valley, down which the wind swept in occasional icy gusts. The fields on either side were under their winter crops—oats, wheat, and barley, sown a month or two previously.

Some way off on our right was the mountain stream, along the right bank of which ran our road. Little Bosnian mills were dotted at intervals along its course, mere boxes of wood raised up on four legs.

The valley winding round corner after corner dug deeper and deeper into the recesses of the hills. The temperature

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grew colder as we penetrated farther into their depths. Just before arriving, a side valley branched off from ours on the far side, while opposite, on our bank, was a minute mortuary chapel with cemetery attached. Some time ago two old monuments were found at this spot, which from the sculpturing upon them were believed to be the graves of Crusaders.

We were now on the edge of the stream, for the valley closed in so much it left space for little between its sharply sloping sides, except the road and the stream, alongside which grew a few trees. Between these Sutjeska village suddenly became visible, and another minute found us in the middle of it.

This was a perfectly delightful little spot from an artistic point of view. Clusters of wooden huts grouped themselves each side of the road, and a succession of tiny water-mills were crowded along the stream. The quaint appearance of these was greatly enhanced by the mass of icicles that adorned them, changing their appearance from little wooden boxes to fairy ice pavilions. Scores of icy stalactites, a foot and more in length, hung in festoons from the queer little pent roofs, depended from the flooring over the water, and adhered like limpets to the wooden sluices. But, most curious of all, icicles had actually frozen at right angles to the axles of the horizontally revolving wheels from which they stuck out like spokes, spinning round with them as they revolved, flashing dimly and producing a very singular and striking effect. Ice lay thickly along the edges of the stream and snow on all the roofs.

As we passed through the village a quantity of small boys poured out from the big government school erected here. Our appearance caused a general sensation throughout the village, where it was evident strangers seldom penetrated.

The village high street, into which the road merged, had a quaint and old world appearance. The houses on either hand were neatly constructed wooden buildings of two very low storeys, the upper being in most cases furnished with a disproportionally large wooden balcony that projected into the street.

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and hung so low down that from the street one might without difficulty have shaken hands with the occupants. With the termination of the slightly ascending street an avenue began, and at the end of this stood the Sutjeska monastery.

No more admirable site could have been chosen. At the uttermost end of the village the monastery looks at first sight as if it were at the uttermost end of the valley also. For background it has the towering walls of rocks, which approach so closely from both banks of the stream that their outlines melt into each other behind it, whilst on one side below it runs the torrent threading through the narrow ravine. But its position and its attractiveness, as also its size, are only disclosed when one is close upon it. The front block is the church, rebuilt some seventeen years ago, with some bits of old Mosaic—evidently from an older building—let into the white-washed surface.

This monastery is not only the oldest monastery in Bosnia, but it is here the kings of Bosnia had their palace. On a little terrace above on the side of the hill we were shown the crumbling remains of the walls of the old church, and just beside this are the still fainter traces of the king's palace of Sutjeska, now all but swept away by a small mountain water-course, formerly not in existence, but which has been started owing to a landslip.

Rounding the corner of the monastery the campanile came into view, the very first to be put up in Bosnia after the Turks ceased to rule, so the monks told us. A door gives admission into the inner quadrangle where the cloisters are, with a garden and terraced walk in front. We rang the bell, produced card and papers, and were promptly taken to a little room at the far end outside the cloisters. The "Herr Guardian," as the chief monk of the place is called, explained this was only a writing-room he had brought us to; but ladies were not permitted within the cloister walls.

The famous picture of Stjepan Tomas, last king but one of Bosnia, was produced. He is here depicted in his royal robes with crown and sceptre, a young and lively looking man,

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dark, and of a Jewish cast of countenance, especially about the nose. This was rather remarkable, as the best blood among the Slavs—the Begs, descendants of the old Bosnian nobility—shows itself at the present day in blue eyes and reddish hair.

The arms painted on the small shield at the side of the picture curiously enough are not the present or real arms of Bosnia, which, we are told, are crossed staves with Saracens' heads stuck upon them. The monks suggested that the arms shown in the picture had been appropriated from some other kingdom by Stjepan Tomas.

This unfortunate monarch is popularly supposed to have been killed by his illegitimate son, Stjepan Tomasevic, who then seized the crown. He was at one time a Bogumilite, but changed to Roman Catholicism, and then oppressed the Bogumilites so heavily, his magnates rose against him and he had to fly. He returned to find the Turk at his door, and in the endeavour to get the Christian princes of Europe to assist him, once more persecuted the Bogumilites and issued the famous edict of Kojnica.

He then seems to have sent a kind of round-robin to all the Christian princes asking for assistance to overcome the Turk. It was while camped upon the field from which he meant to ride forth in battle that he was murdered. This removal of the king by assassination seems to have been a good old Serbian custom that apparently, from what recently happened in Serbia, has not yet died out.

There is also in this monastery a copy of the portrait of Catherine, queen of Stjepan Tomas. It is a full-length drawing, showing the queen in a high-waisted, low-necked, clinging garment, something like that worn by our great-grandmothers.

The actual sepulchre of Stjepan Tomas is in this monastery, hidden in a side passage of the church. It is a flat stone sarcophagus with a stone slab let into the wall above, bearing a Latin inscription to the effect that the urn beneath contains the bones of Stjepan Tomas, king of Bosnia, deceased 1460,

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and that it was removed to its present position from the old church.

The church, which we next looked over, was exceedingly plain and simply furnished. This church and monastery have been through many vicissitudes. It is the oldest in Bosnia, and was started about the fourteenth century. It survived the Turkish conquest by obtaining an order of protection from the Sultan, but about the middle of the sixteenth century it was destroyed by the apostate Bogumilites. It was again rebuilt and again destroyed by a fire. In the seventeenth century the Turks oppressed the monks and their followers so heavily that they sought and obtained permission to leave the country, the monastery being left to take care of itself. After an interval of about thirty years the Franciscan monks came back to the spot, and the church was restored and later enlarged. In 1888 the present building, a wooden one, was built. A new building is about to be erected.

Bobovac, the stronghold of the kings of Bosnia, is situated on a crag one hour's journey from here. But few ruins remain of what was once a strong and very large castle which was treacherously delivered up to the Turks by its Bogumilite governor.

The monastery has a good library with several curious MS. in it, but these we had no time for. The monks were very hospitable, but slightly too pressing in the matter of drinks! They insisted on our trying their *slivovic*, a liqueur from plums, which we did not think much of; but their Dalmatian wine from Zostrog was undeniable.

We started on our return journey at a quarter to three. The sun had already vanished, the cold was extreme, but the wind had died down. It was easy walking back, for there was a slight descent all the way. The distance is nine kilometres. We reached Catichi about half-past four, by which time it was already dark. There was an hour to wait for the train. We arrived back at Sarajevo by half-past seven. Our *hamal*, who proved very satisfactory, cost us seven kronen and his railway fare.

CHAPTER XXVI

CLIMATE—LEAVING BOSNIA

Best time to visit Bosnia—Resorts for summer—Severe winter—Summary of our weather experiences—Best times for Dalmatia, Montenegro, and the Hercegovina—A good winter resort—A good land route—Best day to travel—Train accommodation—Poor buffets—Zenica—Vranduk—River gorges—A fire—Maglaj—The castle of Doboj—Agram—Its sights—Croatian peasant costumes—Back to the *Karst*—A snow country.

BOSNIA has practically only two seasons, like South Africa—a summer and a winter season, but of course at the usual times of the year instead of being reversed. When one ends the other commences. There is scarcely any period of transition as in England. One jumps from summer into winter, and the reverse.

The best time to visit Bosnia is between May and October, the summer season, though speaking of the country as a place of residence it must be said it has a good climate all the year round, certainly a better one than its neighbours, Dalmatia and the Hercegovina.

From the beginning of May onwards till the commencement of winter a brilliant sunshine can be counted on. The percentage of cloudy days as compared with more northern lands—Austria, for instance—is very small.

In the valleys the summer climate is too hot to be bracing, however, even at Sarajevo, although this is about 1600 feet above sea level. But on the mountains, among the pinewoods, or on the breezy uplands, there are numbers of places where the air is pure and cool—in Jablanica, for instance, Ivan about 3000 feet high, Palé about 2000, the Alpine heights of the Zelengora, 6000 feet, and Livno in the Bugojno district. At

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the higher stations amongst these the climate should also be bracing.

Goražda, a town in the south of Bosnia, on the Drina, has the most equable climate of any town in the country. Other health-resorts are the Baths of Ilidže, Kiseljak, and Slatina near Banjaluka.

The winter climate of Bosnia, as a rule, from October to December is not unlike that of England, being cold and inclined to dampness, though without the accompaniments of fog or east wind. The mornings are misty until eleven o'clock. Frost occurs for short periods, and the weather becomes severe after the commencement of January.

A lady who spent the winter of 1903-1904 in Sarajevo told us that in February the cold was still so ferocious that a servant, sent to buy eggs and cream in the market, brought back the cream wrapped in paper! The eggs, when cracked, could be handled as easily as though the shells were still on, being as solid as if hard boiled!

Our experience of the Bosnian climate in 1904 summarised was as follows:—

May, last half, fine, dry.

June, first half, fine, with occasional morning thunder-showers.

July, August, brilliantly fine, hot and dry.

September, first half, wet and chilly; second half, fine.

October, extremely wet and chilly. So wet an October we had not passed in any land. To counterbalance this we had a fine dry November, but cold, with frost and several falls of snow. This reverses the usual order of things, for we were told October is generally fine and November wet.

One point in favour of the winter climate is the absence of wind. The cold and violent Bora wind, prevalent at Mostar and for some distance inland, as well as along the greater part of the Adriatic coast, is never felt at Sarajevo nor throughout most of Bosnia. The visitor cannot be recommended to visit Bosnia, however, in the winter, because the snow lying on the

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uplands, and the rain or frost or melted slush in the lowlands, between them render travelling very unpleasant, if not impossible.

Montenegro and the Hercegovina, being stony and mountainous countries, are better visited in April before the great heat has set in, though we found the former still very pleasant in May. Autumn is usually wet in Montenegro, and the Bora wind, which then commences, renders this season equally unpleasant in the Hercegovina.

For Dalmatia almost any time throughout the winter will do, from January down to May; but the best months are March and April, after the cessation of the Bora. No better place could be found to winter at, especially during the earlier months, than Castelnuovo in the Bocche di Cattaro, which is completely sheltered from the Bora, whose influence is little felt in any part of the Bocche, if indeed it reaches there at all.

We decided to return to our starting-point on the Adriatic coast by the land route, for after the commencement of November the Bora begins to be troublesome and the Adriatic sea becomes a very uncertain quantity. Also Agram, the Croatian capital, which lay on our route, had been mentioned to us as worth seeing.

The midday train is the best one to travel by in order to see the country of northern Bosnia towards Brod. The train that leaves Sarajevo early in the morning would be still better, but that only gets as far as Lašva and had no further connection.

A thing worth knowing is that Friday is the best day for train travelling in Bosnia. All classes of the Christian inhabitants are inclined to be superstitious and avoid travelling on that day as a rule, and as regards Mahomedans it is their Sabbath. We therefore selected Friday as our day of departure; but, greatly to our disgust, it chanced that a number of German tourists were returning northwards on this particular Friday, and so we did not profit much by our selection. All first and second class carriages were packed full as usual.

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However, the discomforts of crowding are minimised in Bosnia owing to the arrangement of the carriages. Each carriage only holds four arm-chair seats arranged *vis-à-vis* in the corners with the gangway down the centre. Each seat has its own upper and lower rack; so that at the worst of times a couple seated *vis-à-vis* can ensure travelling pretty comfortably. The carriages, of course, are small, as the gauge is a narrow one.

Travelling by this train it is best to carry one's lunch with one. There is seldom time to get anything at the Sarajevo station, and there is no stoppage of any duration till Zenica is reached at four minutes past three. Here, however, the buffet is most meagrely provided. One cannot be sure of anything except bread, coffee, or wine.

The route followed the first two hours is the same as that we travelled over in going to Kakanj Doboj. But immediately after leaving Kakanj Doboj there is a change of scenery, the valley of the Bosna closes in, and the hill-sides become very craggy and precipitous.

Lašva, the next station but one, is the junction for Travnik and Jajce. The approach to Zenica, reached half-an-hour later, is charming. Zenica lies well towards the centre of a wide and perfectly level plain, the edges of which are ringed in by a circle of low hills. The Bosna runs through the centre, and is spanned at the commencement of the town by an old, many-arched masonry bridge. The railway line, keeping well in under the shadow of the near hills, makes a wide sweep round here. Zenica is chiefly remarkable for the central government penal establishment maintained here, where there are between four and five hundred convicts. They are taught various trades, and also husbandry, and some of the inhabitants of Sarajevo make a practice of buying boots, chairs, &c., that have been made at this place.

Whilst strolling about outside the station, some convicts passed us under escort. We noticed that they were not in any sort of convict garb, but wearing their own peasant's dress.

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There is an extensive coalfield here, with a colliery, originally started by private enterprise, but now worked by Government, in common with so many other enterprises in Bosnia. It seemed to us it would not have been a bad thing had the administration in South Africa set the wheels of European enterprise going in our new provinces after the war, like the Austrian Government has done here in Bosnia and the Hercegovina.

The next place of interest along the line is Vranduk, passed at 3.50. This weird and marvellously romantic-looking eagle's eyrie is perched on the razor-backed spine of a mountain spur which juts boldly forward right into the narrow bed of the Bosna, causing the swift-running waters to make a semicircular bend round its foot. As the train on the opposite bank of the stream makes its slow sweep round this bend, crawling along at the foot of towering, precipitous rocks, plenty of time for a good view is afforded. An old ruined castle crowns the summit, and two or three lines of little Turkish houses cling desperately to the rocky sides just below. The rest is crags and precipice. Any one minded to commit a sensational suicide would have but to leap straight out from the windows of his house to meet destruction in the stream below.

As the whole neighbourhood was clothed in snow when we passed, something of the wild beauty of the scene as we then saw it may be imagined. Indeed, the scenery along the valley of the Bosna, beginning at Vranduk and continuing to Maglaj, is all most extraordinarily romantic and wild, and presents a very great contrast to the south-western portion of Bosnia through which one passes on entering the country from Hercegovina.

As the train passed on up the narrow valley scarce eighty yards across, most of the bed of which is occupied by the rushing greenish waters of the Bosna, another big bend occurs almost immediately. We were confronted with an enormous cliff of sheer rock running up to several hundreds

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of feet in height round the foot of which the train had to travel. The vast surface of the rock was broken into little shelves and fissures where the snow had collected, and, dripping off, had frozen and hung in great icicles. Where the dying sunlight caught them, these broke into a myriad points of light that flashed and glittered with iridescent colours. Where the shadows had already fallen they marked dull grey lines upon the cliff's surface that was further scarred over with patches of white. On the farther bank a gently sloping spur detached itself from the receding heights, that rose to some 3000 feet behind, and ran down to a point in the river's centre, covered with a mantle of untrodden snow.

Between Nemila and Han Begov, the two next stations, a couple of sudden broadenings of the valley occur, in one of which, where there is a little *polje* or plain, the national races are said to have been held in the time of the old Bans.

At Zevidovic, reached at 5.26, we witnessed a novel sight. A large timber-yard had caught fire a day or two previously, and we came in for the tail end of it. Great stacks of timber stored here were still smouldering, sending shafts of reddened light and clouds of smoke floating out into the surrounding dusk.

We were only just able to make out Maglaj, for by the time we reached it the light had failed. Maglaj is an exceedingly beautiful spot, built along the banks of the Bosna at the foot of three small hills framed in by a semicircle of wooded heights. Upon the summit of the centre hill, thrown forward like an outpost, rests another of Bosnia's historical old castles, whose origin and early history are lost in obscurity, and of which all that seems to be known for certain is that it was captured by the Turks in the fifteenth century, and was one of those taken by Prince Eugene in his march through the country in 1697.

Maglaj boasts also an old mosque built in the fifteenth century, after an especially striking and original design.

Some of the Bosnian Begs of this locality still practise

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hawking, a sport they used to be much addicted to in the time of the Turks.

Doboj is reached at 7.2. Here the train makes a halt of twenty-five minutes to allow of dinner, or supper as it would be called in these parts. The restaurant is a wretched little affair, to reach which, since it is not attached to the station, we had to wade across a sea of melted mud and slush. The food was bad, and very little of it ready for passengers.

It is strange that so little is done to provide for the requirements of the passenger's inner man along this line of rail. It should not be difficult for the guard to obtain and telegraph on the number of intending diners, as is done in civilised countries in similar cases.

Doboj is rather an important and interesting place, and is said to be fair to see. A great part of the town clings round and clambers up the sides of a conical hill. Here also is a historically important castle, now half ruined.

There is a small hotel at Doboj, and the place is said to be worth a short stay, for it is from here one visits Tesanj, the capital of the old Bans of Ussora, the northernmost province of Bosnia, of which Doboj itself and its castle, dominating the two valleys of the Spreca and the Bosna, was the outpost. The train runs into Bosna-Brod at 10.50 P.M. There is a fine large restaurant attached to the station, where hot soup or anything in reason can be obtained whilst waiting for one's train. From here, it may be mentioned, one can go direct to Vienna or Belgrade by through carriage.

We left for Agram, or Zagrab as the Hungarians call it, at 11.44, so we had rather less than an hour's wait. The Hungarian carriage in which we passed the rest of the night was larger and better adapted for lying down. As we had it to ourselves, we enjoyed as good a night as any one can in a train that crawls and jolts and stops at every station. Six A.M. saw us at Agram. Though awake for the previous hour it was not possible to make out much of the country we were passing through, as the sun was scarcely up and the windows

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were misty. The pace was of that exasperating slowness that makes one feel one would get along quicker by getting out and walking !

Agram came to us as a genuine surprise. We had rather expected a town of the Dalmatian type, with narrow, dark, and odoriferous streets. Instead of this we found ourselves back in western civilisation in quite a fine little capital, well laid out, spick and span ; with wide streets, open spaces, large and handsome buildings. Even at this unfavourable time of the year the buildings, the shops, the streets, the squares, had a cleanliness and brightness all their own, almost as if scrubbed for inspection. The squares being planted with evergreens there was no sign of the chill touch of winter anywhere about them.

The shops looked up-to-date and well-stocked. The market, held in an extensive open square in the centre of the town round the statue of Ban Jellacic, forms one of the most interesting sights of the town to the casual tourist who may have but a few hours at his disposal. Here by booths and stalls were collected together a variety of peasants in national garb that seemed to differ according to the district they hailed from nearly as much as do the peasant garbs of Bosnia. The circumstance of contrast lent an added effect to the sight—these old-world and sometimes bizarre costumes being displayed amid the surroundings of up-to-date civilisation in an up-to-date town.

It was somewhat startling, for instance, to see stalwart peasant women with uncovered heads and loose flying hair, or a pigtail, and very short white accordin-pleated skirts that reached scarcely lower than the knee, threading their way unconcernedly down a modern street with its throng of fashionably dressed foot-passengers as they made their way to the market. Almost equally strange was it to come across a group of peasants buttoned up in poshteen jackets, embroidered in yellows and yellowy browns, looking for all the world exactly as if transplanted straight from the Indian frontier some thousands of miles away, except that here the wearers were women.

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The clothes of the men are very gaily embroidered. Their trousers, unlike those of the Bosniak, are tight—more Albanian in character—and their tunics are several sizes longer and larger. One old gentleman we saw wearing double petticoats, or divided white skirts, that reached right down to the ground. As he combined with this singular costume a pipe about four feet in length the effect was distinctly comical.

We made a tour round the bishop's palace and the remarkably handsome cathedral and then went off to see the museum, where, we had been told, was the singular painting of the very last king of Bosnia, representing him as kneeling beside the figure of Christ, who is shown in the act of blessing him. This painting, however, was not in the museum, and the curator knew nothing whatever about it. The museum had a collection of fine old Roman statuary and other local antiquities, presented by Count Nugent, of the same family—once Irish Nugents—whose picturesque old castle of Tersato forms one of the features of Fiume. There is also a good collection of old armour at this museum; but the most interesting item was some old paintings showing the world-famous "Pandours" of the celebrated Baron Trenck in the extraordinary and fantastic garbs they affected.

From Agram we ran through a world of snow, where a level, well-cultivated plain, over which extensive forests were scattered, bordered by gentle undulating hills and crossed by a charming river, gave place gradually to wild and barren *karst* and abruptly-rising, strange-shaped crags, with no sign of trees and little cultivation. All was white—unsullied white as the Arctic regions or a land of dreams.

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